

THE ROYAL SHAKSPERE

Five genuine Autographs of Shakspeare.

N^o 1.

W^m Shakspeare

2

William
Shakspeare

3

William
Shakspeare

William Shakspeare

5

Mr and William Shakspeare

No. 1 is from Shakspeare's Mortgage, 1612-13.

2 is from Mr. Malone's Plate II., No. X.

3 is from the first brief of Shakspeare's Will.

4 is from the second brief of the Will.

5 is from the third brief of the Will.

H. Malrow script.

THE
ROYAL SHAKSPEARE

The poet's Works in Chronological Order

FROM THE TEXT OF PROFESSOR DELIUS

WITH

"THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN" AND "EDWARD III.

AND

AN INTRODUCTION BY F. J. FURNIVALL

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

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CONTENTS, VOL. III.

A CONJECTURAL CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS AND POEMS:—

	PAGE
KING LEAR 1604-5	1
MACBETH 1606	45
TIMON OF ATHENS 1607	76
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA 1608	107
PERICLES 1608	151
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA 1609	182
CORIOLANUS 1609	225
THE WINTER'S TALE 1610	271
CYMBELINE 1610-11	310
THE TEMPEST 1611	355
KING HENRY VIII. 1613	383
<hr/>	
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN	425
EDWARD III.	464

LIST OF PLATES IN VOL. III.

FACSIMILE OF SHAKSPERE'S HANDWRITING	ARTIST.	FRONTISPIECE
LEAR, KENT, AND FOOL	<i>J. M'L. Ralston</i>	<i>To face page 8</i>
LEAR AND CORDELIA	<i>V. W. Bromley</i>	„ 43
MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH	<i>V. W. Bromley</i>	„ 50
MACBETH AND MACDUFF	<i>A. Fredericks</i>	„ 74
TIMON OF ATHENS	<i>J. M'L. Ralston</i>	„ 102
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA	<i>Frank Dicksee, A.R.A.</i>	„ 132
HECTOR, ANDROMACHE, AND CASSANDRA	<i>Cipriani</i>	„ 219
VOLUMNIA AND CORIOLANUS	<i>H. A. Bone</i>	„ 265
FLORIZEL AND PERDITA	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	„ 291
HERMIONE AND LEONTES	<i>J. M'L. Ralston</i>	„ 308
IMOGEN AND POSTHUMUS	<i>M. E. Edwards</i>	„ 312
FERDINAND AND MIRANDA	<i>J. D. Watson</i>	„ 369
WOLSEY AND BUCKINGHAM	<i>Solomon Hart, R.A.</i>	„ 385
HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BULLEN	<i>A. Hopkins</i>	„ 392
CARDINAL WOLSEY	<i>H. C. Selous</i>	„ 405

KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF CORNWALL.

DUKE OF ALBANY.

EARL OF KENT.

EARL OF GLOSTER.

EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*

EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*

CURAN, *a Courtier.*

OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Physician.

Fool.

An Officer, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }

REGAN, }

CORDELIA, }

Daughters to Lear.

*Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE—BRITAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King LEAR'S Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought, the king had more affected the Duke of Albany, than Cornwall

Glo. It did always seem so to us : but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most, for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could ; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account : though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent : remember him hereafter as my honourable friend

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming.
[Sennet within.]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[Exit GLOSTER and EDMUND.]

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there—Know, that we have divided,

In three, our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent

To shake all cares and business from our age,

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters' several dowers, that future
strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France
and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous
sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my
daughters,

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us
most?

That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—

Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can
wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; no
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour;

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech
unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside.*] What shall Cordelia do?
Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this
line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains
rich'd,

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's
issue

Be this perpetual.—What says our second
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall?
Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my
sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;

Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,

Which the most precious square of sense
possesses,

And find, I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside.*] Then, poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's so
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our
joy,

Although our last, not least; to whose young
love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters?
Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak
again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your
majesty

According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your
speech a little,

Lest you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall
wed,

That lord, whose hand must take my plight,
shall carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and
duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so: thy truth then be thy
dower;

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,

By all the operation of the orbs,

From whom we do exist, and cease to be,

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,

Propinquity and property of blood,

And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The bar-
barous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation menses

To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom

Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,

As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest.

On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my
sight!—

So be my grave my peace, as here I give

Her father's heart from her !—Call France.—

Who stirs !—

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany, 120
With my two daughters' dowers digest the
third :

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only, we shall
retain

The name, and all the additions to a king ;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest, 140
Beloved sons, be yours : which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

Kent.

Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my
prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn ; make
from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall : rather, though the fork
invade

The region of my heart : be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad.—What wouldst thou do,
old man ?

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to
speak, 150

When power to flattery bows ? To plainness
honour's bound,

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy
state ;

And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness : answer my life my
judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee
least ;

Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low
sound

Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies ; ne'er fear to
lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight ! 160

Kent. See better, Lear ; and let me still
remain

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
ou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal ! miscreant !

[Laying his hand upon his sword.

Alb., Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do ;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my
throat,

I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant ! 170

On thine allegiance, hear me !
Since thou hast sought to make us break our
vow

(Which we durst never yet), and, with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world ;
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day
following, 180

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our domi-
nions,

The moment is thy death. Away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king : since thus
thou wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is
here.—

[To CORDELIA.] The gods to their dear shelter
take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly
said !—

[To REGAN and GONERIL.] And your large
speeches may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of
love.—

Thus Kent, O princes ! bids you all adieu ; 190
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER ; with FRANCE,
BURGUNDY and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my
noble lord.

Lear. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this
king

Hath rival'd for our daughter. What, in
the least,

Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love ?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness
offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so ;

But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she
stands : 201

If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she
owes,

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with
our oath,

Take her, or leave her ?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir ;

Election makes not up on such conditions. 210

Lear. Then leave her, sir ; for, by the
power that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—[To FRANCE.] For
you, great king,

I would not from your love make such a
stray,

To match you where I hate : therefore, be-
seech you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,

That she, who even but now was your best
object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice
of time 220

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint : which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty

(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not ; since what I well
intend,

I'll do't before I speak) that you make
known 230

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and
favour ;

But even for want of that for which I am
richer,

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to
have it

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd
me better.

France. Is it but this ? a tardiness in
nature,

Which often leaves the history unspoke, 240
That it intends to do ?—My Lord of Bur-
gundy,

What say you to the lady ? Love's not
love,

When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have
her ?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal king,

Give but that portion which yourself pro-
pos'd,

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing : I have sworn ; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a
father, 250

That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Fear be with Burgundy !

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most
rich, being poor ;

Most choice, forsaken ; and most lov'd, des-
pis'd ;

Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.

Gods, gods ! 't is strange, that from their
cold'st neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance, 260

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France :
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy

Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :

Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France : let her be
thine ; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again :—therefore, be gone

Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy. 270

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt LEAR, BURGUNDY,*
CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER,
and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes

Cordelia leaves you : I know you what you
are ;

And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well...

our father :

To your professed bosoms I commit him ;
But yet, alas ! stood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study ²⁸⁰

Be, to content your lord, who hath receiv'd
you

At fortune's alms: you have obedience
scanted,

And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted
cunning hide;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE and CORDELIA.]

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I
think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you;
next month with us. ²⁹⁰

Gon. You see how full of changes his age
is; the observation we have made of it hath
not been little: he always loved our sister
most; and with what poor judgment he hath
now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time
hath been but rash; then must we look to
receive from his age, not alone the imperfec-
tions of long-engrafted condition, but, there-
withal, the unruly waywardness that infirm
and choleric years bring with them. ³⁰²

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like
to have from him, as this of Kent's banish-
ment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you,
let us hit together: if our father carry
authority with such disposition as he bears,
this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it. ³¹⁰

Gon. We must do something, and i' the
heat. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of GLOSTER'S
Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to
thy law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as
true,

As honest madam's issue? Why brand they
us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base? ³⁰

What in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
(Got 'twixt asleep and wake?)—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate. Fine word, legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base ³⁰
Shall to the legitimate:—I grow, I prosper;—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in
choler part

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his
power

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now:
what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible
despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of
nothing hath not such need to hide itself.
Let's see; come; if it be nothing, I shall not
need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is
a letter from my brother, that I have not all
o'er-read: and for so much as I have perused,
I find it not fit for your o'erlooking. ⁴⁰

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or
give it. The contents, as in part I under-
stand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification,
he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my
virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "This policy, and reverence
of age, makes the world bitter to the best of
our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till
our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to

find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who aways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."—Humph!—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him.—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—

Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature find itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollownness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves.—Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange.

[Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often the shifit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and traitors, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*: so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardising.

Enter EDGAR.

Pat: he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily : as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent ; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities ; divisions in state ; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles ; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what. 165

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical ?

Edm. Come, come ; when saw you my father last ?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him ?

Edg. Ay, two hours together. 170

Edm. Parted you in good terms ? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance ?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him : and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong. 175

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower ; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go : there's my key.—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother ?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best ; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you : I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly ; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away. 182

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon ?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit EDMOND.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none ; on whose foolish honesty

My practices ride easy !—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit :
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit.

[*Exit EDMOND.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of
ALBANY'S Palace.

Enter GONERIL, and OSWALD, her Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman
or chiding of his fool ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me :
every hour.

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds : I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids
us

On every trifle.—When he returns from
hunting,

I will not speak with him ; say, I am sick :
If you come slack of former services, 190
You shall do well ; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam ; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you
please,

You and your fellows ; I'd have it come to
question :

If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are
one,

Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away !—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again ; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries, when they are
seen abus'd. 21

Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you ;

What grows of it, no matter ; advise your
fellows so :

I would breed from hence occasions, and I
shall,

That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my
sister,

To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd

Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand
condemn'd,

(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou
lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and
Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner : go,

Is it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How
what art thou? 10

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What
wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem;
to serve him truly that will put me in trust;
to love him that is honest; to converse with
him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment;
to fight when I cannot choose; and to
eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as
poor as the king. 21

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he
is for a king, thou art poor enough. What
wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your
countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that? 30

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run,
mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a
plain message bluntly: that which ordinary
men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best
of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman
for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for
anything: I have years on my back forty-
eight. 40

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if
I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not
part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner!—
Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and
call my fool hither. *[Exit an Attendant.]*

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you, — *[Exit.]*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call
the clotpoll back. *[Exit a Knight.]*—Where's
my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel? 50

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is
not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me,
when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the
roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the
matter is; but, to my judgment, your high-
ness is not entertained with that ceremonious
affection as you were wont: there's a great
abatement of kindness appears, as well in the
general dependants, as in the duke himself
also, and your daughter. 60

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be
silent, when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine
own conception. I have perceived a most faint
neglect of late; which I have rather blamed
as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very
pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will
look further into't.—But where's my fool?
I have not seen him this two days. 72

Knight. Since my young lady's going into
France, sir; the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it
well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would
speak with her. *[Exit an Attendant.]*—Go
you, call hither my fool. *[Exit an Attendant.]*

Re-enter OSWALD.

O! you sir, you, come you hither, sir. Who
am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father. 80

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave:
you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech
your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you
rascal? *[Striking him.]*

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-
ball player. *[Tripping up his heels.]*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest
me, and I'll love thee. 90

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach
you differences: away, away! If you will
measure your lubber's length again, tarry;
but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so.

[Pushes OSWALD out.]

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank
thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[Giving KENT money.]

Enter Fool.

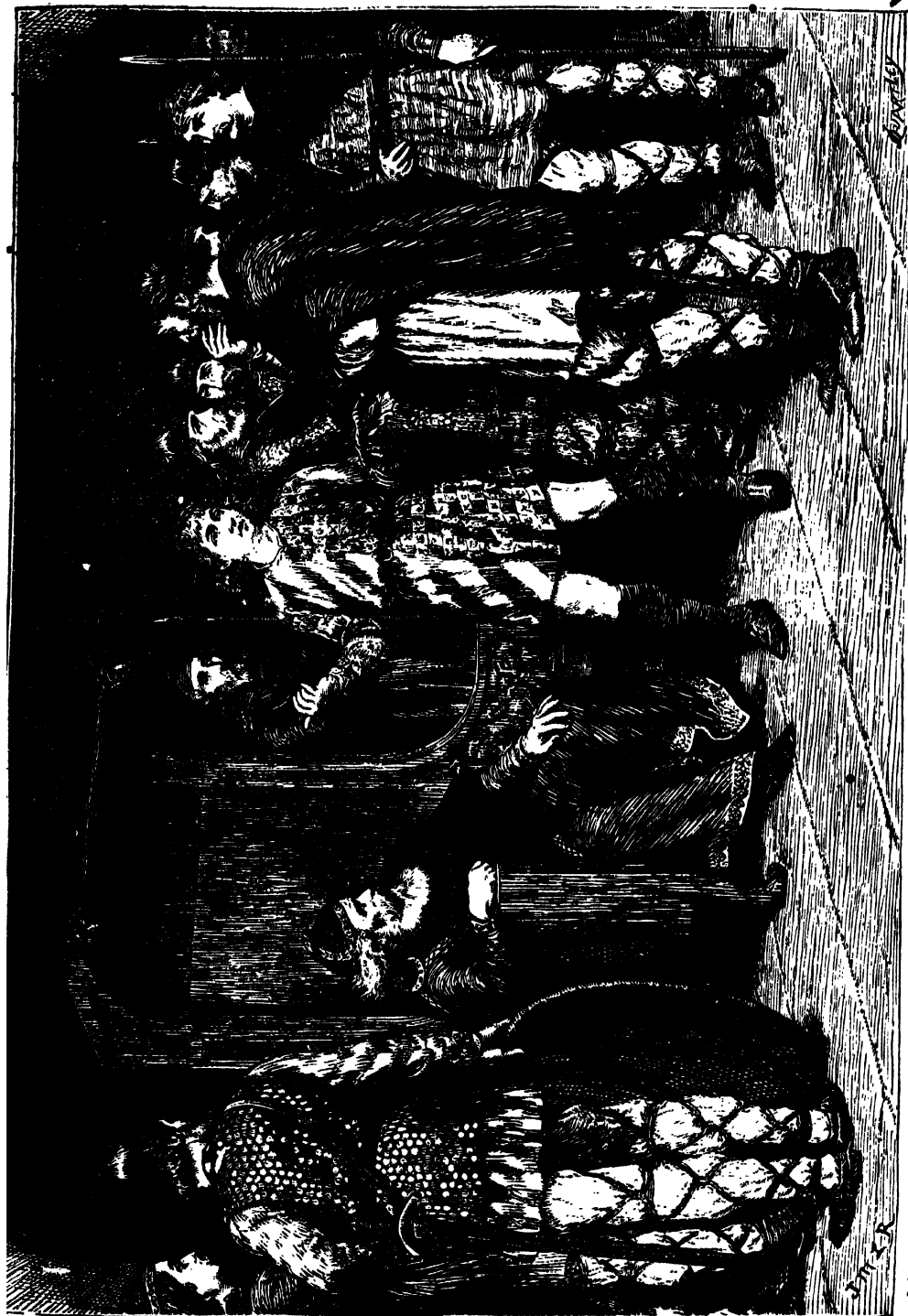
Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my
coxcomb. *[Giving KENT his cap.]*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how
dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my cox-
comb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that's out 90



QUICKLEY, Scul.

LEAR, KENT, AND FOOL.

J. W. RAINSTON, DEL.

of favour.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters. 111

Lear. Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest, 120
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool. 130

Fool. Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [To KENT.] Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one? 140

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me;

Do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy? 150

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith; lords and great men will

not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't; and ladies too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be? 155

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg 'i the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown 'i the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so. [Singing.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;

For wise men are grown foppish,

And know not how their wits to wear, 160

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod and putt'st down thine own breeches, [Singing.

Then they for sudden joy did weep,

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep, 165

And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing 'i the middle. Here comes one o' the parings. 171

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late 'i the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [to GONERIL] bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, Mum :

*He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.*

That's a sheal'd peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel ; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known
unto you,

To have found a safe redress ; but now grow
fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and
done,

That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance ; which if you should, the
fault

Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses
sleep,

Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so
long,

That it had it head bit off by it young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left
darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter ?

Gon. I would you would make use of your
good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put
away

These dispositions, which of late transport
you

From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart
draws the horse ?—Whoop, Jug ! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me ? This is
not Lear :

Does Lear walk thus ? speak thus ? where are
his eyes ?

Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied.—Ha ! waking ? 't is not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am ?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that ; for by the marks
of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should
be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient
father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman ?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the
savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright :

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and
squires ;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their man-
ners,

Shows like a riotous inn : epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth
speak

For instant remedy : be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train ;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils !—

Saddle my horses ; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard ! I'll not trouble thee :
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people ; and your
disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[To
ALBANY.] O, sir, are you come ?

Is it your wil' ? Speak, sir.—Prepare my
horses.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a
child,

Than the sea-monster !

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [To GONERIL.] Detested kite ! thou
liest :

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small
fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show !

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of
nature

From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all
love,

And added to the gull. O Lear, Lear, Lear !
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.

And thy dear judgment out !—Go, go, my
people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am igno-
rant

Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—

Hear, Nature, hear ! dear goddess, hear !
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful !

Into her womb convey sterility !
 Dry up in her the organs of increase,
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her
 cheeks ;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child !—Away, away !

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof
 comes this ?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more
 of it ;
 But let his disposition have that scope
 As dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a
 clap !
 Within a fortnight ?

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I'll tell thee :—Life and death ! [*To*
GENERIL.] I am ashamed,
 That thou hast power to shake my manhood
 thus ;
 That these hot tears, which break from me
 perforce,
 Should make thee worth them. Blasts and
 fogs upon thee !
 The untented woundings of a father's curse
 • Pierce every sense about thee !—(Old fond
 eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
 And cast you, with the waters that you
 lose,
 To temper clay.—Yea, is it come to this ?
 Let it be so :—yet have I left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable :
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her
 nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt
 find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost
 think
 I have cast off for ever.

• [*Exit LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that ?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you,—

• *Gon.* Pray you, content.—What, Oswald,
 ho !—

[*To the Fool.*] You, sir, more knave than
 fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear ! tarry, and
 take the fool with thee. 321

A fox, when one has caught her,

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter ;

So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A
 hundred knights !

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep

At point a hundred knights : yes, that or
 every dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dis-
 like, 330

He may enguard his dotage with their power,
 And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I
 say !—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,

Not fear still to be taken : I know his heart.

What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister :

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald !

What, have you writ that letter to my sister ?

Osw. Ay, madam. 340

Gon. Take you some company, and away
 to horse :

Inform her full of my particular fear ;

And thereto add such reasons of your own,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And hasten your return. [*Exit OSWALD.*] No,
 no, my lord,

This milky gentleness and course of yours

Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more attask'd for want of
 wisdom,

Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I can-
 not tell : 350

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well ; the event. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Court before the Same.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these
 letters. Acquaint my daughter no further
 with anything you know, than comes from
 her demand out of the letter. If your dili-
 gence be not speedy, I shall be there before
 you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit.]*

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pry'thee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle o' the face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentlemen.

How now! Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of GLOSTER.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!

Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches.—O sir! fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid: You have now the good advantage of the night.—

Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste, And Regan with him: have you nothing said

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me:

In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you :
Draw : seem to defend yourself. Now quit
you well.

Yield :—come before my father.—Light, ho !
here !

Fly, brother.—Torches ! torches !—So, farewell.—
[Exit EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget
opinion [Wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour : I have seen
drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father ! father !
Stop, stop ! No help ?

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain ?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp
sword cut,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the
moon

To stand auspicious mistress,---

Glo. But where is he ?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund ?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no
means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho !—Go after. [Exit
Servant.—By no means,—what ?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your
lordship ;

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend ;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father ;—sir, in
fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm :
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the en-
counter,

Or whether ghasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far :

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught ;
And found—despatch.—The noble duke my
master,

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it, ⁶¹
That he which finds him shall deserve our
thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his in-
tent,

And found him pight to do it, with curs't
speech

I threaten'd to discover him : he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the re-
posal

Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No : what I should
deny,

(As this I would ; ay, though thou didst pro-
duce

My very character,) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it."

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain !

Would he deny his letter !—I never got him.

[Tucket within.

Hark ! the duke's trumpets. I know not
why he comes.

All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not
'scape ;

The duke must grant me that : besides, his
picture

I will send far and near, that all the king-
dom

May have due note of him ; and of my
land,

Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means,
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend ! since I
came hither

(Which I can call but now), I have heard
strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too
short,

Which can pursue the offender. How dost,
my lord ?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,
it's cracked !

Reg. What ! did my father's godson seek
your life ?

He whom my father named ? your Edgar ?

Glo. O, lady, lady ! shame would have it
hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the
riotous knights
That tend upon my father !

Glo. I know not, madam, 't is too bad, too
bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that con-
sort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill-
affected :

'T is they have put him on the old man's
death,

To have the expense and waste of his
venues.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such
cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your
father

A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice! and
receiv'd

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord. ¹⁰⁰

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never
more

Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own
purpose,

How in my strength you please.—For you,
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much
need;

You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-
ey'd night. ¹²⁰

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home: the several mes-
sengers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam. ¹³⁰
Your graces are right welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art
of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pincfold,
I would make thee care for me. ¹⁰

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know
thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken
meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly,
three-suited, hundred pound, filthily, worsted-
stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking
knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-ser-
viceable, finical rogue; one trunk-inheriting
slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way
of good service, and art nothing but the com-
position of a knave, beggar, coward, pander,
and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one
whom I will beat into clamorous whining,
if thou deniest the least syllable of thy ad-
dition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art
thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither
known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou,
to deny thou knowest me? Is it two days
since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee,
before the king? Draw, you rogue: for
though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll
make a sop o' the moonshine of you. [*Draw-
ing his sword.*] Draw, you whoreson cul-
lionly barber-monger, draw.

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with
thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with
letters against the king, and take Vanity the
puppet's part, against the royalty of her father.
Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your
shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your
ways. ⁴⁰

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue,
stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND.

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you
please: come, I'll flesh you, come on, young
master.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and
Servants.*

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the mat-
ter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives :
He dies that strikes again. What is the
matter ? 50

Reg. The messengers from our sister and
the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred
your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature
disclaims in thee : a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow : a tailor
make a man ?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir : a stone-cutter, or
a painter, could not have made him so ill,
though they had been but two hours o' the
trade. 61

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel ?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life
I have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed ! thou unnecessary
letter !—My lord, if you will give me leave,
I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar,
and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—
Spare my grey beard, you wag-tail ?

Corn. Peace, sirrah !
You beastly knave, know you no rever-
ence ? 70

Kent. Yes, sir ; but anger hath a pri-
vilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry ?

Kent. That such a slave as this should
wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues
as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain

Which are too intrinse t' unloose : smooth
every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel ;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods ;

Reneg, affirm, and turn their halyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters, 80

Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptic visage !

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool ?

Goose ; if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What ! art thou mad, old fellow ?

Glo. How fell you out ? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave ?

What is his fault ? 90

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor
his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain :
I have seen better faces in my time,

Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth
affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature : he cannot flatter, he ;
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak
truth : 100

An they will take it, so ; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this
plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants.

That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant
fire 108

On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this ?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no
flatterer : he that beguiled you in a plain
accent, was a plain knave ; which, for my
part, I will not be, though I should win your
displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave
him ?

Osw. I never gave him any :

It pleas'd the king, his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction ;
When he, compact, and flattering his dis-
pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind ; being down, insulted,
rail'd, 120

And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd ;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks !
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend
braggart,

We'll teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me ; I serve the
king,

On whose employment I was sent to you : 130
You shall do small respect, show too bold
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks !
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit
till noon.

Reg. Till noon ! till night, my lord ; and
all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's
dog,

You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the selfsame
colour

Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the
stocks. [*Stocks brought out.*

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do
so. 110

His fault is much, and the good king his
master

Will check him for 't : your purpos'd low
correction

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it
ill,

That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more
worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his
legs.— [*KENT is put in the stocks.*

Come, my lord, away. 151
[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER and KENT.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend ; 't is the
duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd : I'll entreat
for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd,
and travell'd hard ;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll
whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at
heels :

Give you good morrow !

Glo. The duke's to blame in this : 't will
be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the
common saw : 160

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun.

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees
miracles,

But misery : - I know, 't is from Cordelia ;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscur'd course ; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-
watch'd, 170

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night ; smile once more ; turn
thy wheel ! [*He sleeps*

SCENE III.—A part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd ;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. • No port is free ; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may
'scape,

I will preserve myself ; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast ; my face I'll grime
with filth,

Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots, 10
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky. .
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare
arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose-
mary ;

And with this horrible object, from low
farms,

Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood ! poor
Tom ! 20

That's something yet :—Edgar I nothing am.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Before GLOSTER's Castle. KENT in the Stocks.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so
depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in
them

Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master !

Lear. Ha !

Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime ?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha ! look ; he wears cruel garters.
Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears

by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men
by the legs : when a man's over-lusty at legs,
then he wears wooden nether-stocks. 11

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy
place mistook,

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no ; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have. 20

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't ;

They could not, would not do't : 't is worse
than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this
usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to
them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a recking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting
forth 31

From Goneril, his mistress, salutations ;

Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,

Which presently they read : on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took
horse ;

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer ; gave me cold
looks :

And meeting here the other messenger,

Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd
mine,

(Being the very fellow which of late 40

Display'd so saucily against your highness,)

Having more man than wit about me, drew :
He rais'd the house with loud and coward
cries,

Your son and daughter found this trespass
worth

The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild-
geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind ;

But fathers, that bear bags, 50

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many
dolours for thy daughters, as thou canst tell
in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward
my heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing
sorrow!

Thy element's below.—Where is this
daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir ; here, within.

Lear. Follow me not ; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what
you speak of? 61

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a
number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set 'i the stocks
for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to
teach thee there's no labouring 'i the winter.
All that follow their noses are led by their
eyes, but blind men ; and there's not a nose
among twenty but can smell him that's
stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great
wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck
with following it ; but the great one that
goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.
When a wise man gives thee better counsel,
give me mine again : I would have none but
knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for
gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly :

The knave turns fool that runs away ;

The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not 'i the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are
sick? they are weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere
fetches,

The images of revolt and flying off! 80

Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke ;

How unremovable and fix'd he is

In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! con-
fusion!

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster,
Gloster,

I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:

Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!

Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;

And am fall'n out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

Should he sit here? This act persuades me, That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum, Till it cry: "Sleep to death."

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you.

Lear. O me! my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the cels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Sepulchring an adult'ress.—[*To KENT.*] O! are you free?

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught: O Regan! she hath tied Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

[*Points to his heart.*]
I can scarce speak to thee: thou'lt not believe,

With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope,

You less know how to value her desert, Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance, She have restrain'd the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir! you are old; Nature in you stands on the very verge Of her confine: you should be rul'd and led By some discretion, that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,

That to our sister you do make return: Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; • Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more: these are unsightly tricks.

Return you to my sister.

Lear. [Rising.] Never, Regan! She hath abated me of half my train; Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.— All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty, You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To full and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me, When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan; thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce;
but thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Tucket within.*]

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves
her letter,

That she would soon be here. —

• *Enter OSWALD.*

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd
pride

Davells in the fickle grace of her he follows. —
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan,
I have good hope

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes
here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take
my part! —

[*To GONERIL.*] Art not asham'd to look
upon this beard?

O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How
have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides! you are too tough:
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'
the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir; but his own
disorders

Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem
so.

If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:

I am now from home, and out of that pro-
vision.

Which shall be needful for your entertain-
ment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men dis-
miss'd!

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless
took

Our youngest-born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension
beg

To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at OSWALD.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pry'thee, daughter, do not make
me mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one
another;

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my
daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a
bile,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not
call it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy
leisure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your
passion,
Must be content to think you old, and
so—

But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What! fifty
followers?

Is it not well? What should you need of
more?

Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and
danger,
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in
one house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from
mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they
chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to
me

(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my
depositories;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What! must I come
to you

With five-and-twenty? *Regan*, said you
so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more
with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look
well-favour'd!

When others are more wicked, not being the
worst

Stands in some rank of praise.—[*To GONERIL.*]
I'll go with thee.

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty, 200
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a
lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous
wear'st, 270

Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for
true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience
I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old
man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters'
hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble
anger.

O! let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks.—No, you unnatural
hags,

I will have such revenges on you both, 280
That all the world shall—I will do such
things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they
shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll
weep;

No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this
heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exit LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and FOOL.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*]

Reg. This house is little: the old man and
his people

Cannot be well bestow'd. 290

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put him-
self from rest.

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him
gholly,

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my Lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth.—He is
return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know
not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads
himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
stay. 300

Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the
high winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your
doors:

He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being
apt

To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a
wild night:

My Regan counsels well. Come out o' the
storm.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Heath. A storm, with thunder and lightning.

Enter KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who 's there, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where 's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless
rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain. ¹¹
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
conch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to
outjest

His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is
division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd ²
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and
Cornwall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great
stars

Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no
less,

Which are to France the spies and specula-
tions

Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have
borne

Against the old kind king; or something
deeper,

Whereof, perchance, these are but furnish-
ings;—

(But, true it is, from France there comes a
power ³⁰

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,

Wise in our negligence, have secret feet

In some of our best ports, and are at point

To show their open banner.—Now to you:

If on my credit you dare build so far

To make your speed to Dover, you shall
find

Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and benumbing sorrow

The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding, ⁴⁰

And from some knowledge and assurance offer

This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia
(As fear not but you shall), show her this
ring,

And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this
storm!

I will go seek the king. ⁵⁰

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no
more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than
all yet;

That, when we have found the king, (in which
your pain

That way, I'll this,) he that first lights on
him,

Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath.
Storm continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd
the cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vampt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
once,

That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry
house is better than this rain-water out o' door:
Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing:
here's a night pities neither wise men nor
fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! spit, fire!
spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters :

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness ;

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,

You owe me no subscription : then, let fall

Your horrible pleasure : here I stand, your slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

But yet I call you servile ministers,

That will with two pernicious daughters join

Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head So old and white as this. O ! O ! 't is foul !

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house,

Before the head has any,

The head and he shall louse : —

So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe

What he his heart should make,

Shall of a corn cry woe,

And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience ;

I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who 's there ?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace, and a cod-piece ; that 's a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir ! are you here ? things that love night,

Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies

Gallow the very wanderers of the dark, And make them keep their caves. Since I was mar,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipp'd of justice : hide thee, thou bloody hand ;

Thou perjur'd, and thou similar of virtue

That art incestuous : caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming Has practis'd on man's life : close pent-up guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man

More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed !

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ; some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest :

Repose you there, while I to this hard house (More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd,

Which even but now, demanding after you,

Denied me to come in) return, and force

Their scantied courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn. —

Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?

I am cold myself. — Where is this straw, my fellow ?

The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart

That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Sings.*] He that has a little tiny wit,

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,

Must make content with his fortunes fit,

Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. — Come, bring us to this hovel.

[*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. —

I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go : When priests are more in word than matter ;

When brewers mar their malt with water ;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;

When every case in law is right ;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ; —

When slanders do not live in tongues ;

Nor cutpurses come not to throngs ;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;

And bawds and whores do churches build ;

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion :

Then comes the time, who lives to see 't.

That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the king. I will look him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward. Edmund; pray you; be careful. *[Exit.]*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke

Instantly know; and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

That which my father loses: no less than all:

The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. *[Storm still.]*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good! my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'dst shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,

Thou 'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When
the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there: filial ingratitude.

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish
home:—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure.—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all,—

O! that way madness lies; let me shun
that;

No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine
own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to
ponder

On things would hurt me more.—But I'll
go in.

[To the Fool.] In, boy; go first. You house-
less poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll
sleep.— *[Fool goes in.]*

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed
sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
you

From seasons such as these? O! I have
ta'en

Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom
and half! Poor Tom!

[The Fool runs out from the hovel.]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a
spirit. Help me! help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's
poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble
there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the
winds.—

Humph! go to thy bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O! do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes.—There could I have him now, —and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*]

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all!

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir. 70

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowliness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers Should have thus little mercy on their flesh? Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen. 80

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman; keep

thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind, says suum, mun, ha no nouny. Dolphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him trot by. [*Storm still continues.*]

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated: thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings.—Come; unbutton here.— [*Tearing off his clothes.*]

Fool. Pry'thee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a naughty night to swim in.—Now, a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.—Look! here comes a winking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. 120

Switthold footed thrice the world;

He met the night mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names? 120

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year. 140

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What! hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ;
Modo he's called, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands : 150

Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
 And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
 And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—

What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer : go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin. 160

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord ;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ?

His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent !—

He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man !—

Thou say'st, the king grows mad : I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
 Now outlaw'd from my blood ; he sought my life,

But lately, very late : I lov'd him, friend,—
 No father his son dearer : true to tell thee, 170

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this ! [Storm continues.]

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O ! cry you mercy, sir.—

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel : keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him :

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him ; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian. 180

Glo. No words, no words : hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
 His word was still,—*Fie, foh, and fum,*
I smell the blood of a British man.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death ; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just ! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent part to the advantages of France. O heavens ! that this treason were not, or not I the detector !

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-house, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air ; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can : I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience.—The gods' reward your kindness. [Exit GLOSTER.]

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me,

Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.
Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman? ¹⁰

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To L. ve a thousand with red-burning spits
Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.— ²⁰

[*To EDGAR.*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer:

[*To the Fool.*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—
Now, you she-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessie, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dures not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee. ³⁰

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.—

[*To EDGAR.*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place:

[*To the Fool.*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side:—

[*To KENT.*] You are of the commission, sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly. ⁴⁰

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—corruption in the place!

False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside.*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting ⁵⁰

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;

Or bobtail tike, or rundletail:

Tom will make them weep and wail; ⁷⁰

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomise Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts! —[*To EDGAR.*] You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian; but let them be changed. ⁸⁰

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is, the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in't, ⁹⁰
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps :—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
sinews,

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool.*] Come,
help to bear thy master ; 100
Thou must not stay behind.

Glo. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and the Fool,*
bearing off the KING.]

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind ;
But then the mind much sufferance doth
oerskip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-
ship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the
king bow :

He childed, as I father'd !—Tom, away ! 110
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought
files thee.

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the
king !

Lark, lark. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,
and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your hus-
band ; show him this letter :—The army of
France is landed.—Seek out the traitor
Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—
Edmund, keep you our sister company : the
revenges we are bound to take upon your
traitorous father are not fit for your behold-
ing. Advise the duke, where you are going,
to a most festinate preparation : we are bound
to the like. Our posts shall be swift and
intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear
sister :—farewell, my Lord of Gloster. 13

Enter OSWALD.

How now ! Where's the king ?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd
him hence :

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate ;
Who, with some other of the lord's depen-
dants,

Are gone with him towards Dover, where
they boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister. 21

[*Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD.*]

Corn. Edmund, fare-well.—Go, seek the
traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there ?
The traitor !

Re-enter Servants with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox ! 't is he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces !—Good my
friends, consider 30

You are my guest : do me no foul play,
friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor !

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain,
thou shalt find—

[*REGAN plucks his beard.*]

Glo. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly
done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor !

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my
chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your
host :

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours 40
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do ?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late
from France ?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the
truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with
the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom ?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the
lunatic king ? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral
heart.

And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false. 50

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou
not charg'd at peril?

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him
answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must
stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce
sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have
buoy'd up, 60

And quench'd the stelled fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern
time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn
the key."

All cruels else subscrib'd;—but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows,
hold the chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the
other too. 70

Corn. If you see vengeance,

1 Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

1 Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your
chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you
mean! 77

Corn. My villain!

[*Draws and runs at him.*]

1 Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the
chance of anger.

[*Draws.* CORNWALL is wounded.]

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand
up thus!

1 Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have
one eye left

To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out,
vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's
my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies! 80

Then Edgar was abus'd. —

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let
him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord?
How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt.—Follow me,
lady.

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this
slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your
arm.

[*Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN:—Servants
unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out.*]

2 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

3 Serv. If she live long, 85

And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

2 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get
the Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish
madness

Allows itself to anything.

3 Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and
whites of eggs.

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven
help him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edgar. Yet better thus, and known to be
contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be
worst,

The lowest and most dejected thing of for-
tune,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best ;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome,
then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace :
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the
worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes
here !—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led ! World, world, O
world !
But that thy strange mutations make us hate
thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord ! I have been
your tenant, and your father's tenant, these
fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away ; good friend, be
gone :

Thy comforts can do me no good at all ;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no
eyes :

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 't is seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah ! dear son
Edgar,

The food of thy abused father's wrath !
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again !

Old Man. How now ! who's there ?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods ! Who is't can say
"I am at the worst !"

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'T is poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet ;
the worst is not

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

Old Man. Fellow, where goest ?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man ?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could
not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm ; my
son

Came then into my mind ; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him : I have
eard more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods :
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [*Aside.*] How should this be !—

Bad is the trade that must play fool to
sorrow,

Angering itself and others.—Bless thee,
master !

Glo. Is that the naked fellow ?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Get thee away. If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient
love ;

And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir ! he is mad.

Glo. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure ;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel
that I have,

Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a cold. [*Aside.*] I can-
not daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy
sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover ?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse way and
foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of
his good wits : bless thee, good man's son,
from the foul fiend ! Five fiends have been
in poor Tom at once ; of lust, as Obidicut ;
Hobbididance, prince of dumbness ; Mahu, of
stealing ; Modo, of murder ; Flibbertigibbet,
of mopping and mowing ; who since possesses
chambermaids and waiting women. So, bless
thee, master !

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the
heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes : that I am
wretched,

Makes thee the happier :—heavens, deal so
still !

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,

That slaves your ordinance, that will not
see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power
quickly ;

So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough. Dost thou
know Dover ?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bend-
ing head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep ;

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me : from that
place

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm :

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of ALBANY'S
Palace.

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; OSWALD
meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our
mild husband

Not met us on the way.—Now, where's
your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so
chang'd.

told him of the army that was landed;

He smil'd at it: I told him, you were com-
ing;

His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's
treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side
out.

What most he should dislike, seems pleasant
to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. [To EDMUND.] Then shall you go no
further.

It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel
wrongs

Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on
the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my
brother;

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the
distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty ser-
vant

Shall pass between us: ere long you are like
to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare
speech;

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst
speak,

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit EDMUND.*]

O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit.*]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude
wind

Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more: the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile
seem vile;

Filth's savour but themselves. What have
you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you per-
form'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would
lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you
maddled.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile
offences,

It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for
wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discern-
ing

Thine honour from thy suffering; that not
know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's
thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless

With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and
criest,

"Alack! why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing,
for shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my
fitness

To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—how'er thou art a
fiend,

A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news? 70

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

All. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To this great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which
since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes 80
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!

Lost he his e'er eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and
answer. [*Erit.*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did
take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here. 90

• *Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back
again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he in-
formed against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their
punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'd'st the
king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither,
friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The French Camp near
Dover.

• *Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

Kent. Why the king of France is so sud-
denly gone back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the
state, which since his coming forth is thought
of; which imports to the kingdom so much
fear and danger, that his personal return was
most required, and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him gene-
ral?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur
La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to
any demonstration of grief? 110

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them
in my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd
down

Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a
queen

Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O! then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen

Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and
tears

Were like a better way: those happy
smilets, 120

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd
the name of "father."

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;

Cried, "Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies!
sisters!"

Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm?
i' the night?

Let pity not be believed!"—There she
shook 130

The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she
started

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with
her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distress'd Lear's
i' the town;

Who sometime, in his better tune, remem-
bers

What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him :
his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her

To foreign casualties ; gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters : these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman !

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers
you heard not ?

Gent. 'Tis so, they are afoot. 20

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our
master Lear,

And leave you to attend him. Some dear
cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile :
When I am known aright, you shall not
grieve

Lending me this acquaintance.
I pray you, go along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Camp.

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack ! 'tis he : why, he was met
even now

As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud ;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow-
weeds,

With hoar-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send
forth ;

Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]

—What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense ?
He that helps him, take all my outward
worth. 10

Phy. There is means, madam ;
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and re-
mediate,

In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for
him ;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam : 20

The British powers are marching hither-
ward.

Cor. 'Tis known before ; our preparation
stands

In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about ;

Therefore great France

My mourning, and important tears, hath
pitied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,

But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's
right.

Soon may I hear and see him ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Enter REGAN and OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Osw. Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your
lord at home ?

Osw. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter
to him ?

Osw. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being
out,

To let him live : where he arrives, he
moves 10

All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is
gone,

In pity on his misery, to despatch

His nighted life ; moreover, to descry

The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with
my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow : stay
with us ;

The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam ;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ?

Might not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike, 20

Something—I know not what.—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange eyliads, and most speaking looks

To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know't:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;

And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's.—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. 'Would I could meet him, madam:
I would show

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. 10
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR, dressed like a peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark! do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st

In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you're better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.—How fearful 11

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows, and choughs, that wing the mid-way air,

Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge, 20

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;

Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off;

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,

My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him! 30

Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob

The treasury of life, when life itself

Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,

By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?

Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!

Thus might he pass indeed,—yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feather, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou
lost breathe;
Hust heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;
art sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn.

Look up a-height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack! I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some
comfort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—so;—how is 't? Feel you your legs?
You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was
that

Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought,
his eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand
noses,

Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridg'd
sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy
father,

Think that the clearest gods, who make
them honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll
bear

Affliction, till it do cry out itself

"Enough, enough," and "die." That thing
you speak of,

I took it for a man; often 't would say,

"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that
place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

But who comes here?

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild
flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coin-
ing; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.

—There's your press-money. That fellow
handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw
me a clothier's yard.—Look, look! a mouse.
Peace, peace!—this piece of toasted cheese
will do 't.—There's my gauntlet, I'll prove
it on a giant.—Bring up the brown-bills.—
O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout:
hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!
—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me,
I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black
ones were there. To say "ay" and "no" to
everything I said!—"Ay" and "no" too
was no good divinity. When the rain came
to wet me once, and the wind to make me
chatter; when the thunder would not peace
at my bidding: there I found 'em, there I
smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o'
their words: they told me I was 'everything';
't is a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well re-
member:

Is 't not the king?

Lear.

Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy
cause?—

Adultery?—

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard
son

Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yond simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth
snow;

That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit.

Beneath is all the fiend's: there's hell, there's
darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning,
scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie!
pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination:
there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of
mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world

Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me ? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid ; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge : mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see. 140

Edg. I would not take this from report ; it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What ! with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho ! are you there with me ? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly. 140

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear : change places ; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief ?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar !

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority : a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand ! 150
Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back ;

• Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer
hangs the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do
appear ;

Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin
with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless
breaks ;

Arm it with rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce
it.

None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able
• 'em :

Take that of me, my friend, who have the
power

To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass
eyes ; 170

And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,

• • now, now,

Pull off my boots :—harder, harder ;—so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd !
Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take
my eyes.

I know thee well enough ; thy name is
Gloster :

Thou must be patient. We came crying
hither :

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the
air,

We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee :
mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day ! 180

Lear. When we are born, the cry that we
are come

To this great stage of fools.—This a good
block !—

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt : I'll put 't in
proof ;

And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill !

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Gent. O ! here he is : lay hand upon him.—
Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ! What ! a prisoner ? I
am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have sur-

geons ;

I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bride-
groom. What !

I will be jovial ; come, come ; I am a king,
My masters, know you that ? 200

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you
get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa,

sa. [*Exit ; Attendants follow.*]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest
wretch,

Last speaking of in a king !—Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir !

Gent. Sir, speed you : what's your will ?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle
toward ?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar : every one
hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army? 212

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main
descri
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special
cause is here,

Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath
from me:

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you? 220

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to for-
tune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your
hand,

I'll lead you to some hiding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven

To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd
flesh

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it.

[*EDGAR interposes.*]

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor?
Hence; 232

Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'll not let go, zir, without further
'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and
let poor folk pass. An ch'ud ha' been zwag-
ger'd out of my life, 't would not ha' been so
long as 't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not
near the old man: keep out, che vor'ye, or ise
try whether your costard or my ballow be the
harder. Ch'll be plain with you. 242

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir. Come; no
matter vor your foins.

[*They fight, and EDGAR knocks him down.*]

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain,
take my purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about
me,

To Edmund Earl of Gloster: seek him out
Upon the English party;—O, untimely death!

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable
villain; 251

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,

As badness would desire.

Glo. What! is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see these pockets: the letters, that he
speaks of,

May be my friends.—He's dead: I am only
sorry

He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us
not:

To know our enemies' minds, we rip their
hearts;

Their papers is more lawful. 260

[*Reads.*] "Let our reciprocal vows be re-
membered. You have many opportunities to
cut him off; if your will want not, time and
place will be fruitfully offered. There is
nothing done, if he return the conqueror;
then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol;
from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me,
and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say)

Affectionate servant,

["GONERIL"]

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! 271
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;

And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the
sands,

Thence I'll rake up, the post unsanctified

Of murderous lechers; and, in the mature
time,

With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis
well,

That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile
sense, 279

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my
griefs;

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose

The knowledge of themselves.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Edg. Give me your hand:

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.

Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp.

Enter CORDELIA, KENT, Doctor, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
No more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worsè hours:

I pry'thée, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not, 'till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—*[To the Doctor.]* How does the king?

Doct. Madam, sleeps still

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

• *Enter LEAR in a chair carried by Servants.*

Doct. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. *[Music.]*

Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters

Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted

In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning! to watch (poor perdu!)

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire. And wast thou' fain, poor father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave,—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know. When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?
Fair daylight! --

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear, these are my hands: let's see;

I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more, nor less;

And, to deal plainly,

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place; this; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

ACT V.

KING LEAR.

SCENE I.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Alas, I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him; and yet it is dangerous
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Doctor, and Attendants.*]
Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 't is said, the bastard son of Gloster.
Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir.
Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought,
 Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
 [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
 Or whether, since, he is advis'd by aught
 To change the course. He's full of alteration,
 And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly mis-carried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.
Reg. Now, sweet lord,
 You know the goodness I intend upon you:
 Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
 Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
 To the forfended place?
Edm. That thought abuses you.
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
 And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
 Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not.—
 She, and the duke her husband!

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside.*] I had rather lose the battle,
 than that sister
 Should loosen him and me.
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
 Sir, this I heard,—the king is come to his daughter,
 With others, whom the rigour of our state
 Fore'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
 I never yet was valiant: for this business,
 It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
 Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
 Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
 For these domestic and particular broils
 Are not the question here.
Alb. Let us then determine
 With the ancient of war on our proceeding.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho! I know the riddle.—
I will go.

Enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with
man so poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL,
Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this
letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I
seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you mis-
carry,

Your business of the world hath so an
end,

And machination ceases. Fortune love
you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald
cry,

And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook
thy paper. [*Exit EDGAR.*]

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and
forces

• By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn
my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I
take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be en-
joy'd,

If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;

And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll
use

His countenance for the battle; which being
done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking-off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps,
Alarum within. Enter, with drum and
colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces:
and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this
tree

For your good host; pray that the right may
thrive.

If ever I return to you again,

I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit EDGAR.*]

*Alarum; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter
EDGAR.*

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand:
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even
here.

Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men
must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming
hither:

Ripeness is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

*Enter in conquest, with drum and colours,
EDMUND; LEAR, and CORDELIA, as
Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good
guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the
worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's
frown.

Shall we not see these daughters, and these
sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away
to prison;

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel
down,

And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
 Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
 And take upon's the mystery of things,
 As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
 In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
 That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
 The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

The gougiers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
 Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.

Come. [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded.*]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go, follow them to prison.

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
 As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
 To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men
 Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
 Does not become a sword. Thy great employment

Will not bear question: either say, thou'lt do't,

Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark.—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
 As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;

If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,
 Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,
 And fortune led you well. You have the captives

Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
 We do require them of you, so to use them,
 As we shall find their merits and our safety
 May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
 To send the old and miserable king
 To some retention, and appointed guard;
 Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
 To pluck the common bosom on his side,

And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,
 Which do command them. With him I sent
 the queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
 To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
 Where you shall hold your session. At this time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
 By those that feel their sharpness.—

The question of Cordelia and her father
 Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
 I hold you but a subject of this war,
 Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him:
 Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,

Bore the commission of my place and person;
 The which immediacy may well stand up,
 And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
 In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
 More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
 By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
 That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
 Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:
 Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.
 Witness the world, that I create thee here
 My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. [*To EDMUND.*] Let the drum strike,
 and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
 This gilded serpent [*pointing to GONERIL*].—

For your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord.

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your loves to me,

My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd; *Gloster*—let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many reasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*];

I'll make it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick! O, sick!

Gon. [*Aside.*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [*throwing down a glove*]: what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you,—who not?—I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho! a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit REGAN, led.*]

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald.—Let the trumpet sound,
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet!

[*A trumpet sounds.*]

Herald reads.

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence."

Edm. Sound!

Her. Again!

Her. Again!

[*1 trumpet.*]

[*2 trumpet.*]

[*3 trumpet.*]

[*Trumpets answers within.*]

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name? your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary

I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust below thy foot,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of knightlood, I disdain and spurn.

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;

Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarums. They fight. EDMUND jilts.*]

Alb. Save him! save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloster:

By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,

But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame;

Or with this paper shall I stop it?—Hold, sir;

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[*Gives the letter to EDMUND.*]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous! know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*
Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her. [*Exit an Officer.*

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done,

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou, That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,

I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. 170

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us:

The dark and vicious place where thee he got, Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true.

The wheel is come full circle: I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy

A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee:

Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I

Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself? 180

How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;

And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape,

That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness—

That we the pain of death would hourly die, Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift

Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit

Met I my father with his bleeding rings, 190 Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him, Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;

Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—

Alack! too weak the conflict to support!—

Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,

And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:

You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;

For I am almost ready to dissolve,

Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period To such as love not sorrow; but another,

To amplify too-much, would make much more,

And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate, 200 Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding

Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out:

As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;

Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him, That ever ear receiv'd, which in recounting,

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life

Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,

And there I left him tranç'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help! O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;

It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister

By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three

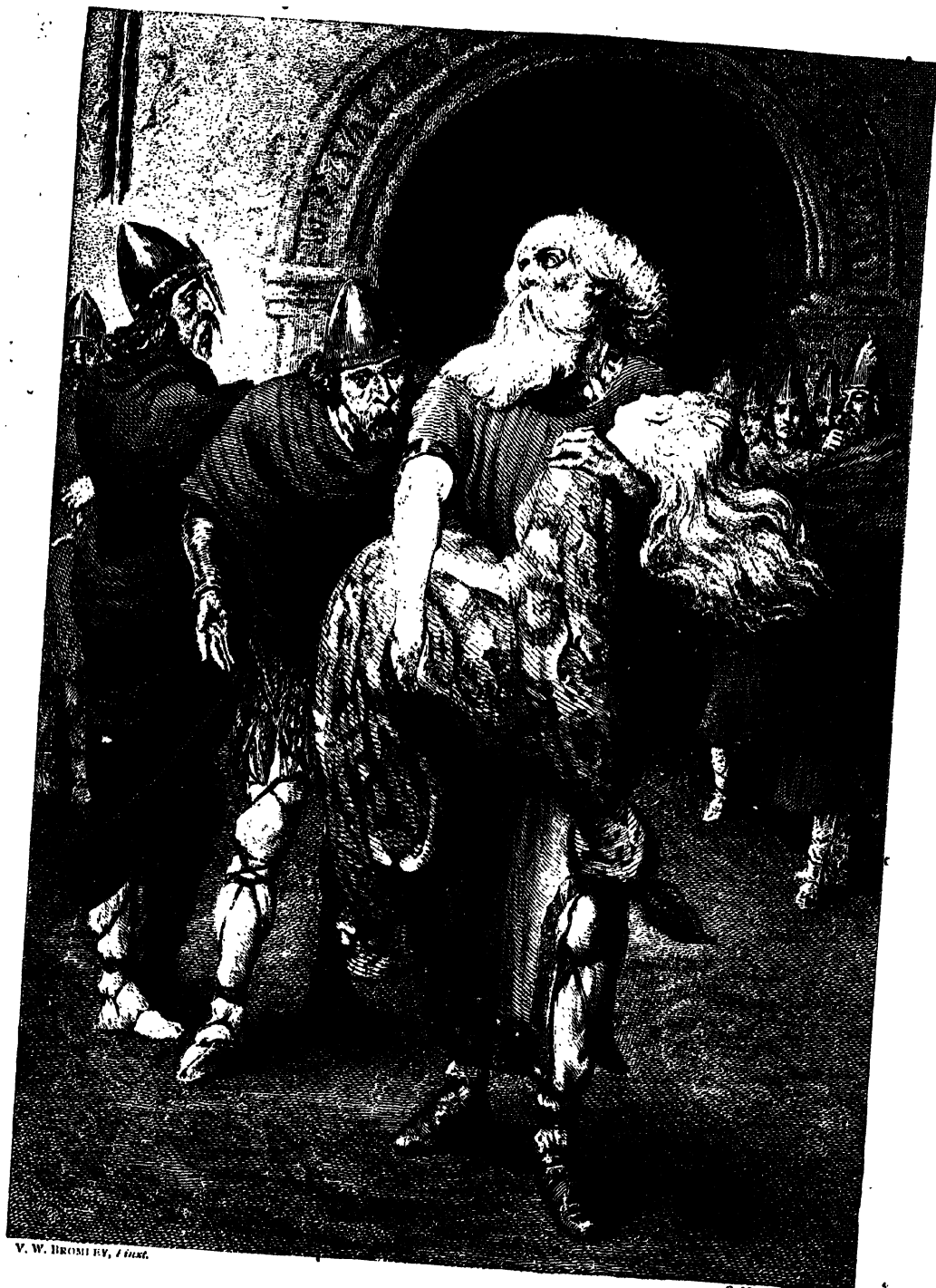
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent. 200

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:—

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*



LEAR AND CORDELIA.

C. MOTTRAM, SCULPT.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever!
"KING LEAR," Act V., Scene III.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and
where's Cordelia?—
Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN
are brought in.*]

Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake, 210
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean
to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run! O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the
office? send
Thy token of reprieve. 220

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit EDGAR.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife
and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence
awhile. [*EDMUND is borne off.*]

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his
arms; EDGAR, Officer, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you
are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them
so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's
gone for ever.— 230
I know when one is dead, and when one
lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-
glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease?

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'T is noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers,
traitors all! 270
I might have sav'd her; now, she's gone for
ever!—

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever
soft,

Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in
woman.—

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting
falchion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are
you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you
straight. 280

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and
hated,

One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight.—Are you not
Kent?

Kent.

The same;

Your servant Kent. Where is your servant
Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you
that;

He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead
and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very
man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and
decay
Have follow'd your sad steps—

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else.—All's cheerless,
dark, and deadly: 290
Your eldest daughters have fordone them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain
is it,

That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied : for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power. [*To EDGAR and KENT.*] You, to your rights,

With boot, and such addition, as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings.—O ! see, see !

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd ! No,
no, no life !

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all ? Thou'lt come
no more,

Never, never, never, never !—

Pray you, undo this button : thank you,
sir.—

Do you see this ? Look on her,—look,—her
lips, --

Look there, look there !— [*Dies.*

Edg. He faints !—My lord, my lord !—

Kent. Break, heart ; I pry'thee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass !
he hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so
long :

He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present
business

Is general woe.—[*To KENT and EDGAR.*]
Friends of my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the world state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go :
My master calls me ; I must not say, no.

Edg. The weight of this sad time we must
obey ;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to
say.

The oldest hath borne most : we, that are
young,

Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

M A C B E T H.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, <i>King of Scotland.</i>	SEYTON, <i>an Officer attending on Macbeth.</i>
MALCOLM, } <i>His Sons.</i>	Boy, <i>Son to Macduff.</i>
DONALBAIN, }	<i>An English Doctor.</i>
MACBETH, } <i>Generals of the King's Army.</i>	<i>A Scotch Doctor.</i>
BANQUO, }	<i>A Soldier.</i>
MACDUFF, }	<i>A Porter.</i>
LENOX, }	<i>An Old Man.</i>
ROSSE, }	LADY MACBETH.
MENTETH, }	LADY MACDUFF.
ANGUS, }	<i>Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.</i>
CATHNESS, }	HECATE, and three Witches.
FLEANCE, <i>Son to Banquo.</i>	Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Mur-
SIWARD, <i>Earl of Northumberland, General of</i>	<i>derers, Attendants, and Messengers.</i>
<i>the English Forces.</i>	<i>The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.</i>
Young SIWARD, <i>his Son.</i>	
SCENE—In the end of the Fourth Act, in ENGLAND; through the rest of the Play, in SCOTLAND.	

A C T I.

SCENE I.—An Open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls.—Anon!—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can
report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
Against my captivity. —Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdon-

wald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his dammed quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too

weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that

name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,

Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to
him,
Till he unscafn'd him from the nave to the
chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders
break,

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland,
mark :

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these slipping Kernes to trust their
heels,

But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of
men,

Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our Captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes ;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;

So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :

Except they meant to bathe in reeking
wounds,

Or memorise another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as
thy wounds :

They smack of honour both.—Go, get him
surgeons. [*Exit Captain, attended.*]

Enter Rosse.

Who comes here ?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes !
So should he look that seems to speak things
strange.

Rosse. God save the king !

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane ?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

Thethane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict ;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst
arm,

Curbing his lavish spirit : and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

Rosse. That now

Sveno, the Norway's king, craves composi-
tion ;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men

Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more thatthane of Cawdor shall
deceive

Our bosom interest. — Go pronounce his
present death,

And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth
hath won. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Heath.

Thunder. *Enter the three Witches.*

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in
her lap,

And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :

"Give me," quoth I :—

"Aroint thee, witch !" the rump-fed ronyon
cries.

Her husband's to Aleppo' gone, master o' the
Tiger ;

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And like a rat without a tail ;

I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Th'art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I'll drain him dry as hay :

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his penthouse lid ;

He shall live a man forbid ;

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine :

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum ! a drum !

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about :

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Fores?—What are these,

So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40
That look not like th' inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you
aught

That man may question? You seem to under-
stand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can:—what are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Glamis!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,
thane of Cawdor!

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be
king hereafter. 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem
to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of
truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble
partner

You greet with present grace, and great pre-
diction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak
not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

• And say which grain will grow, and which
will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours nor your hate. 61

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou
be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo:

• 1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell
me more. 70

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of
Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from
whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I
charge you. [*Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water
has,

And these are of them.—Whither are they
vanish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd cor-
poral, melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had
stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do
speak about,

Or have we eaten on the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it
not so!

Ban. To the selfsame tune, and words.
Who's here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Mac-
beth,

The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight, 91
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silence'd with
that,

In viewing o'er the rest of the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent, 100
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater
honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of
Cawdor:

In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do
you dress me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combin'd

With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with
both

He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know
not;

But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor :
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your
pains.—

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to
me

Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home, 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is
strange :

And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentle-
men.—

[*Aside.*] This supernatural soliciting 125
Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of
Cawdor :

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantas-
tical,

Shakes so my single state of man, that
function 130
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside.*] If chance will have me
king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould,

But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*Aside.*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest
day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour : my dull brain
was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen,
your pains 135
Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the
king.—

Think upon what hath chanc'd ; and at more
time,

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Fores.* A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are
not

Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back ; but I have
spoke

With one that saw him die : who'd report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it : he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd, 10
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee : 'would thou hadst less
deserv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-
ment

Might have been mine ! only I have left to
say, 20

More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and
servants ;

Which do but what they should, by doing
everything

Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither :
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble
Banquo,

That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee, and
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name here-
after

The Prince of Cumberland: which honour
must

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only, 40
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd
for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside.*] The Prince of Cumberland!
—That is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be, 50
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.
[*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so
valiant,

And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in
MACBETH'S Castle.

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of
success; and I have learned by the perfectest
report, they have more in them than mortal
knowledge. When I burned in desire to
question them further, they made themselves
air, into which they vanished. Whiles I
stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives
from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of
Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird
sisters saluted me, and referred me to the
coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt
be!' This have I thought good to deliver
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that

thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing,
by being ignorant of what greatness is
promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and
farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy
nature:

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be
great;

Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou
wouldst highly, 60

That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play
false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win; thou'dst have,
great Glamis,

That which cries, "Thou must do, if
thou have it;"

And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee
hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings? 70

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, were 80
so,

Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane
is coming;

One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely
more

Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending:
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*] The
raven himself is hoarse,

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits 90
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-
full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace be-
tween

Th' effect and it! Come to my woman's
breasts;

And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it
makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the
dark,
To cry, " Hold, hold ! "—

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes he hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he proposes.

Lady M. O ! never so
Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where
men

May read strange matters. To beguile the
time,

Look like the time ; bear welcome in your
eye,

Your hand, your tongue : look like the inno-
cent flower,

But be the serpent under 't. He that's
coming

Must be provided for ; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to
come

Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom. *to*
Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour ever is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MAL-
COLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MAC-
DUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.*

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the
air

Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's
breath

Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,

Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant
cradle :

Where they most breed and haunt, I have
observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see ! our honour'd hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our
trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein I
teach you,

How you shall bid God yield us for your
pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done
double,

Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, where-
with

Your majesty loads our house : for those of
old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a
purpose

To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath
help him

To his home before us. Fair and noble
hostess,

We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs,
in compt,

To make their audit at your highness' plea-
sure,

Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. *so*
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the
Castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over
the stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants
with dishes and service. Then enter MAC-
BETH.*

Macb. If it were done, when 't is done,
then 't were well
t were done quickly : if the assassination



V. W. BROMLEY, *Paint.*

G. GOLDBERG, *Sculpt.*

MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it.

"MACBETH," *Act I., Scene V.*

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ; that but this
blow

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these
cases,

We still have judgment here ; that we but
teach

Bloody instructions, which, being taught,
return

To plague th' inventor : this even-handed
justice

Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd
chalice

To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his
host,

Who should against his murderer shut the
door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this
Duncan

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
against

The deep damnation of his taking off ;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin,
hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no
spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now ! what news ?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why
have you left the chamber ?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me ?

Lady M. Know you not, he has ?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this
business :

He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest
gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept
since,

And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,

Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour, as
As thou art in desire ? Wouldst thou have
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting " I dare not " wait upon " I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage ?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man ;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was 't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
When you durst do it, then you were a man ;
And, to be more than what you were, you
would

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor
place,

Did then adhere, and yet you would make
both :

They have made themselves, and that their
fitness now

Does unmake you. I have given suck, and
know

How tender 't is to love the babe that milks
me :

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless
gums,

And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as
you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail !

But screw your courage to the sticking-
place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
(Where'to the rather shall his day's hard
journey

Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only : when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan ? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell ?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only !
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those
sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very
daggers,

That they have done 't ?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,

As we shall make our griefs and clamour
 Upon his death?
Macb. I am settled, and bend up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart
 doth know. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Court within the
 Castle.

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch
 before him.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard
 the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 't is later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's hus-
 bandry in heaven;
 Their candles are all out. Take thee that
 too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that
 nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir! not yet at rest? The
 king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
 Sent forth great largess to your offices.
 This diamond he greets your wife withal,
 By the name of most kind hostess, and shut
 up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
 Our will became the servant to defect,
 Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
 I dreamt last night of the three weird sis-
 ters:

To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
 Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
 We would spend it in some words upon that
 business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,
 when 't is,

It shall make honour for you

Ban. So I lose none
 In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
 I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink
 is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—

[*Exit Servant.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me
 clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppress'd brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was
 going;

And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of
 blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such
 thing.

It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half-
 world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his
 stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards
 his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set
 earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for
 fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat,
 he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath
 gives. [*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done : the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.
[Exit.

SCENE II. — The Same.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them
drunk hath made me bold :
What hath quenched them hath given me
fire.—Hark !—Peace !
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is
about it.
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores : I have
drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about
them,
Whether they live, or die.
Macb. [Within.] Who's there ?—
what, ho !
Lady M. Alack ! I am afraid they have
awak'd,
And 't is not done : —the attempt and not the
deed
Confounds us.—Hark ! I laid their daggers
ready ;
He could not miss them.—Had he not re-
sembled
My father as he slept, I had done't. My
husband !

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou
not hear a noise ?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the
crickets cry.

Did not you speak ?

Macb. When ?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended ?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight.

Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry
sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep,
and one cried, " Murder ! "

That they did wake each other : I stood and
heard them ;

But they did say their prayers, and address'd
them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, " God bless us ! " and
" Amen," the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's
hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, " Amen,"
When they did say, " God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce
" Amen ! "

I had most need of blessing, and " Amen "
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be
thought

After these ways : so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry,
" Sleep no more !

Macbeth does murder sleep," — the innocent
sleep ;

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of
care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast ; —

Lady M. What do you mean ?

Macb. Still it cried, " Sleep no more ! " to
all the house :

Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no
more !

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried ?

Why, worthy thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your
hand.—

Why did you bring these daggers from the
place ?

They must lie there : go, carry them, and
smear

The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the
dead,

Are but as pictures ; 't is the eye of child-
hood

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.—Knocking within.

Macb. • Whence is that knocking ?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals
me ?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand
will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but
I shame

To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear
a knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our
chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed:

How easy is it then! Your constancy

Hath left you unattended.—[*Knock.*] Hark!
more knocking.

Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not
know myself. [*Knock.*]
Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would
thou couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within.*]

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have
old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock,
knock, knock. Who's there, i' the name of
Belzebub?—Here's a farmer, that hanged
himself on the expectation of plenty: come
in time; have napkins enough about you;
here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock,
knock. Who's there, i' the other devil's
name?—Faith, here's an equivocator, that
could swear in both the scales against either
scale; who committed treason enough for
God's sake, yet could not equivocate to
heaven: O! come in, equivocator. [*Knock-
ing.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?
—Faith, here's an English tailor come hither
for stealing out of a French hose: come in,
tailor; here you may roast your goose.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet!
What are you?—But this place is too cold
for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I
had thought to have let in some of all pro-
fessions, that go the primrose way to the
everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon:
I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went
to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the
second cock;

And drink, sir, is a great provoker of three
things.

Macd. What three things does drink
especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unpro-
vokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes
away the performance. Therefore, much drink
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery:
it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him
on, and it takes him off; it persuades him,
and disheartens him; makes him stand to,
and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates
him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves
him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie
last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o'
me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I
think, being too strong for him, though he
took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift
to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthythane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely
on him

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to
you;

But yet 't is one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics
pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we
lay,

Our chimneys were blown down; and, as
they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams
of death,

And prophesying with accents terrible

Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woful time.
The obscure bird clamour'd the livelong
night:

Some say, the earth was feverous, and did
shake.

Macb. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot
parallel

A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue,
nor heart,

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb., Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-
piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is 't you say? the life? 70

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy
your sight

With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves.—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*

Awake! awake!—

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder, and trea-
son!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counter-
feit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprites, 80

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I pry'three, contradict thyself, 90
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this
chance,
I have liv'd a blessed time; for, from this
instant,

There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your
blood

Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd. 100

Mal. O! by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd,
had done 't:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with
blood;

So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we
found

Upon their pillows:

They star'd, and were distracted; no man's
life

Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O! yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate
and furious, 110

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love

Outrun the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in
nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the
murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their
daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore. Who could
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady. 120

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken

Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our
tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady :—

[*Lady MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet, 120
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples
shake us :

In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macd. Let's briefly put on manly readi-
ness,

And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort
with them :

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office

Which the false man does easy. I'll to Eng-
land. 130

Don. To Ireland, I : our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles : the near'
in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim : therefore, to horse ;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, *
But shift away. There's warrant in that
theft

Which steals itself, when there's no mercy
left. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter ROSSE and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember
well ;

Within the volume of which time I have
seen

Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this
sore night

Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah ! good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with
man's act,

Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 't is
day,

And yet dark night strangles the travelling
lamp.

Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. It is unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday
last,

A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and
kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most
strange and certain),

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their
race,

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung
out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
make

War with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of
mine eyes,

That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good
Macduff.—

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not? 21

Rosse. Is 't known, who did this more than
bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day?

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were stubborn'd.

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two
sons,

Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon
them

Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still :

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up

Thine own life's means !—Then 't is most
like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to
Scone

To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin : I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well
done there :—adieu !—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and
with those 40

That would make good of bad, and friends of
foes ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—FORS. A Room in the Palace.

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I
fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't; yet it was
said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from
them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine.)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no
more. 10

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King;
Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE,
Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper,
sir,

And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your
good advice 20

(Which still hath been both grave and pros-
perous)

In this day's council; but we'll take to-mor-
row.

Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the
time

'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the
better,

I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are
bestow'd

In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention. But of that to-
morrow,
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of
state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with
you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does
call upon's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of
foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.— [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Let every man be master of his time 30

Till seven at night, to make society

The sweeter welcome: we will keep ourself

Till supper time alone: while then, God be
with you.

[*Exeunt Lady MACBETH, Lords, &c.*]

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace
gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[*Exit Attendant.*—]

To be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much
he dares; 40

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the
sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon
me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-
like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe, 50

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;

For them the gracious Duncan have I mur-
der'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo
kings!

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's
there?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we
call. *[Exit Attendant.]*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held
you

So under fortune, which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation
with you,

How you were borne in hand; how cross'd;
the instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,
that might,

To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, "Thus did Banquo."

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which
is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gos-
pell'd,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the
grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels,
spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are
clept

All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill

That writes them all alike; and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,

Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;

And I will put that business in your bosoms,

Whose execution takes your enemy off,

Grapples you to the heart and love of us,

Who wear our health but sickly in his life,

Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what

I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.*

And I another, no
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb.

Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 *Mur.*

True, my lord.

Macb. So he is mine; and in such bloody
distance,

That every minute of his being thrusts

Against my near'st of life: and though I
could

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my
sight,

And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,

For certain friends that are both his and
mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is

That I to your assistance do make love,

Masking the business from the common eye,

For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.*

We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.*

Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you.

Within this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,

The moment on't; for't must be done to-
night,

And something from the palace; always
thought,

That I require a clearness: and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)

Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;

I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.*

We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide
within.— *[Exit Murderers.]*

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Lady MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-
night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend
his leisure

For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content :
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord ? why do you keep alone,
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
 Using those thoughts, which should indeed
 have died
 With them they think on ? Things without
 all remedy
 Should be without regard : what's done is
 done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not
 kill'd it :
 She'll close, and be herself ; whilst our poor
 malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
 world, suffer,
 Ere we will cut our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
 That shake us nightly : Better be with the
 dead,
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to
 peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
 'Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor
 poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further !

Lady M. Come on :
 Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
 Be bright and jovial among your guests to-
 night.

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be
 you.

Let your remembrance apply to Banquo :
 Present him eminence, both with eye and
 tongue :

Unsafe the while, that we
 Must have our honours in these flattering
 streams,
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O ! full of scorpions is my mind,
 dear wife !
 Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,
 lives.

Lady M. But in their nature's copy's not
 eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet ; they are
 assailable :

Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight ; ere to black Hecate's
 summons

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal,
 There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge,
 dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling
 night,

Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
 Which keeps me pale !—Light thickens ; and
 the crow

Makes wing to the rocky wood ;
 Good things of day begin to droop and
 drowse,

Whiles night's black agents to their preys do
 rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee
 still ;

Things bad begun make strong themselves by
 ill.

So, pry'thee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park with a
 Road leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?

3 *Mur.* Macheth.

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust ; since
 he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
 To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of
 day :

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
 To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then it is he : the rest
 That are within the note of expectation,
 Already are 'i the court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile ; but he does
 usually,
 So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light !

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to 't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down.
[*Assaults BANQUO.*]

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance,
fly, fly, fly!

Thou may'st revenge—O slave!

[*Dies.* FLEANCE escapes.]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was 't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down: the son is
fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost

Best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how
much is done. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady
MACBETH, ROSSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit
down: at first and last,
The hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all
our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their
hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst,
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a
measure

The table round.—There's blood upon thy
face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he
within.

Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I
did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats;
yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst
it,

Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had
else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air: .
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's
safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he
bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.—

There the grown serpent lies: the worm,
that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone;
to-morrow

We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-
making,

'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best
at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in
MACBETH'S place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's
honour roof'd.
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo
present;

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your
highness

To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that
moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say. I did it: never
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is
not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is
often thus,

And hath been from his youth : pray you,
keep seat ;

The fit is momentary ; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion ;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man ?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look
on that

Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff ! 60

This is the very painting of your fear :
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O ! these flaws, and
starts,

(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself !
Why do you make such faces ? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look !
lo ! how say you ?—

Why, what care I ! If thou canst nod, speak
too.— 70

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws and mates. [*Ghost disappears.*]

Lady M. What ! quite unmann'd in folly ?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie ! for shame !

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th'
olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been per-
form'd

Too terrible for the ear : the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man
would die, 75

And there an end ; but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more
strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and
health to all ;

Then, I'll sit down.—Give me some wine :
fill full :—

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we
miss ; 80

'Would he were here ! to all, and him, we
thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt ! and quit my sight ! Let
the earth hide thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom : 't is no other ;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger ;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble : or, be alive again, 105
And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !
Unreal mockery, hence ! [*Ghost disappears.*]

—Why, so ; --being gone,

I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth,
broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder ? You make me
strange

Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such
sights,

And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse.

What sights, my lord !

Lady M. I pray you, speak not : he grows
worse and worse ;

Question enrages him. At once, good
night :—

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health 115
Attend his majesty !

Lady M. A kind good night to all !

[*Exeunt Lords and Attendants.*]

Macb. It will have blood, they say ; blood
will have blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees
to speak ;

Augurs, and understood relations, have

By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks,
brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.—What is the
night ?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning,
which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff
denies his person,

At our great bidding ?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send. 120

There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant feed. I will to-morrow
(And b times I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,

By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,

All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand, 130

Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:

We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done 10

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning: thither he

Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels, and your spells, provide,

Your charms, and everything beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend 20

Unto a dismal and a fatal end:

Great business must be wrought ere noon.

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that, distill'd by magic slights,

Shall raise such artificial sprites,

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion.

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear;

And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Song, within:* "Come away, come away," &c.]

Hark! I am call'd: my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Exit.*]

1 Witch. Come, let's make haste: she'll

soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,

To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,

That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 't would have anger'd any heart alive

To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well: and I do think,

That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,

(As, an 't please Heaven, he shall not), they should find

What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20

But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell Where he bestows himself?

Lord.

The son of Duncan, From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Mac-
duff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Si-
ward ;
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody
knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this re-
port
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did : and with an absolute " Sir,
not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, " You'll rue
the time
That clogs me with this answer."
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what dis-
tance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift bles-
sing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd !
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Dark Cave. In the middle,
a boiling Cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath
mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Thrice and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harpier cries :—"T is time, 't is
time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble : 10
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble : 20
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf :
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea slark ;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chauldron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble :
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done ! I commend your
pains,
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a Song, " Black spirits," &c.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

[*Knocking.*

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and
midnight hags !
What is 't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you
profess, 30

Howe'er you come to know it, answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up ;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees
blown down ;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations ; though the
treasure

Of nature's germen tumble all together,
Even till destruction stricken, answer me 60
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it
from our mouths,

Or from our masters ?

Macb. Call 'em : let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease, that's sweeten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low ;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. First Apparition, an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought :
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

1 *App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! be-
ware Macduff ;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me.—
Enough. [*Descends.*]

Macb. What'e'er thou art, for thy good
caution, thanks :
Thou hast hurp'd my fear aright.—But one
word more :—

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded.
Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition, a bloody Child.

2 *App.* Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

2 *App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff : what need I
fear of thee ?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.---

Thunder. Third Apparition, a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king ;

And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

3 *App.* Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no
care 90

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers
are :

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*]

Macb. That will never be :

Who can impress the forest ; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root ? Sweet bode-
ments ! good !

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise ; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : tell me (if your
art 101

Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me
know.—

Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is
this ? [*Hautboys.*]

1 *Witch.* Show !

2 *Witch.* Show !

3 *Witch.* Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart. 111

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in
his hand ; BANQUO following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of
Banquo : down !

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls :—and
thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the
first :—

A third is like the former :—filthy hags !

Why do you show me this ?—A fourth ?—
Start, eyes !

What ! will the line stretch out to the crack
of doom ?

Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no
more :—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a
glass,

Which shows me many more ; and some I
see, 120

That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry.
Horrible sight !—Now, I see, 't is true ;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What ! is this
so ?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so :—but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round ; 120
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this
pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar !—
Come in, without there !

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they
ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did
hear

The galloping of horse : who was 't came by ?

Len. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring
you word, 141

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread
exploits :

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this
moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought
and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ; 150
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like
a fool ;

This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
But no more sights !—Where are these gentle-
men ?

Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Fife. A Room in MACDUFF'S
Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him
fly the land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd.

He had none :

His flight was madness : when our actions do
not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse.

You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to
leave his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? He loves us
not :

He wants the natural touch ; for the poor
wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
Her young ones in her nest, against the
owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

Rosse.

My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself : but, for your
husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak
much further :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold
rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we
fear, 20

But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of
you :

Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb
upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's
fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay
longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discom-
fort :

I take my leave at once.

[*Exit.*]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead : 30
And what will you do now ? How will you
live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do
they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou 'dst never fear
the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds
they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for a father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market. 40

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit ; And yet, i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor ?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so ?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie ?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them ?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools ; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey ! But how wilt thou do for a father ? 60

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him : if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame ! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly :

If you will take a homely man's advice, Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ; To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 71 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you I dare abide no longer. [Exit.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where, to do harm,

Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime, Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas ! Do I put up that womanly defence, To say, I have done no harm ! What are these faces ?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband ? 80

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain !

Mur. What, you egg ! [Stabbing him.] Young fry of treachery !

Son. He has kill'd me, mother ; run away, I pray you. [Dies.]

[Exit Lady MACDUFF, crying "Murder!" and pursued by the Murderers.]

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men Bstride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn,

New widows howl, new orphans cry ; new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of doleour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail ; What know, believe ; and what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10 What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something

You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb, To appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil, In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon : 20

That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose ;

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :

Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots
of love,)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly
just,

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs;

The title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's
grasp,

And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,

There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I
offer

Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I
know

All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Mac-
beth

Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor
state

Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom,
none,

In my voluptuousness: your wives, your
daughters,

Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill
up

The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot
be

That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should
forge

Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious
root

Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland have foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming
graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I
should

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days
again,

Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal
father

Was a most sainted king: the queen, that
bore thee,

Off'n'd upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my
breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my
thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish
Macbeth

By many of these trains hath sought to win
me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks
me

From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now 121
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith: would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false
speaking 120

Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together, and the chance of good-
ness

Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are
you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome
things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king
forth, I pray you? 140

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched
souls,

That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king,
Which often, since my here-remain in
England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited
people, 150
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know
him not. 100

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome
hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, be-
times remove

The means that makes us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where
youth,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that
rent the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
seems

A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell 170
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good
men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O relation,

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
speaker;

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their
peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when
I did leave them. 180

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech:
how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport
the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a
rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot.

Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England
hath

Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have
words,

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main
part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine, 200
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound,

That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife,
and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows:

Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not
speak, 210
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty
ones?

Did you say, all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop? 220

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven
look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful
Macduff!

They were all struck for thee. Naught that
I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest
them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword:
let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, en-
rage it. 230

Macd. O! I could play the woman with
mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue.—But, gentle
heavens,

Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he
'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what
cheer you may; 240

The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the
Castle.

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a waiting
Gentlewoman.*

Doct. I have two nights watched with you,
but can perceive no truth in your report.
When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,
I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her
night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take
forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it,
afterwards seal it, and again return to bed;
yet all this while in a most fast sleep. 10

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to
receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do

the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 't is most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. 21

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands. 30

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 't is time to do't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid!—What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him! 45

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not. 50

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well. 60

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked

in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so? 65

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

More needs she the divine than the physician.—

God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night: 81

My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file

Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now 10 Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.

Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,

Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-
breach :

Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there ?

Cath. Well ; march we on,
To give obedience where 't is truly ow'd :
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the
weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the
Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them
fly all :

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy
Malcolm ?

Was he not born of woman ? The spirits
that know

All mortal consequences have pronounce'd me
thus :

" Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of
woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly,
false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures :
The mind I sway by, and the heart I hear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

• Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd
loon !

Where gott'st thou that goose look ?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy
fear,

Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers,
why-face ?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*]

—Seyton !—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour,
breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not.

Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was
reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my
flesh be hack'd.

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'T is not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skir the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine
armour.—

How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs ; I'll none
of it.—

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my
staff.—

Seyton, send out—Doctor, the thanes fly from
me.—

Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor,
cast

The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I
say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these English hence?—Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord : your royal preparation

Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. ⁶⁰

[*Exit.*

Doct. [*Aside.*] Were I from Dunsinane
away and clear,

Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane.
A Wood in view.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH,
CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and
Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at
hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a
bough,
And bear't before him : thereby shall we
shadow

The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident
tyrant

Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope ;
For where there is advantage to be given, ¹¹
Both more and less hath given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained
things,

Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we
owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes re-
late,

But certain issue strokes must arbitrate ; ²⁰
Towards which advance the war.

[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH,
SEYTON, and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the out-
ward walls ;
The cry is still, "They come !" Our castle's
strength

Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.

Were they not forc'd with those that should
be ours,

We might have met them dareful, beard to
beard,

And beat them backward home. What is that
noise ? [*A cry within, of Women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

[*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of
fears.

The time has been, my senses would have
cool'd ¹⁰

To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir,
As life were in 't. ¹¹ I have supp'd full with
horrors :

Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter :
There would have been a time for such a
word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day, ²⁰
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief
candle !

Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story
quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, ³⁰
I should report that which I saw, I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the
hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so.

Within this three mile may you see it coming;

I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution; and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,

That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam
wood

Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and
out!

If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I'gin to be aweary of the sun,

And wish the estate o' the world were now
undone.—

Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come,
wrack!

At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—

What's he,

That was not born of woman? Such a
one

Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a
hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pro-
nounce a title

More hateful to mine ear

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhor'd tyrant: with
my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and Young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman:—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to
scorn,

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant,
show thy face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of
mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.

I cannot strike at wretched Kernes, whose
arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou,
Macbeth,

Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd
edge,

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou
shouldst be;

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, for-
tune!

And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*]

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's
gently render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;

The noble thanes do bravely in the war.

The day almost itself professes yours,

And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the
Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, Old
SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., and their Army,
with boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough: your leavy
screens throw down,

And show like those you are.—You, worthy
uncle,

Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give
them all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and
death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of
the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake: I
cannot fly,

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool
and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. O' all men else I have avoided
thee:

But get thee back, my soul is too much
charg'd

With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier
villain

Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me
bleed:

Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life; which must not
yield

To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast
serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's
womb

Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells
me so,

For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more be-
liev'd,

That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear, so
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight
with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the
time:

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born, so
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold,
enough!" [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and
colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSS,
Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were
safe arriv'd.

Siv. Some must go off; and yet, by these
I see,

So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble
son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a
soldier's debt:

He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess con-
firm'd, so

In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siv. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field.

Your cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siv. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siv. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:

And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siv. He's worth no more; so
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes
newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold,
where stands

The usurper's curs'd head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's
pearl,

That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!
[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense
of time,

Before we reckon with your several loves, so
And make us even with you. My thanes
and kinsmen,

Henceforth be earls; the first that over
Scotland

In such an honour nam'd. What's more to
do,

Which would be planted newly with the
time,—



A. FREDRICKS, Del.

I. QUARTLEY, Sculp.

MACBETH AND MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell hound, turn !

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :

But get thee back ; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

"MACBETH," Act V., Scene VII.

As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher, and this fiend-like
 queen,
 Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent
 hands

Took off her life ;—this, and what needful
 else 100
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
 We will perform in measure, time, and place.
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
{ Flourish. Exeunt.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,

LUCULLUS,

SEMPRONIUS,

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.

APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian Captain.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,

LUCILIUS,

SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, LUCIUS, HORTENSIUS, Servants to Timon's Creditors.

Servants of Varro, and Isidore, two of Timon's Creditors.

Cupid and Maskers.

Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An Old Athenian.

A Page.

A Fool.

PHRYNIA,

TIMANDRA,

Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE—ATHENS; and the Woods adjoining

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known; But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O! 't is a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an unfirable and continue goodness: He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here—

Mer. O, pray, let's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—

Poet. When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'T is a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire i' the flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.

Poet. So 't is: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.

Here is a touch; is 't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life. 40

Enter certain Senators, who pass over the stage.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy men

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,

Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug

With amplest entertainment: my tree drift

Halts not particularly, but moves itself

In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold; 50

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds, (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as Of grave and austere quality,) tender down Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tend-
ance 60

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better Than to abhor himself: even he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures, That labour on the bosom of this sphere

To propagate their states: amongst them all,

Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd, 71

One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,

Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;

Whose present grace to present slaves and servants

Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, me-thinks,

With one man beckon'd from the rest below, Bowing his head against the steepy mount To climb his happiness, would be well express'd

In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.

All those which were his fellows but of late (Some better than his value), on the moment Follow his strides, his lobbies filled with ten-dance,

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear, Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him

Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood, Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down, 80.

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show, That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,

To show Lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen

The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt,

His means most short, his creditors most strait:

Your honourable letter he desires 100.

To those have shut him up; which failing Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather, to shake off My friend when he must need me. I do know him

A gentleman that well deserves a help, Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, 110
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!
[*Exit.*]

Enter an Old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man 120
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no
kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort; 130
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts
of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be
missing,

I call the gods to witness, I will choose 140
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in
future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd
me long:

To build his fortune, I will strafe a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy
daughter;

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. 150

Tim. My hand to thee: mine honour on
my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship.
Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and Old Athenian.*]

Port. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live
your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from
me anon

Go not away.—What have you there, my
friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do be-
seech

Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man; 160
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me
your hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your
jewel

Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd, 170
It would unclean me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated

As those which sell would give: but you
well know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear
lord,

You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the
common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be
chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Ape-
mantus! 180

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy
good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus. 100

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's out a filthy piece of work. 200

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it, take it for thy labour. 210

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not. 220

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be

flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart. 231

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit, to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee! 240

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,

All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[Exeunt some Attendants.]

You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,

Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,

Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time in different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omitt'st it. 250

2 Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy request, to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog! or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. *[Exit.*

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in, And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays Seven fold above itself; no gift to him, But breeds the giver a return exceeding All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries, That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending: then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,

And call him to long peace. He is gone happy, and has left me rich: Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound To your free heart, I do return those talents, Doubled, with thanks and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O! by no means, Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love; I gave it freely ever; and there's none Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,

To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,

Than my fortunes to me. *[They sit.*

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it—

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou art a churl: ye've got a humour there.

Does not become a man, 't is much to blame.—

They say, my lords, *Tea furor brevis est,*

But yond man is 'ver angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:

I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power; pry'thee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not!

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat In one man's blood; and all the madness is, He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks, they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for 't; the fellow, that Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,

Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes :

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart ; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way ! A brave fellow ! —he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :

This and my food are equals, there's no odds. Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;

I pray for no man, but myself.

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath or bond ;

Or a harlot for her weeping ;

Or a dog that seems a-sleeping ;

Or a keeper with my freedom ;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So full t' it :

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em : I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O ! no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : how had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods ! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em ! they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for

'em ; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits ; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

And, at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much ! [*Tucket sounded.*]

Tim. What means that trumpet !

Enter a Servant.

How now ?

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ! What are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon ; and to all

That of his bounties taste ! —The five best senses

Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom.

Th' ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise ;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all : let 'em have kind admittance :

Music, make their welcome ! [*Exit CUPID.*]

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way !

They dance ! they are mad women.

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again
With poisonous spite and envy.

Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves ¹⁴¹

Of their friends' gift?

I should fear, those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hauboyes, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it. ¹⁵¹

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet

Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lord. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exeunt CUPID and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. *[Aside.]* More jewels yet! ¹⁶⁰

There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him well, i' faith, I should,
When all 's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. *[Exit.]*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses!

Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word to say to you.

Look you, my good lord, ¹⁷⁰
I must entreat you, honour me so much,

As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why, then another time I'll hear thee. ¹⁸⁰

I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. *[Aside.]* I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,

Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now, what news?

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of grey-hounds. ¹⁹¹

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd.

Not without fair reward.

Flav. *[Aside.]* What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,

And all out of an empty coffer:

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land 's put to their books. ²⁰²

Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. *[Exit.]*

Tim. You do yourselves

Much wrong: you bate too much of your own merits.

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it. 210

3 *Lord.* O! he's the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

3 *Lord.* O! I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;

I'll tell you true, I'll call to you.

All Lords. O! none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give: 221
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades, Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich: It comes in charity to thee; for all thy living Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound—

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd— 230

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honour and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting-out of bums! I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,

I would be good to thee. 240

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music.

[*Exit.*]

Apem. So thou wilt not hear me now, 250
Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand: to Varro and to Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,

Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion

Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not,

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog, And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold; If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon, Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight, And able horses. No porter at his gate; 10
But rather one that smiles, and still invites All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—"Commend me to your master"—and the cap

Plays in the right hand, thus;—but tell him, My uses cry to me; I must serve my turn 20
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;

But must not break my back to heal his finger: Immediate are my needs; and my relief Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone :
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,³⁰
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir? Take the bonds along with you,

And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,

Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue. Never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.

I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.

Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What, You come for money?

Var. Ser. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is; and yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serr. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serr. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCEBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month: 20
My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serr. One Varro's servant, my good lord, —

Isid. Serr. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Var. Serr. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks, 30

And past,—

Isid. Serr. Your steward puts me off, my lord

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly.—

[*Exeunt ALCEBIADES and Lords.*
[*To FLAVIUS.*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detection of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour!

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business: 40
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertained. [*Exit.*]

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*]

Enter APEMANTUS and Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serr. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serr. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serr. How dost, fool!

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow? 30

Var. Serr. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 't is to thyself.—[*To the Fool.*]
Come away.

Isid. Serr. [*To VAR. Serr.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! 40

All Ser. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Ases.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt furnish a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Apem. Even so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers!

All Serv. Ay: 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; some-

time like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher. [*Exeunt APEMANTUS and FOOL.*]

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me That I might so have rated my expense, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you: you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty. When for some trifling present you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor so slight checks, when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate And your great flow of debts. My loved lord, Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace; What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord! the world is but a word; *

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or
falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless
me, 160

When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders, when our vaults have
wept

With drunken spilth of wine, when every
room

Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with
minstrelsy,

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of
this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and
peasants,

This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but
is Lord Timon's? 170

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah! when the means are gone that buy this
praise,

The breath is gone whereof this praise is
made:

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter
showers,

These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the con-
science lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy
heart;

If I would breach the vessels of my love, 180
And try the argument of hearts by borrow-
ing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly
use,

As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of
mine are crown'd,

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive, how
you

Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my
friends,—

Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other
Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord? 180

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You,
to Lord Lucius;—to Lord Lucullus you; I
hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to
Sempronius. Commend me to their loves;
and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have
found time to use them toward a supply of
money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. [*Aside.*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus?
humph!

Tim. [*To another Servant.*] Go you, sir, to
the senators,

(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I
have

Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o' the
instant 200

A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,

(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name:
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate
voice,

That now they are at full, want treasure,
cannot

Do what they would; are sorry—you are
honourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know
not— 200

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—
'tis pity;—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard frac-
tions,

With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Prythee, man, look cheerly. These old
fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth, they are not
kind;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.
Go to Ventidius.—Prythee, be not sad; 220
Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously I
speak;

No blame belongs to thee.—Ventidius lately
Buried his father: by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,

Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents : greet him
from me ;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be re-
member'd
With those five talents : that had, give it
these fellows

To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or
think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can
sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it : that
thought is bounty's foe ;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in
LUCULLUS'S HOUSE.

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Servant. I have told my lord of you ; he
is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serr. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of Lord Timon's men ?
a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I
dreamt of a silver basin and ewer, to-night.
Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very
respectively welcome, sir.—Will me some wine.
[*Exit Serrant.*]—And how does that honour-
able, complete, free-hearted gentleman of
Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and
master ?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is
well, sir. And what hast thou there under
thy cloak, pretty Flaminius ?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box,
sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to
entreat your honour to supply ; who, having
great and instant occasion to use fifty talents,
hath sent to your lordship to furnish him,
nothing doubting your present assistance
therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting,
says he ? alas, good lord ! a noble gentleman
't is, if he would not keep so good a house.
Many a time and often I have dined with
him, and told him on't ; and come again to
supper to him, of purpose to have him spend
less : and yet he would embrace no counsel,
take no warning by my coming. Every man
has his fault, and honesty is his : I have told
him on't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the
wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee
always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a
towardsly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,
—and one that knows what belongs to reason ;
and canst use the time well, if the time
use thee well : good parts in thee.—[*To
the Serrant.*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit
Serrant.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flami-
nius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman ;
but thou art wise, and thou knowest well
enough, although thou comest to me, that
this is no time to lend money, especially upon
bare friendship, without security. Here's
three solidares for thee : good boy, wink at me,
and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so
much differ,
And we alive that liv'd ? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee !

[*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha ! now I see thou art a fool, and
fit for thy master. [*Exit.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that
may scald thee !

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights ? O you gods !
I feel my master's passion. This slave unto
his honour

Has my lord's meat in him :
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison ?
O, may diseases only work upon't !
And, when he's sick to death, let not that
part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who ? the Lord Timon ? he is my very
good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Strang.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Strang.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How!

Strang. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour shown in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—[*To LUCIUS.*] My honoured lord,—

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent —

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion, now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me:

He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the meantime he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to furnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do; the more

beast, I say.—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's sport. Who can call him his friend,

That dips in the same fish? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part, as I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,

So much I love his heart. But I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense; so
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in SEMPRONIUS'S HOUSE.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't?
Humph! 'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base
metal;
For they have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!
It shows but little love or judgment in
him:

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like
physicians,
Thrice give him over! must I take the cure
upon me?

He has much disgrac'd me in 't: I am angry
at him,
That might have known my place. I see
no sense for 't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:

So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought
a fool.

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sun,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's
sake;

I had such a courage to do him good. But
now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my
coin. [*Exit.*]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly
villain. The devil knew not what he did,
when he made man politic; he cross'd him-
self by 't: and I cannot think, but, in the
end, the villainies of man will set him clear.
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul!
takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those
that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole
realms on fire. Of such a nature is his
politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are
fled,

Save only the gods. Now his friends are
dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their
wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master:
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his
house. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. 'A Hall in TIMON'S
House.

*Enter Two Servants of VARRO, and the Ser-
vant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS,
and other Servants to TIMON'S Creditors,
waiting his coming out.*

1 *Var. Serv.* Well met; good morrow,
Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius!

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think,
One business does command us all; for mine
is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't: he was wont to shine
at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd
shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a
strange event.

Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's
gift,

For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich
jewels,

And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods
can witness:

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's
wealth,

And now ingratitude makes it worse than
stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand
crowns; what's yours?

Luc. Serr. Five thousand mine.

1. *Var. Serr.* 'Tis much deeper: and it should seem by the sum, 30
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serr. Flaminius! Sir, a word: Pray,
is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify
so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows
you are too diligent. [*Exit.*]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serr. Ha! is not that his steward
muffled so? 40

He goes away in a cloud: call him, call
him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 *Var. Serr.* By your leave, sir,—

Flar. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flar. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and
bills,

When your false masters ate of my lord's
meat?

• Then they could smile, and fawn upon his
debts, 50

And take down the interest into their
gluttonous maws.

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serr. Ay, but this answer will not
serve.

Flar. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base
as you;

For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*]

1 *Var. Serr.* How! what does his cashier'd
worship mutter? 60

2 *Var. Serr.* No matter what: he's poor,
and that's revenge enough. Who can speak
broader than he that has no house to put his
head in? such may rail against great build-
ings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O! here's Servilius; now we shall
know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to
repair some other hour, I should derive much

from it; for, take it on my soul, my lord
leans wondrously to discontent. His com-
fortable temper has forsook him: he's much
out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serr. Many do keep their chambers,
are not sick: 70

And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his
debts,

And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my
lord! my lord!

*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS
following.*

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against
my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol? 80
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serr. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serr. Here's mine.

Hor. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serr. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave
me to the girdle.

Luc. Serr. Alas! my lord,— 90

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serr. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serr.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serr.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall
upon you! [*Exit.*]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may
throw their caps at their money: these debts
may well be called desperate ones, for a mad-
man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from
me, the slaves:
Creditors!—devils!

Flar. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flar. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flar. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly! Go, bid all my friends
again,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all : 110
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the
tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't:
the fault's bloody;
'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise
him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to
the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble scitor to your
virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy 10
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault);
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe: 20

And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave his anger, ere't was spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they
labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form, and set
quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born. 30
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,

To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look
clear:

To revenge is no valour, but to bear. 40

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon
me,

If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the
felon 50

Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords!

As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy! 't is most just.

To be in anger, is impiety;

But who is man that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedaemon, and Byzantium, 60
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, he's done
fair service,

And slain in fight many of your enemies.

How full of valour did he bear himself

In the last conflict, and made plenteous
wounds!

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with
'em;

He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner: 70

If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him: in that beastly fury

He has been known to commit outrages

And cherish factions. 'T is infer'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

My lords, if not for any parts in him,—

Though his right arm might purchase his own
time,

And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you

Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both: 80

And, for I know, your reverend ages love

Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law : he dies ; urge it
no more,

On, height of our displeasure. Friend, or
brother,

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so ? it must not be. My
lords,

I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How !

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What !

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has
forgot me ;

It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger ?

'T is in few words, but spacious in effect :
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me ?

Banish your dotage ; banish usury, 100
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens
contain thee,

Attend our weightier judgment. And, not
to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

• *Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough ;
that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !

I am worse than mad : I have kept back
their foes,

While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest ; I myself, 100

Rich only in large hurts : -all those, for this ?

Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds ? Banishment ?

It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd :

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.

'T is honour, with most lands to be at odds ;

Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—A Banquet-hall in TIMON'S
House.

Music. Tables set out : *Servants attending.*
Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think,
this honourable lord did but try us this other
day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts
tiring, when we encountered. I hope, it is
not so low with him, as he made it seem in
the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion
of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent
me an earnest inviting, which many my
near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he
hath conjured me beyond them, and I must
needs appear. 12

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to
my importunate business, but he would not
hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent
to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I
understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What
would he have borrowed of you? 20

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces !

1 *Lord.* What of you ?

3 *Lords.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he
comes.

Enter TIMON and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both :
—and how fare you ?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of
your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer
more willingly than we your lordship. 30

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves
winter ; such summer-birds are men.—[*To*
them.] Gentlemen, our dinner will not recom-
pense this long stay : feast your ears with the
music awhile, if they will fare so harshly on
the trumpet's sound ; we shall to 't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly
with your lordship, that I returned you an
empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir ! let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah ! my good friend, what cheer ?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am
e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship
this other day sent to me, I was so unfortu-
nate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours
before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better re-
membrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes !

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you. 50

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward. 61

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does; but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upoh the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks. 70

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods!—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome. Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water, 90

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villainy. Live lonth'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, neck bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,

Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go? 100

Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou:— [Throws the dishes at them.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.— What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords, and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown. 110

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour aways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here't is.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. 120

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdest in those wolves, dive in the earth,

And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!

Obedience fail in children! Slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,

And minister in their steads! To general filth

Convert o' the instant, green virginity !

Do 't in your parents' eyes ! Bankrupts, hold fast ;

Rather than render back, out with your knives,

And cut your trusters' throats ! Bound servants, steal ! 10

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed ;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel ! Son of sixteen,

Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,

With it beat out his brains ! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
And yet confusion live ! Plagues, incident to men,

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke ! 'Thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt

As lunely as their manners ! Lust and liberty,
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,

And drown themselves in riot ! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy ! Breath infect breath, 20
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison ! Nothing I'll bear from thee,

But nakedness, thou detestable town !
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans !
Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall !
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow 30

To the whole race of mankind, high and low !
Amen.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward ! re's
our master ?
Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?
Flav. Alack ! my fellows, what should I
say to you ?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke !
So noble a master fallen ! All gone, and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him !

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes 10
Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,

Like empty purses pick'd ; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our
fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark ;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck, 20
Hearing the surges threat : we must all part
Into the sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads,
and say,
As't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take
some ; *[Giving them money.]*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word
more :

Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[They embrace, and part several ways.]
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings
us ! 30

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or so live
But in a dream of friendship ?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord ! brought low by his own heart,

Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much
good !

Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar
men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great for-
tunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind
lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends;
Nor has he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will; so
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed-breeding sun! draw from
the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one
womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several
fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature
(To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great
fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary, so
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares,
who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say "This man's a flatterer!" if one be,
So are they all; for every guise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men! 21
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me
roots! [Digging.
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is
here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold! No,
gods,
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear
heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white;
foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young;
coward, valiant.

Ha! you gods, why this? What this, you
gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your
sides,
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their
heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the
accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous
sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and
spices 40
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st
odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.] Ha!
a drum!—Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong
thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

[Reserving some gold.

Enter ALCEBIADES, with drum and life in war-
like manner; and PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker
gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so
hateful to thee, 20
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate man-
kind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog.

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than
that I know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum:
With man's blood paint the ground, gules,
gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be! This fell whore
of thine 30

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot
returns

To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change!

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But then, renew I could not, like the moon; There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world

Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not that use thee:

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd.

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I prythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;

And thee after, when thou hast conquered!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, Thou wast born to conquer my country.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove Will o'er some high-vie'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one. Pity not honour'd age for his white beard: no

He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest, Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ, But set them down horrible traitors. Spare

not the babes, Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their

mercy: Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse. Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes, Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor

babes, Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleed-

ing, Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy

soldiers: Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: you are not oath-

able,— Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare
your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions : be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert
you.

Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke, in
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains,
six months,

Be quite contrary : and thatch your poor thin
roofs

With burdens of the dead : — some that were
hang'd,

No matter :—wear them, betray with them :
whore still ;

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :
A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. & Timon. Well, more gold.—What
then ?—

Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow ¹⁵⁰

In hollow bones of man ! strike their sharp
shins,

And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly : hear the fla-
men,

That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the
nose,

Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite
away

Of him, that, his particular to foresee,

Smells from the general weal : make cur'd-
pate ruffians bald ;

And let the unscar'd braggarts of the war ¹⁶⁰
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,

That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more
gold :

Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all !

Phr. & Timon. More counsel with more
money bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I
have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens !
Farewell, Timon :

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee
more. ¹⁷⁰

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike !

[*Drum beats. Exit ALCEBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's un-
kindness,

Should yet be hungry !—Common mother,
thou, [*Digging.*

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite
breast,

Teems, and feeds all ; whose selfsame mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is
puff'd,

Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,

With all the abhorred births below crisp
heaven

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth
shine ;

Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor
root !

Ensear thy fertile and conceptions womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and
bears ;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward
face ¹⁸⁰

Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented !—O ! a root, — dear
thanks !—

Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn
leas ;

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish,
draughts,

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

Apem. I was directed hither : men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use
them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep
a dog, ²⁰⁰

Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch
thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but in-
fected ;

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade ?
this place ?

This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie
soft,

Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these
woods,

By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy
knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou'lt ob-
serve,

Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious
strain,

And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ear, like tapsters that bid
welcome,

To knaves, and all approachers: 't is most
just,

That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth
again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my
likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away
myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being
like thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool. What!
think'st

That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these
moss'd trees,

That have outliv'd the eagle, purge thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the
cold brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the
creatures,

Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused
trunks,

To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature: bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find--

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I
did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a
caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold
habit on

To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou
Dost it inforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before;
The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: best state, content-
less,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miser-
able.

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog. Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drudges of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd
thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts
of men

At duty, more than I could frame employ-
ment;

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst
thou hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou
given?

If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee
gone.—

That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

Apem. Here: I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away
thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the
lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but
botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thence thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,

Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst, hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, per-adventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the

unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog! Cholera does kill me, that thou art alive; I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose a stone by thee.

[Throws a stone at him.]

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

[*Looking on the gold.*] O thou sweet king-killer,
and dear divorce

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright de-
filer

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate
wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated
snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with
every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy
virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would't were so;
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou'st
gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!--I am
quit.— [*Exit APEMANTUS.*]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and
abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold?
It is some fragment, some slender ort of his
remainder. The mere want of gold, and the
falling-from of his friends, drove him into
this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is noised he hath a mass of
treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him:
if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily;
if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about
him, 't is hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'T is his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that
much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want
much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth
hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred
springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each
bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want! why
want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on
berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the
birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you
con,

That you are thieves profess'd, that you work
not

In holier shape; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o'
the grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the
physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob. Take wealth and lives
together;

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with
thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief.

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement; each thing's a
thief;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough
power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves;
away!

Rob one another. There's more gold: cut
throats;

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens,
go:

Break open shops; nothing can you steal,

But thieves do lose it. Steal not less, for this
I give you;

And gold confound you howsoever! Amen.
[*Retires to his cave.*]

3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me from
my profession, by persuading me to it:

1 *Thief.* 'T is in the malice of mankind,
that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive
in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and
give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens;

there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true. *[Exit Thieves.]*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods! 480
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What vilder thing upon the earth, than
friends,
Who can bring noblest minds, to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's
guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo 470
Those that would mischief me, than those
that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest
master!

TIMON comes forthward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot
all men;

Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man, I have
forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me; ay, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to
villains. 480

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come
nearer: then, I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's
sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not
with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my
lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor
wealth lasts, 490

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.— 500
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save
thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now than
wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, 510
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men
deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in
whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you
did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely
love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord, 520

For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and
wealth

To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so.—Thou singly
honest man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and
happy;

But thus condition'd: thou shalt build from
men;

Hate all, curse all; show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the
bone, 530

Ere thou relieve the beggar; give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons
swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing; be men like
blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O! let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou art bless'd
and free:

Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see
thee. *[Exit severally.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before TIMON'S Cave.

*Enter Poet and Painter.**Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.*Pain.* Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation; only I will promise him an excellent piece.*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.*Enter TIMON, from his cave.**Tim.* [*Aside.*] Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.*Tim.* [*Aside.*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,

When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

Come.

Tim. [*Aside.*] I'll meet you at the turn.

What a god's gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the founn;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them.

[*Advancing.**Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!*Pain.* Our late noble master.*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?*Poet.* Sir,Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better:You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.*Pain.*He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Tim.

Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.*Tim.* You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.



J. M. L. BAILLON, First.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Post. Hail, worthy Timon!
Painter. Our late noble master.
Timon. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

G. GOLDBERG, Secy.

ACT V.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

SCENE II.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord ; but
therefore

Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men !—Thou draw'st a
counterfeit

Best in all Athens : thou art, indeed, the best ;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy
fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and
smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault :

Marry, 't is not monstrous in you ; neither
wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed ?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never one of you but trusts
a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord ?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him
dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom ; yet remain assur'd,

That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

• *Tim.* Look you, I love you well ; I'll give
you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a
draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to
me,

I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord ; let's know
them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two
in company :—

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

[*To the Painter.*] If, where thou art, two
villains shall not be,

Come not near him.—[*To the Poet.*] If thou
wouldst not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence, pack ! there's gold ; ye came for
gold, ye slaves :

You have work for me, there's payment :
hence !

You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal

[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak
with Timon ;

For he is set so only to himself,

That nothing but himself, which looks like
man,

Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave :

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same. 'T was time,
and griefs,

That fram'd him thus : time, with his fairer
hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days,

The former man may make him. Bring us
to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon !
Timon !

Look out, and speak to friends. The
Athenians,

By two of their most reverend senate, greet
thee :

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !—
Speak, and be hang'd :

For each true word, a blister ; and each false
Be as a canterising to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of
Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee,
Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them
back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O ! forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have
thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen.

They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness too general, gross ;
Which now the public body, which doth
seldom

Play the recunter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed
render,

Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the
drum ;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and
wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were
theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears :
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy
senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return
with us,

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with
thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good
name

Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive
back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon, —

Tim. Well, sir, I will ; therefore, I will,
sir, thus :

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair
Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then, let him know, and tell him, Timon
speaks it,—

In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take't at worst ; for their knives
care not,

While you have throats to answer ; for my-
self,

There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave
you

To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flar. Stay not : all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go ; live
still :

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough !

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am
not

One that rejoices in the common wrack,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving country-
men,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as
they pass through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great
triumphers

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;
And tell them, that, to ease them of their
griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,
losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain

In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kind-
ness do them :

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'
wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well ; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree which grows here in
my close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it ; tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,

Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greet-
ing.

Flar. Trouble him no further ; thus you
still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again ; but say to
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;

Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover : thither come,

And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language
end :

What is amiss, plague and infection mend !

Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!

Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign. *[Exit.]*

1 Sen. His discontents are unremovably Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,

And strain what other means is left unto us In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least; Besides, his expedition promises Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend, Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,

Yet our old love made a particular force, And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, With letters of entreaty, which import His fellowship i' the cause against your city, In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.

The enemy's drum is heard, and fearful scouring

Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:

Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—The Woods. TIMON'S Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

• *Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

Sold. By all description this should be the place.

Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer!—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:

Some beast made this; there does not live a man.

Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What's in this tomb

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill; An ag'd interpreter, though young in days. Before proud Athens he's set down by this, Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCEBIADES and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town

Our terrible approach. *[A parley sounded.]*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time

With all licentious measure, making your wills

The scope of justice: till now, myself, and such

As slept within the shadow of your power, Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd

Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,

When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,

Cries of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease; And palsy insolence shall break his wind

With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young, When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit, Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear. We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm, To wipe out our ingratitude with loves Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo Transformed Timon to our city's love, By humble message, and by promis'd means: We were not all unkind, nor all deserve The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours Were not erected by their hands, from whom You have receiv'd your grief; nor are they such,

That these great towers, trophies, and schools, should fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
 Who were the motives that you first went out;
 Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess,
 Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
 Into our city with thy banners spread :
 By decimation, and a tithe'd death,
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food
 Which nature loathes,) take thou the destin'd
 tenth ;
 And, by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.
 1 *Sen.* All have not offended ;
 For those that were, it is not square to take,
 On those that are, revenge : crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy
 rage .
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 With those that have offended. Like a shep-
 herd,
 Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
 But kill not all together.
 2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.
 1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall open,
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.
 2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else,
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.
Alcib. Then, there's my glove :
 Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
 Whom you yourselves shall set out for re-
 proof,
 Fall, and no more ; and,—to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning,—not a man
 Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be render'd to your public laws
 At heaviest answer.
Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.
Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.
 [The Senators descend, and open the gates.
 Enter a Soldier.
Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
 And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft im-
 pression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.
Alcib. [Reads.] " Here lies a wretched corpse,
 of wretched soul bereft :
 Seek not my name : a plague consume you
 wicked caitiffs left !
 Here lie I, Timon ; who, alive, all living men
 did hate :
 Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay
 not here thy guilt."
 These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
 Though thou abhorrest in us our human
 griefs,
 Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our drop-
 let whiel
 From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for
 aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead-
 is noble Timon ; of whose memory
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword :
 Make war breed peace ; make peace stint
 war ; make each
 Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
 Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CESAR,
M. ÆMIL LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs.*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARRUS, }

VENTIDIUS,

EROS,

SCARUS,

DERCETAS,

DEMETRIUS,

PHILO,

MECENAS,

AGRIPPA,

DOLABELLA,

PROCULEIUS.

THYREUS.

GALLUS,

Friends of Antony.

Friends of Cesar.

MENAS,

MENECRATES,

VARRIUS,

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cesar.*

CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant General to Antony.*

SILIUS, *an Officer under Ventidius.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cesar.*

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES,
Attendants on Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cesar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN and IRAS, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—In several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in
CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'flows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend,
now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath
burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all
temper,
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they
come.

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA,
with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how
much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can
be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. What news?—*Att.* Cites me:—the same.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows,
If the scarce-bearded Cesar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or
this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance, nay, and most like,—

You must not stay here longer; your dis-
mission

Is come from Cesar; therefore hear it,
Antony:—

Where's Fulvia's process?—Cesar's, I would
say! both!—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's
queen,

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of
thine
Is Caesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays
shame.

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. —The
messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the
wide arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[*Embracing.*

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her? —
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra. —
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference
harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should
stretch

Without some pleasure now. What sport
to-night!

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. *Pie, wrangling queen!*

*Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives to
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets,
and note*

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. —Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Train.*

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so
slight!

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not
Antony.

He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Same. Another Room.

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Sooth-
sayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most

anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to
the queen? O! that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must charge his horns with
garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will!

Char. Is this the man? —Is't you, sir, that
know things!

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand. 10

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine
enough,

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you
are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Ir. No, you shall paint when you are
old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush! 21

Sooth. You shall be more believing, than
belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with
drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune!
Let me be married to three kings in a fore-
noon, and widow them all: let me have a
child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may
do homage: find me to marry me with
Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my
mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom
you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better
than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer
former fortune,

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have
no names: prythee, how many boys and
wenches must I have!

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a
witch.

Alex. You think, none but your shee's are
privy to your wishes. 41

Char. Nay, come; tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Tras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Tras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Tras. But how! but how! give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Tras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she!

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Tras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Orr worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O! let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!

Tras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people; for, as it is a heart breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave un-cuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but, on the sudden,

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus, —

Eno. Madam!

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exit CLEOPATRA, ENOBARDUS, ALEXAS, TRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.*]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius!

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Caesar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst!

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward. —On:

Things, that are past, are done with me. — 'T is thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus (This is stiff news) hath with his Parthian force

Extended Asia; from Euphrates His conquering banner shook, from Syria, To Lydia, and to Ionia: whilst

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license, as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ill-told us,

Is as our caring. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*]

Ant. From Sicily, ho, the news! Speak there!

1 *Att.* The man from Sicily. —Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicily :Her length of sickness, with what else more
serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

*[Giving a letter.]**Ant.*

Forbear me.

*[Exit Messenger.]*There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire
it :

What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself : she's good, being gone ;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd
her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off ;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I
know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! *Eno-*
barbus !

*Re-enter ENOBARBUS.**Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir?*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women.
We see how mortal an unkindness is to them :
if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let
women die : it were pity to cast them away
for nothing ; though, between them and a
great cause, they should be esteemed nothing.
Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this,
dies instantly : I have seen her die twenty
times upon far poorer moment. I do think,
there is mettle in death, which commits some
loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity
in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir! ~~not~~ her passions are made
of nothing but the finest part of pure love.
We cannot call her winds and waters sighs
and tears ; they are greater storms and tem-
pests than almanacs can report : this cannot
be cunning in her ; if it be, she makes a
shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her !

Eno. O, sir ! you had then left unseen a
wonderful piece of work ; which not to have
been blessed withal, would have discredited
your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.*Eno.* Sir?*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.*Eno.* Fulvia !*Ant.* Dead.*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful

sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to
take the wife of a man from him, it shows to
man the tailors of the earth : comforting
therein, that when old robes are worn out,
there are members to make new. If there
were no more women but Fulvia, then had you
indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this
grief is crowned with consolation ; your old
smock brings forth a new petticoat ; and, in-
deed, the tears live in an onion, that should
water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the
state

Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached
here cannot be without you : especially that
of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your
abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our
officers

Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen, is
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent
touches,

Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and com-
mands

The empire of the sea : our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son : who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up,
For the main soldier ; whose quality, going
on,

The sides o' the world may danger. Much is
breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but
life,

And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do it.*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ATTENDANTS.

Charm. Where is he?*Char.* I did not see him since.

Charm. See where he is, who's with him,
what he does : —

I did not send you.—If you find him sad.

Say, I am dancing : if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick : quick, and return.

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love
him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross
him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to
lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far ; I wish,
forbear :
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my
purpose.

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian ; I
shall fall :

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's
some good news.

What says the married woman ?—You may
go :

'Would she had never given you leave to
come

Let her not say, 't is I that keep you here :
I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know.—

Cleo. O ! never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine,
and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned
gods,

Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous
madness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows
Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for
your going,

But bid farewell, and go : when you sued
staying,

There was the time for words ; no going then :—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes ;

Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so
poor,

But was a race of heaven : they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou
shouldst know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen.

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pom-

peius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers

Breed scrupulous faction. The hated, grown
to strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd
Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers
threaten ;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would
purge

By any desperate change. My more particu-
lar,

And that which most with you should safe
my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
me freedom,

It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She's dead, my queen.

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best, see,
when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love,
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water ! Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to
know

The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well :
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;
And give true evidence to his love, which
stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I prythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears

Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is
meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, --

Cleo. And target. Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prythee,
Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it;
That you know well: something it is I
would,

O! my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds illeness your subject, I should take
you

For illeness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such illeness so near the heart,
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do
not

Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore, be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your
sword

Sit laurel victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeing, here remain with thee.
Away!

[Exit Ant.]

SCENE IV.--Rome. An Apartment in
CESAR'S House.

*Enter OCTAVIUS CESAR, LEPIDUS, and
Attendants.*

Ces. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Cesar's natural wise to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and
wastes

The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,

or

Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you
shall find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot
change,

Than what he chooses.

Ces. You are too indulgent. Let us grant,
it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the
buffet

With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this
becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must
Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but, to confound such
time,

That drums him from his sport, and speaks
as loud

As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be
chid

As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present
pleasure,

And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and
every hour,

Most noble Cesar, shalt thou have report
How't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cesar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Ces. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal
state.

That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the chid'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er
worth love,

Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common
body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,

*Goes to, and back, lacheying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.*

Mess. Caesar, I bring thee word.

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them ; which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind ; many hot inroads
They make in Italy ; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth
revolt :

No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon
Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes
more,

Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou
once

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel

Did famine follow : whom thou fought'st
against,

Though daintily brought up, with patience
more

Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;

Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture
sheets,

The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the
Alps,

It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : and all
this

(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it
now)

Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek so
So much as lack'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field : and, to that
end,

Assemble we immediate council : Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Caesar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter, so

It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall

know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir ;

I knew it for my bond. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam ?

Cleo. Ha, ha ! --

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
of time,

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason !

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian !

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure !

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou
affections ?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed !

Mar. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do
nothing,

But what indeed is honest to be done ;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,

What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian !

Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he,
or sits he ?

Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ? --

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st !

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.--He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old
Nile !"

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phebus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time ! Broad-fronted
Caesar,

When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch ; and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow :

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark
Antony !

ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I.

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine
hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—
This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my
heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. “Good friend,” quoth he,
“Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster: at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the
east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.” So he
nodd'd,
And soberly did mount an arrogant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have
spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What! was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes
Of hot and cold: he was nor sad, nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but
note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not
merry,
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Best thou sad, or
merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my
posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messen-
gers.
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Char-
mian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Caesar so?
Char. O, that brave Caesar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another em-
phasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Caesar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Caesar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in
blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away;
Get me ink and paper:
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. *[Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. —Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S
House.

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall
assist
The deeds of justest men.

Menas. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays

The thing we sue for.

Menas. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise
powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring
hope

Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Caesar gets money
where

He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Menas. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they
carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 't is false.

Menas. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in
Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of
love,

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with
both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks

Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his
honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varius!

Var. This is most certain that I shall
deliver:

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his
helm

For such a petty war: his soldiiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Caesar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I
think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'T were pregnant they should square between
themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House of
LEPIDUS.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your
captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day.

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.
Lep. But small to greater matters must
give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Caesar.

Enter CAESAR, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.

Caes. I do not know,
Mecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble
partners,

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
terms,

Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Caes. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Caes. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Caes. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are
not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

Caes. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I
shoul

Once name you derogately, when to sound
your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was 't to you?

Caes. No more than my residing here at
Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Caes. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine
intent

By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,

Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never

Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it:—
And have my learning from some true reports,

That drew their swords with you. Did he
not rather

Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause?—Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a
quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it
with,

It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;—
I know you could not lack, I am certain
on't,

Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he
fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those
wars

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my
wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that
the men

Might go to wars with the women!—

Ant. So much incurable, her garboils,
Caesar,

Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too), I grieving grant.
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you
must

But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you.
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did
want

Of what I was in the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this
fellow

Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall
never

Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Caesar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now;
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Caesar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I
requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound
me up

From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I
may,

I'll play the penitent to you; but mine
honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
power

Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no
further

The griefs between ye: to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Meneas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love
for the instant, you may, when you hear no
more words of Pompey, return it again: you
shall have time to wrangle in, when you have
nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no
more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had
almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore,
speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for 't cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge
to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agg. Give me leave, Caesar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agg. Thou hast a sister by the mother's
side,

ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE II.

Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cas. Say not so, Agrippa :
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar : let me
hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agg. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your
hearts

With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general gr — speak
That which none else can utter. By this
marriage,

All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their
dangers,

Would then be nothing : truths would be
tales,

Where now half tales be truths : her love to
both

Would, each to other, and all loves to both, —
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak ?

Cas. Not till he hears how Antony is
touch'd

With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good ?

Cas. The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment ! — Let me have thy
hand.

Further this act of grace, and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cas. There is my hand,
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and
never

Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, Amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword
'gainst Pompey :

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only, —
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report :

At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's :

Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cas. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cas. Great and increasing ; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would we had spoke together ! Haste we
for it :

Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch
we

The business we have talk'd of.

Cas. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Enter* CAESAR, ANTONY,
and LEPIDUS.

McC. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy
Meccenas !

My honourable friend, Agrippa !

Agg. Good Enocharius !

McC. We have cause to be glad, that
are so well digested. You stay'd well by it
in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of
countenance, and made the night light with
drinking.

McC. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there ; is
this true ?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle : we
had much more monstrous matter of feast,
which worthily deserved nothing.

McC. She's a most triumphant lady, if re-
port be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony,
she pursed up his heart, upon the river of
Cydnus.

Agg. There she appeared indeed, or my
reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten
gold ;

Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them ; the
oars were silver ;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

It beggar'd all description : she did lie
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold of tissue),
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling
 Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did
 seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Ag. O, rare for Antony !
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings : at the
 helm

A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
 hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the market place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air ; which, but for
 vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

Ag. Rare Egyptian !
Eno. Upon her landing Antony sent to
 her,
 Invited her to supper : she replied,
 It should be better he became her guest,
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard
 speak,

Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the
 feast ;

And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only.

Ag. Royal wench !
 She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed ;
 He slough'd her, and she clogg'd.

Eno. I saw her once
 Hop forty paces through the public street ;
 And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
 panted,

That she did make defect perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes
 hungry,

Where most she satisfies ; for vilest things
 Become themselves in her, that the holy
 priests

Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can
 settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

Ag. Let us go.—

Good Enochbarbus, make yourself my guest,
 Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S
 House.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between
 them ; Attendants.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will
 sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time,
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my
 prayers

To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
 I have not kept my sword ; but that to come
 Shall all be done by the rule. Good night,
 dear lady.—

Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.]

Enter a Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah : you do wish yourself
 in Egypt !

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from
 thence, nor you thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in
 my tongue : but yet lie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise
 higher, Caesar's or mine ?

Sooth. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony ! stay not by his side :
 Thy demon (that's thy spirit which keeps
 thee) is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
 Where Caesar's is not ; but near him thy
 angel

Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd : there-
 fore,

Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but
 when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
 Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural
 luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre
thickens,

When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him, 30
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my
peace, 40

I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O! come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's
ready;
Follow me, and receive 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray
you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,

Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success! 50

Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody
food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,
Charman.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with
Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch
play'd,
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with
me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though
't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none
now.

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river:
there, 60

My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'T was merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your
diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that
night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. 70

Enter a Messenger.

O! from Italy?—
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antonius dead? if thou say so, vil-
lain,

Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing. 80

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
Be free, and healthful:—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; lie upon "but yet!"
"But yet" is a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Pry'thee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends
with Caesar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou
say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam? no; I made no such
report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?

[*Strikes him again.*]

Hence, horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head.

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whip'd with wire, and stew'd
in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the
match.

Cleo. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give

And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou
hast.

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess.

Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam? I have made no
fault.

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within
yourself:

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thun-
der-bolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again:

Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.—

[*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they're felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou
hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O! I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scald snakes. Go, get thee
hence:

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is
married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not
offend you:

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal. He is married to
Octavia.

Cleo. O! that his fault should make a
knave of thee.

That art not what thou'rt sure of!—Get thee
hence.

The merchandise which thou hast brought
from Rome,

Are all too dear for me: lie they upon thy
hand,

And be undone by 'em!

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd
Caesar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint. O Iras! Charmian! 'T is no
matter.—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair: bring me word
quickly. — [*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars. — [*To MARDIAN.*]
Bid you Alexas

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me,
Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my
chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one
side, with drum and trumpet: at another,
CESAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS,
MECENAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you
mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Ces. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore
have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends: since Julius Caesar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was
it,

That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beautiful
freedom,

To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean fawns; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despicable
Rome

Cast on my noble father.

Ces. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with
thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou
know'st

How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you
take

The offers we have sent you.

Ces. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but
weigh

What it is worth embrac'd.

Ces. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: this'greed upon
To part with unback'd edges, and bare back
Our targes undinted.

Ces., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Caesar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds in the east are soft; and
thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose,
hither,

For I have gain'd by 't.

Ces. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my
face

But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are
agreed.

I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Ces. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part;
and let's

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:

But, first or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
shall have the fame. I have heard, that
Jucius Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard:

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mat-
tress.

Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou,
soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand:
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as
much

As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY,
LEPIDUS, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would
ne'er have made this treaty.—You and I
have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise
me; though it cannot be denied what I have
done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for
your own safety: you have been a great thief
by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But
give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had
authority, here they might take two thieves
kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er
their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has
a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned
to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh
away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep 't
back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not
for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he
married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius
Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus
Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit
together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this
unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose
made more in the marriage, than the love of
the parties.

Eno. I think so too: but you shall find,
the band that seems to tie their friendship
together will be the very stranger of their
amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still
conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which
is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian
dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia
blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said
before, that which is the strength of their
amity, shall prove the immediate author of
their variance. Antony will use his affec-
tion where it is: he married but his occasion
here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will
you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our
throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—On board POMPEY's Galley,
lying near Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants with a
banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o'
their plants are ill-rooted already; the least
wind i' the world will blow them down.

ACT II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE VII.

2 *Serr.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serr.* They have made him drink almost-drink.

2 *Serr.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serr.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serr.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan I could not heave.

1 *Serr.* To be called into a large sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

gunnet sounded. Enter CESAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MILENAS, ENOBARIUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir. They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know, By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth

Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seed-man

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [*Aside.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside.*] Forbear me till anon.—This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile!

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high

as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so: and the tears of it are wet.

Ces. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MENAS, aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that! away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy seat.

Pom. [*Aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter!

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, And, though thou think me poor, I am the man

Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah! this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoke on't. In me, 'tis villainy:

In thee, 't had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;

Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown,

I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and
drink.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis
offer'd,

Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lapidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for
him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries
off LEPIDUS.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world,
man: see'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'would
it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it. — Strike the
vessels, ho!

Here is to Caesar.

Cas. I could well forbear it. 100
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cas. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I
had rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To ANTONY.*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd
our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands. — no
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;

The while I'll place you: then, the boy shall
sing;

The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them
hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plump Bacchus, with pink eye

In thy rats our eares be drown'd;

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;

Cup us, till the world go round;

Cup us, till the world go round! 12

Cas. What would you more? Pompey,
good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity. — Gentlelords, let's part;

You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong
Enobarb

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own
tongue

Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath
almost

Antick'd us all. What needs more words?
Good night. —

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir. Give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony!

You have my father's house, — But what? we
are friends. 150

Come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not. —

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CESAR, ANTONY, and
Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin. —

These drums! — these trumpets, flutes!
what!

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd!
sound out!

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a! — There's my cap.

Men. Ho! — Noble captain! come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A Plain in Syria.

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with
SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and
Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne
before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou
struck; and now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. — Bear the king's son's
body

Before our army. — Thy Pacorus, — O shades,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is
warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow : spur through Media,

**Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly : so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.**

Ven. O Silius, Silius !
**I have done enough : a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : for learn this,
Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we
serve's away.**

**Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person : Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his
favour.**

**Who does it the wars more than his captain
can,
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of
loss.**

**Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antpnus good,
But 't would offend him : and in his offence
Should my performance perish.**

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
**Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write
to Antony !**

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
**That magical word of war, we have effected ;
Now, with his banners and his well-paid
ranks,**

**The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.**

Sil. Where is he now ?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens ; whither,
with what haste

**The weight we must convey with's will
permit,**

**We shall appear before him.—On, there :
pass along.** [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. An Ante-chamber in
CÆSAR'S HOUSE.

•
Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Ag. What, are the brothers parted !

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey :

**The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and
Lepidus,**

**Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is
troubled**

With the green sickness.

Ag. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves
Cæsar !

Ag. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ! Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Ag. What 's Antony ? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ! How ! the
nonpareil !

Ag. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—
Cæsar ;—go no further.

Ag. Indeed, he plied them both with ex-
cellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best ;—yet he
loves Antony.

**Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,
poets, cannot**

**Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—ho !
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.**

Ag. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their
beetle. [*Trumpets.*] So,

This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Ag. Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and
farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and
OCTAVIA.*

Ant. No further, sir.

Cas. You take from me a great part of
myself ;

**Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my
furthest band**

**Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it ; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.**

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cas. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods
keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your
ends !

We will here part.

Cas. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
well :

'The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother! --

Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's
spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be
cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's
house; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia!

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart,
nor can

Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's
down-feather,

That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*] Will Caesar
weep!

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he
a horse;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled
with a rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall
not

Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lea. Let all the number of the stars give
light

To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell. [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Farewell.

[*Trumpets sound. Etcant.*]

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeared to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it?—Come
thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-
tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak: she is
low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like
her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue,
and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive 't.—There's nothing in her
yet.

The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow—
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't
long, or round?

Mess. Round, even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are
foolish that are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee:
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.

I will employ thee back again : I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready :
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much,
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by
him,

This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man has seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else
defend,

And serving you so long !

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him
yet, good Charmian :

But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well
enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Athens. A Room in ANTONY'S
House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands
more

Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will,
and read it

To public ear :

Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent
me ;

When the best hint was given him, he not
took 't,

Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord !

Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts :

The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and
husband !"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother !" husband win, win
brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which
seeks

Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself : better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you re-
quested,

Yourself shall go between us : the meantime,
lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest
haste :

So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak,
most weak,

Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain
would be,

As if the world should cleave, and that slain
men

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this
begins,

Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your
going ;

Choose your own company, and command
what cost

Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in
the Same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars
upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old : what is the success ?

Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in
the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied
him rivalry, would not let him partake in
the glory of the action ; and not resting here,
accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote
to Pompey ; upon his own appeal, seizes him :
so the poor third is up, till death enlarge
his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of
chaps, no more ;

And throw between them all the food thou
hast,

They'll grind the one the other. Where's
Antony ?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus :
and spurns

The rush that lies before him ; cries, "Fool,
Lepidus !"

And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd. 20

Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius;

My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught;

But let it be. Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. Rome. A Room in Caesar's House.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Caes. Contemning Rome, he has done all
this: and more;

In Alexandria—here's the manner of't—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet sat
Caesarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto
her

He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made
her

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 10
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Caes. I' the common show-place, where
they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of
kings:

Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander: to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phoenicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave
adieu

As 't is reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus

Inform'd. 20

Agg. Who, queasy with his insolence al-
ready,

Will their good thoughts call from him.

Caes. The people know it; and have now
receiv'd

His accusations.

Agg. Whom does he accuse?

Caes. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated
him

His part o' the isle: then does he say, he
lent me

Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,

That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we
detain 30

All his revenue.

Agg. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Caes. 'T is done already, and the messenger
gone.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change: for what I have
conquer'd,

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Caes. Nor must not then be yielded to in
this.

Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.

Octa. Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail,
most dear Caesar! 40

Caes. That ever I should call thee cast-
away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have
you cause.

Caes. Why have you stol'n upon us thus?
You come not

Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the
way

Should have borne men, and expectation
fainted,

Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you
are come 50

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left un-
shown,

Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but
did it

On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd 60
His pardon for return.

Caes. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.—

Caes. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his
empire

Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath
assembled

Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas ;
King Malchus of Arabia ; King of Pont ;
Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene ; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycæonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two
friends,

That do afflict each other !

Cæs. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong
led,

And we in negligent danger. Cheer your
heart.

Be you not troubled with the time, which
drives

O'er your content these strong necessities ;
But let determin'd things to destiny

Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to
Rome ;

Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought ; and the high
gods,

To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of com-
fort ;

And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you :
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir ?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray
you,

Be ever known to patience : my dear'st
sister ! *[Exit.*

SCENE VII.—ANTONY'S Camp, near the
Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARRUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forsok'e my being in these
wars,

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cleo. If not, denounc'd against us, why
should not we

Be there in person !

Eno. *[Aside.]* Well, I could reply : -

If we should serve with horse and mares
together,

The horse were merely lost ; the mares would
bear

A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say ?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle

Antony ;

Take from his heart, take from his brain,
from 's time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is
already

Traduced for levity ; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome ; and hear
tongues rot,

That speak against us ! A charge we bear
i' the war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against
it ;

I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Tornyne ? - You have heard on't,
sweet !

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of
men,

To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we

Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea ! What else ?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single
fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Phar-
salia,

Where Cæsar fought with Pompey ; but these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd ;
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress : in Cesar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey
fought ;

Their ships are yare ; yours, heavy. No dis-
grace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea. 40

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw
away

'The absolute soldiership you have by land ;
Distract your army, which doth most con-
sist

Of war-mark'd footmen ; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge ; quite forego
The way which promises assurance, and
Give up yourself merely to chance and
hazard,

From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we
burn ; 50

And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head
of Actium

Beat the approaching Cesar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business ?

Mess. The news is true, my lord ; he is
deseried ;
Cesar has taken Tornyne.

Ant. Can he be there in person ? 't is im-
possible ;

Strange, that his power should be,—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by
land,

And our twelve thousand horse :—we'll to
our ship.

Away, my Thetis !

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier ? 60

Sold. O noble emperor ! do not fight by
sea ;

Trust not to rotten planks. Do you mis-
doubt

This sword, and these my wounds ? Let the
Egyptians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking ; we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well. Away !

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENO-
BARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the
right.

Can. Soldier, thou art ; but his whole
action grows

Not in the power on 't : so our leader's
led,

And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land 70
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius ;
Publicola, and Caelius, are for sea ;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of
Cesar's

Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you ?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour ;
and throes f'rth 80

Each minute some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter CESAR, TAURUS, *Officers, and others.*

Ces. Taurus !

Taur. My lord ?

Ces. Strike not by land ;
keep whole :

Provoke not battle, till we have done at
sea.

Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :

Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o'
the hill,

In eye of Cesar's battle ; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,

And so proceed accordingly. 90 [*Exeunt.*

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his land Army*
one way over the stage ; and TAURUS, *the*
Lieutenant of CESAR, the other way. After
their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-
fight.

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught ! I can
behold no longer.

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral, 10

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

Eno. What's thy passion ?

Scar. The greater cattle of the world is
lost

With very ignorance : we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pesti-
lence,
Where death is sure. You ribaudred nag of
Egypt,

Whom leprosy o'ertake ! i' the midst o' the
fight, -

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd, so
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,---
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could
not

Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a dotin,
mallard,

Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.

I never saw an action of such shame :

Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before so
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of
breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our
general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone
well :

O ! he has given example for our flight,

Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts ?
Why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will
attend

What further comes.

Can. To Caesar will I render
My legions, and my horse : six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my
reason

Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark ! the land bids me tread no
more upon't :

It is asham'd to bear me. Friends, come
hither :

I am so hated in the world, that I

Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

Att. Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have in-
structed cowards

To run, and show their shoulders.---Friends,
be gone :

I have myself resolv'd upon a course,

Which has no need of you ; be gone : 10

My treasure's in the harbour, take it.---O !

I follow'd that I blush to look upon :

My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white

Reprove the brown for rashness, and they
them

For fear and doting. Friends, be gone : you
shall

Have letters from me to some friends, that

Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look
not sad,

Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint

Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left

Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straight-
way :

I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now ;---

Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost com-
mand,

Therefore, I pray you. I'll see you by-and-
by. [*Sits down.*

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHAR-
MIAN and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him : comfort
him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! Why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir !

Ant. O fie, fie, fie !

Char. Madam, -

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !---

Eros. Sir, sir, -

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.---He, at Philippi,
kept

His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: yet now—No
matter.

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Leas. Go to him, madam, speak to him:

He is unequalled with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:

Her head 's declar'd, and death will seize her,
but

Your comfort makes the respite.

Ant. I have offended reputation;

A most unmovable swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen, to

Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt?
See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the
strings,

And thou shouldst tow me after: o'er my
spirit

Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties,
dodge

And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I
pleas'd,

Making and marring fortunes. You did
know,

How much you were my conqueror; and
that

My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them
rates

All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss; to
Even this repays me. We sent our school-
master:

Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead,
Some wine, within there, and our viands!

Fortune knows,

We scorn her most when most she offers
blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—CESAR'S Camp in Egypt.

*Enter CESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and
others.*

Cas. Let him appear that's come from
Antony.

Know you him?

Dol. Caesar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cas. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cas. Be't so. Declare thine office, to

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,
and

Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and
earth,

A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cas. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cas. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

[*To THYREUS.*] To try thy eloquence, now
't is time; despatch.

From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add
more,

From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will
perjure

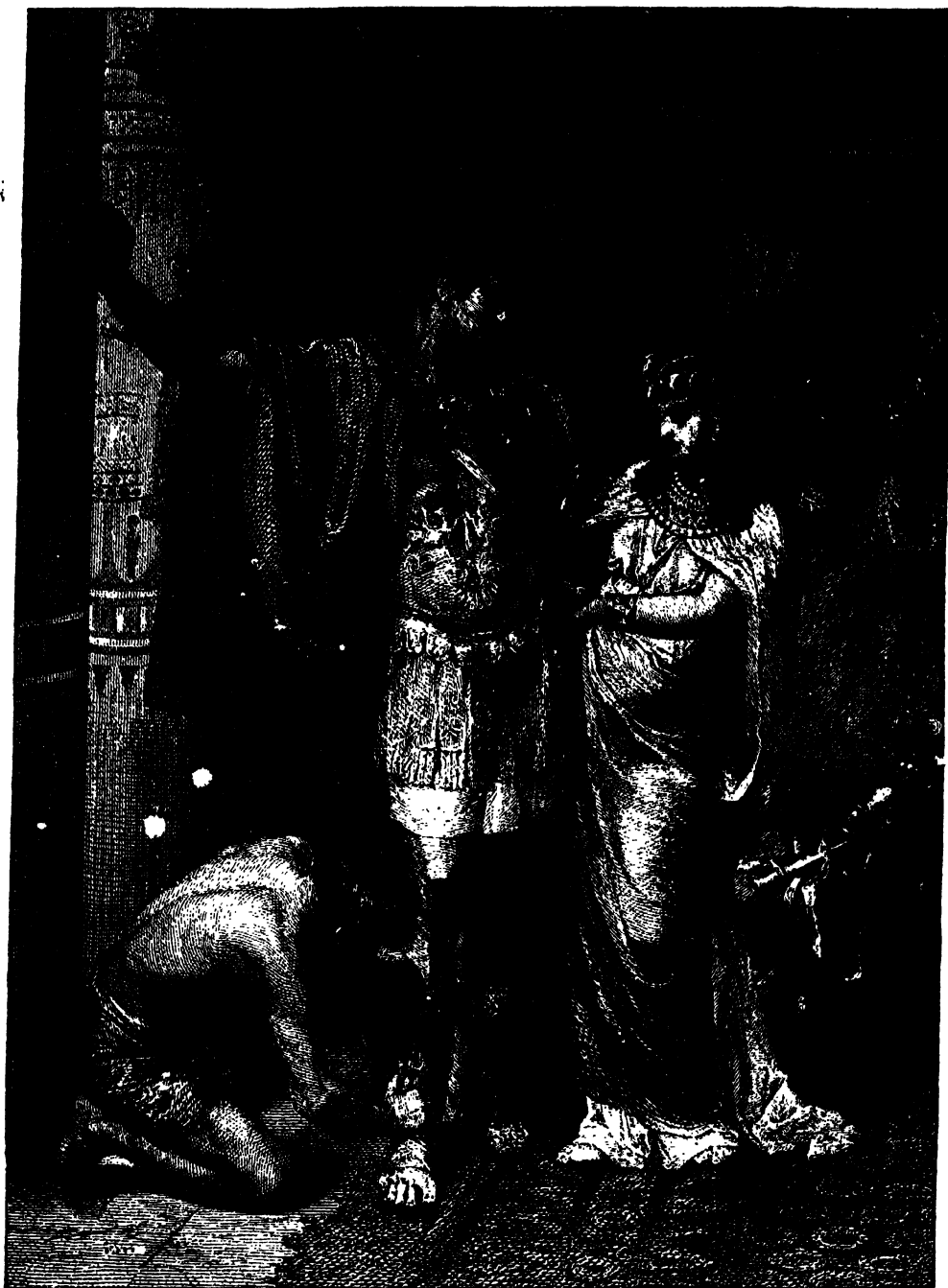
The never-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning,
Thyreus:

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Caesar, I go.

Cas. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what then think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]



FRANK DICKSEE, *Pinxt.*

G. GOLDBERG, *Sculpt.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Antony. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will Lord of his reason. What though you fled From that great face of war, whose several rungs

Frighted each other, why should he follow? The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, he being The mered question. 'T was a shame no less Than was his loss, to-course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHONIS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Euph. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she

Will yield us up.

Euph. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't.

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head, And he will fill thy wishes to the brim With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord!

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose

Of youth upon him, from which the world should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions, May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail

Under the service of a child, as soon

As if the command of Caesar: I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart, And answer me declin'd, sword against sword, Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[*Exit ANTONY and EUPHONIS.*]

Eno. [Aside.] Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will

Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,

Against a sworder!—I see, men's judgments are

A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward Do draw the inward quality after them,

To suffer all alike. That he should dream,

Knowing all measures, the full Caesar will

Answer his emptiness!—Caesar, thou hast subdu'd His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Caesar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony!—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,

That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.

Eno. [Aside.] Mine honesty and I begin to square.

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make Our faith mere folly: yet he, that can endure To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord, Does conquer him that did his master conquer, And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Caesar's will!

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has, or Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know Whose he is, we are, and that's Caesar's.

Thyr. So.

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Caesar en-treats,

Not to consider in what case thou stand'st, Further than he is Caesar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony

As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour there-fore he

Does pity, as constrained blemishes, Not as deserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows—What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,

But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [Aside.] To be sure of that,

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky, That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for Thy dearest quit thee.

Thyr. Shall I say to Caesar

What you require of him? for he partly begs To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,

That of his fortunes you should make a staff To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits, To hear from me you had left Antony.

And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What 's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Caesar this : in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am
prompt

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel;
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can, so
No chance mayshake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Caesar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders! -
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd,

Ant. Approach, there. Ay, you kite! -
Now, gods and devils!

Authority melts from me; of late, when I
cried, "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start
forth,

And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack,
and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis better playing with a
lion's whelp,

Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him. Were't twenty of the greatest
tributaries

That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find
them

So saucy with the hand of she here (what 's
her name,

Since she was Cleopatra?) Whip him, fellows.
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face, so
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again. This Jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[Exit Attendants with THYREUS.]
You were half blasted ere I knew you : ha!

Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,-

Ant. You have been a boggler ever : -
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our
eyes;

In our own filth drop our clear judgments;
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher : nay, you were a
fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter
hours,

Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out : for, I am sure, so
Though you can guess what temperance
should be,

You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal,
And plighting of high hearts! - O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan to outroar,
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman
thank

For being yare about him.---

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

I. Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

I. Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be
thou sorry

To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him :
henceforth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to
Caesar,

Tell him thy entertainment : look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am.
Not what he knew I was. He makes me
angry;

And at this time most easy 't is to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their
fires

Into the abyss of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou :
Hence, with thy stripes ! be gone !

[*Exit* THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack ! our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle
eyes

With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me !

Cleo. Ah, dear ! if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first
stone

Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! The next Caesarion smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and grats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfied.
Caesar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threatening most
scalike.

Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou
hear, lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle ;
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted,
breath'd,

And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—
Come,

Let's have one other gaudy night.—Call to me
All my sad captains : fill our bowls ;
more

Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday :
I had thought to have held it poor ; but,
since my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them ; and to-
night I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come
on, my queen ;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do
fight,

I'll make death love me, for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
Attendants.]

Euo. Now he'll outstare the lightning.
To be furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear ; and, in that
mood,

The dove will peck the estridge : and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain

Restores his heart. When valour preys on
reason,

It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—CESAR'S Camp at Alexandria.

Enter CESAR, reading a letter ; AGRIPPA,
MECENAS, and others.

Ces. He calls me boy, and chides, as he
had power

To beat me out of Egypt ; my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to
personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian
know,

I have many other ways to die ; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec.

Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Ces.

Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done ;
And feast the army : we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor
Antony ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. —Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight : or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woot thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "Take all."

Ant. Well said ; come on.

Call forth my household servants : let's to-night

Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand, "

Thou hast been rightly honest ;—so hast thou ;

Thou, —and thou, and thou : —you have serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to ENO.*] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to CLEO.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish I could be made so many men,

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony, that I might do you service,

So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night ;

Seant not my cups, and make as much of me, As when mine empire was your fellow too,

And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to ENO.*] What does he mean?

Eno. [*Aside to CLEO.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night :

May be, it is the period of your duty :

Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,

A mangled shadow : perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away ; but, like a master "

Married to your good service, stay till death.

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't !

Eno.

What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep ;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd : for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant.

Ho, ho, ho !

Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus !

Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense,

For I spake to you for your comfort ; did desire you

To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brothers, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing. What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 't is but a rumour. Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers, have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you. Good night, good night.

[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we : [*they take their posts*] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'T is a brave army, "

And full of purpose.

[*Music of harpboys under the stage.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace ! what noise ?

1 *Sold.* List, list !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well, does it not ?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.*

Peace, I say !

What should this mean ?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom
Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk ; let's see if other watch-
men

Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters !

Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] How now ?
How now ? do you hear this !

1 *Sold.* Ay ; is 't not strange !

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ! do you
hear !

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter ;

Let's see how 't will give off.

Soldiers. Content. 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN,
and others, attending.*

Ant. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine
armour, Eros !

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on :—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art
The armourer of my heart :—false, false ;
this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la ! I'll help. Thus it must
be.

Ant. Well, well ;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good
fellow !

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely ;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a
Squire

More tight at this than thou. Despatch.—
O love !

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and
knew'st

The royal occupation ! thou shouldst see
A workman in 't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee ; welcome.
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike
charge ;

To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted
trim,

And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets flourish.*]

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow,
general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well
said.

Fare thee well, dame : whate'er becomes of
me,

This is a soldier's kiss. [*Kisses her.*] Rebu-
kable,

And worthy shameful cheek it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment : I'll leave
thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will
fight,

Follow me close ; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar
might

Determine this great war in single fight !

Then Antony—but now—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. ANTONY'S Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS ;
a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to
Antony !

Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars,
had once prevail'd

To make me fight at land !

Sold. Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have
still

Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning ?

Sold. Who ?

One ever near thee : call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee ; or from Caesar's
camp

Say, " I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou ?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure 10
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone ?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do
it :

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings :
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O ! my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men. Despatch.--Enobar-
bus ! *[Exit.*

SCENE VI.--CESAR'S Camp before Alexan-
dria.

Flourish. Enter CESAR, with AGRIPPA,
ENOBARBUS, and others.

Ces. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the
fight.

Our will is, Antony be took alive ;
Make it so known.

Ag. Caesar, I shall. *[Exit.*

Ces. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three nook'd
world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Is come into the field.

Ces. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10
Upon himself. *[Exit CESAR and his Train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony : there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Caesar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the
rest

That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill,
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of CESAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony 20
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus : the messenger

Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true : best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host ; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your
emperor

Continues still a Jove. *[Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth, 30
And feel I am so most. O Antony !

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have
paid

My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold ! This blows
my heart :

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought ; but thought will
do 't, I feel.

I fight against thee !--No : I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die : the foul'st best
fits

My latter part of life. *[Exit.*

6

SCENE VII. Field of Battle between the
Camps.

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter
AGRIPPA and others.

Ag. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too
far.

Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *[Exit.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS,
wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought
indeed !

Had we done so at first, we had driven them
home

With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I
have yet

Room for six scotches more. 10

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our ad-
vantage serves

For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind :
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS
and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run
one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-
morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the
blood

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine: you have shown all
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful
tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds,
and kiss

The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy
hand:

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day of
the world!

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and
all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and
there

Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught!

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What,
girl! though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown,
yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;

Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:—
Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day,

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand:
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;

Bear our hack'd targets like the men that
owe them.

Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear:
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their
sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—CÆSAR'S Camp.

Sentinels on their Post.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this
hour,

We must return to the court of guard. The
night

Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O! bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed
moon,

When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 Sold. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace!

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melan-
choly,

The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,

May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,

Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular;

But let the world rank me in register

A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]

2 Sold. Let's speak to him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him; for the things he
speaks

May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleep

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer
as his

Was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake! speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.

[*Drums after off.*] Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us hear
him

To the court of guard; he is of note: our
hour

Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;

Ho may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*]

SCENE X. Between the two Camps.

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces,
marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea:
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd light i' the fire, or i'
the air;

We'd light there too. But this it is: our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:
Where their appointment we may best dis-
cover,

And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CÆSAR and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by
land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best
force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage! [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where
yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [*Exit.*]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell;—
look grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge.
Antony

Is valiant, and dejected: and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[*Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.*]

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore!
't is thou

Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Make only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly; be gone.

[*Exit SCARUS.*]

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more:

Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave
charm

Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd
them home,

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief
end,—

Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,

Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

What, Eros! Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his
love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy
deserving,

And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take
thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEOPATRA.*]

'T is well thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live; but better 't were

Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death

Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!--

The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,

Aleides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:

Let me lodge Læchæus on the horns o' the
moon;

And with those hands, that grasp'd the
heaviest club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall
die:

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me,
and I fall

Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument! There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting, Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument! Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself; Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony, And word it, prythee, piteously. Hence, Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.

To the monument! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE XII. The Same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me!

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish,

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion, A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock, A forked mountain, or blue promontory With trees upon't, that nod unto the world, And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;

They are black vespers' pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dissolves, and makes it indistinct, as water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body: here I am Antony; Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave. I made these wars for Egypt: and the queen,—Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,

Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't A million moe, now lost,—she, Eros, has Pack'd carls with Caesar, and false-play'd my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady! She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony; My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled

With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch: peace! She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,

And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do,

Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake Was, Antony! most noble Antony!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break The name of Antony; it was divided Between her heart and lips. She render'd life, Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then!

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros: the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; go. *[Exit MARDIAN.]*—Off, pluck off:—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent. Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—

No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go; You have been nobly borne. *[Exit EROS.]*—

From me awhile,

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now All length is torture: since the torch is out, Lie down, and stray no further. Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.—

Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops, And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros! Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's
back

With ships made cities, condemn myself to
luck

The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which by her death our Caesar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art
sworn, *Eros*,

That when the exigent should come, (which
now

Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind
me

The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then wouldst kill me: do't; the time
is come.

Thou strik'st not me, 't is Caesar thou de-
feat'st.

Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Thouh enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. *Eros*,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome,
and see

Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending
down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him,
branded

His baseness that ensued

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must
be cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast
worn

Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir! pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st
thou not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble coun-
tenance,

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike
now?

Ant. Now, *Eros*.

Eros. Why, there then:—[*falls on his sword.*—] thus I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*]

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen
and *Eros*

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon

A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't too
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, *Eros*,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead? not
dead?—

The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O!
make an end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me
dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy
followers fly.

This sword but shown to Caesar, with this
tidings,

Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
sword, and give me

Sufficient strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a
propheysing fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she
saw

(Which never shall be found) you did suspect

She had dispos'd with Caesar, and that your
rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she
was dead ;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my
guard, I pry'thee.

Dio. What, ho ! the emperor's guard !
The guard, what, ho !

Come ; your lord calls. 130

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleo-
patra bides :

'Tis the last service that I shall command
you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may
not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please
sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows : bid that
welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :

I have led you off : carry me now, good
friends,

And have my thanks for all. 140

[Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.]

SCENE XIII.—The Same. A Monument.

*Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.*

Cleo. O Charmian ! I will never go from
hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise : our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument ;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun, 150
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in !—
darkling stand

The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony ! Help, Charmian, help,
Irás, help :

Help, friends below ; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace !

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony.
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but
Antony

Should conquer Antony ; but woe't is so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me ; if knife, drugs, ser-
pents, have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. — But come, come,
Antony, —

Help me, my women, — we must draw thee
up. —

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O ! quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed ! — How heavy
weighs my lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's
power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee
up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a
little, —

Wishers were ever fools. — O ! come, come,
come ; *[They draw ANTONY up.]*

And welcome, welcome ! die, where thou hast
liv'd :

Quicken with kissing : had my lips that
power, 160

Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a
little.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so
high,

That the false housewife Fortune break her
wheel,

Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen.
Of Caesar seek your honour with your safety.
— O !

Cleo. They do not go together.

ACT V.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE I.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll
trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your
thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former
fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the
world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die.
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is
going;
can no more.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O! see, my women,
[*ANTONY dies.*
The crown o' the earth doth melt. — My
lord!—
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and
girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon.

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady!—

Iras. Madam!—
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!

Cleo. No more, but c'en a woman; and
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but
naught;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us!—How do you,
women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now,
Charmian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take
heart:

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,
what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come,
away!

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! Come; we have no
friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off*
ANTONY'S body.

ACT V.

SCENE I. —CÆSAR'S Camp before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA,

MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCEAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art
thou, that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was
worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and
spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,

To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing
should make

A greater crack: the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of
Antony

Is not a single doom: in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar,
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did
lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword ;
I robbed his wound of it : behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agg. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

Agg. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give
us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is
touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set
before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !
I have follow'd thee to this : but we do
lance

Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine : we cou'd not stall together
In the whole world. But yet let me la-
ment,

With tears as sovereign as the blood of
hearts,

That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our
stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.--Hear me, good
friends,--

Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meetest season :
The business of this man looks out of him ; so
We'll hear him what he says.--Whence are
you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen
my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart :
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her ; for Caesar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee ! [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and
say,

We purpose her no shame : give her what
comforts

The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us ; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she
says,

And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall. [*Exit.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit GALLUS.*]

--Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius ?

Agg., Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd : he shall in time be
ready.

Go with me to my tent : where you shall
see

How hardly I was drawn into this war ;

How calm and gentle I proceeded still

In all my writings. Go with me, and see

What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Alexandria. The Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Caesar :
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will ; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up
change ;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the
dug,

The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

Enter PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, and Soldiers.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the Queen of
Egypt ;

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name ?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you ; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,

That have no use for trusting. If your
master

Would have a queen his beggar, you must
tell him.

That majesty, to keep decorum, must

No less beg than a kingdom : if he please

To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
You are fall'n into a princely hand, fear
not ing.

Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kind-
ness,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort ; for I know your plight is
pitied

Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be sur-
pris'd.

[*PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard,
ascend the monument by a ladder,
and come behind CLEOPATRA. Some
of the Guard unbar and open the
gates.*

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard.*] Guard her
till Caesar come. [*Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken,
queen !—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold !

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in
this

Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself : let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ?
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a
queen

Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not
drink, sir ;

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house
I'll ruin,

Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in
Egypt

Be gentle grave to me ! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you
shall
Find cause in Caesar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar
knows,

And he hath sent for thee : for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.
[*To CLEOPATRA.*] To Caesar I will speak what
you shall please,

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard
of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard
or known.

You laugh, when boys or women tell their
dreams ;

Is 't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor
Antony :

O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens, and
therein stuck

A sun and moon, which kept their course,
and lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean : his rear'd
arm

Crested the world : his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the
orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

There was no winter in 't ; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping : his delights
Were dolphin-like ; they show'd his back
above

The element they liv'd in : in his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets ; realms and
islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be,
such a man

As this I dreamt of !

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the
gods.

But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : nature wants
stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to
imagine

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear
it

As answering to the weight : 'would I might
never

Overtake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with
me ?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would
you knew

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —

Dol. Though he be honourable,

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know 't.

[*Within.*] Make way there !— Caesar !

Enter CESAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECENAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam.

[*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus : my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall re-
member

As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs.

Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :

If you apply yourself to our intents
(Which towards you are most gentle), you
shall find

A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them
from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may through all the world : 't is
yours ; and we,

Your scutecheons, and your signs of conquest,
shall

Hang in what place you please. Here, my
good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleo-
patra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of : 't is exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Se-
leucus ?

Se. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer : let him speak,
my lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Se-
leucus.

Se. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Se. Enough to purchase what you have
made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar ! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be
yours ;

And, should we shift estates, yours would be
mine.

The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more
trust

Than love that's hir'd !—What ! goest thou
back ? thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch
thine eyes,

Though they had wings. Slave, soulless
villain, dog !

O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar! what a wounding shame is this,

That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant
should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Inmement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and

say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it
smites me

Beneath the fall I have. [*To SELEUCUS.*]
Pr'ythee, go hence

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance.—Wert thou
a man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit SELEUCUS.*]
Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest,
are misthought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what ac-
knowledg'd,

Put we 't the roll of conquest: still be it
yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;

Make not your thoughts your prisons: no,
dear queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and
sleep;

Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me,
that I should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.
[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is
done,

And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit:*

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your
command,

Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will be sent before.
Make your best use of this; I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded, and
Forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras. Saucy
lictors

Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels. Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall
see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my
nails

Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian?

Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires:—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give
thee leave

To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all. [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]
Wherefore's this noise?

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence:

He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guard.*] What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man. 20

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*]
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would
not be the party that should desire you to
touch him, for his biting is immortal: those
that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died
on't? 25

Clown. Very many, men and women too.
I heard of one of them no longer than yester-
day: a very honest woman, but something
given to lie, as a woman should not do but
in the way of honesty: how she died of the
biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she
makes a very good report of the worm; but
he that will believe all that they say, shall
never be saved by half that they do. But this
is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence: farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Sets down the basket.*]

Cleo. Farewell. 26

Clown. You must think this, look you,
that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be
trusted but in the keeping of wise people;
for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care: it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I
pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me? 27

Clown. You must not think I am so simple,
but I know the devil himself will not eat a
woman: I know that a woman is a dish for
the gods, if the devil dress her not. But,
truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods

great harm in their women, for in every ten
that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone: farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of
the worm. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown;
I have

Immortal longings in me. Now, no more:
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this
lip.—

Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I
hear

Antony call: I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act: I hear him mock
The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I
come:

Now to that name my courage prove my
title!

I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my
lips. 30

Farewell, kind Charmian:—Iras, long fare-
well.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?

If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou
still?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that
I may say,

The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that
kiss,

Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou
mortal wretch.

[*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,

Be angry, and despatch. O! couldst thou
speak,

That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as
gentle,— 35

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too.

[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]

What should I stay—

[*Falls on a bed and dies.*]

Char. In this vile world!—So, fare thee well.—

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!—Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly; wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Caesar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the asp.*]

O! come; apace; despatch: I partly feel
thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well;
Caesar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from
Caesar: call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian,
is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a
princess

Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies.*]

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here!

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: thyself art com-
ing

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which
thou

so sought'st to hinder.

[*Within.*] A way there! a way for Caesar!

Re-enter CESAR and all his Train.

Dol. O, sir! you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear, is done.

Ces. Bravest at the last:

She leav'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their
deaths!

I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman that brought
her figs:

This was his basket.

Ces. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Caesar!

This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and
spoke:

I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Ces. O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something
blown:

The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an asp's trail; and these
fig-leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the asp's
leaves

Upon the caves of Nile.

Ces.

Most probable,

That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,

And bear her women from the monument.

She shall be buried by her Antony:

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous.—High events as these

Strike those that make them; and their story
is

No less in pity than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented.—Our army

shall.

In solemn show, attend this funeral,

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity.

[*Exeunt.*]

PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
 PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
 HELICANUS, { *Two Lords of Tyre.*
 ESCANES, {
 SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
 CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
 LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
 CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
 THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*
 PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*
 LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*
 Marshal.

A Pander. BOULET, *his Servant.*
The Daughter of Antiochus.
 DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
 THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*
 MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
 Lychorida, *Nurse to Marina.*
 A Bard.
 DIANA.
 GOWER, *as Chorus.*
Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors,
Pirates, Fishermen and Messengers.

SCENE—Dispersedly in various Countries.

A C T I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come ;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;
 And lords and ladies in their lives
 Have read it for restoratives ;
 The purchase is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light. —
 This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
 The fairest in all Syria.—
 I tell you what my authors say :
 This king unto him took a pheere,
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
 As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
 With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke.
 Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 But custom what they did begin

Was, with long use, account no sin.
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow :
 Which to prevent he made a law,
 To keep her still, and men in awe,—
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life :
 So, for her many a wight did die,
 As you grim looks do testify.
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your
 eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at
 large receiv'd

Per. The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
 bride,

For the embracements even of Jove him-
 self ;

At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence ;

The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like
the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the
king

Of every virtue gives renown to men !
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever raz'd, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

You gods, that made me man, and sway in
love,

That have inflam'd desire in my breast, 20
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness !

Ant. Prince Pericles, —

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hes-
perides,

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be
touch'd ;

For death-like dragons here affright thee hard :
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
Her countless glory, which desert must gain ;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must
die.

You sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

Tell thee with speechless tongues, and sem-
blance pale,

That, without covering, save yon field of
stars,

They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's
wars ;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath
taught

My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare

This body, like to them, to what I must :
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,

Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it,
error.

I'll make my will then ; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling
woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did :
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you, 50

And all good men, as every prince should do ;
My riches to the earth from whence they
came,

[*To the daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*] But my
unspotted fire of love to you.

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion
then ;

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all, 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove
prosperous !

Of all, 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness. 60

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the
lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

[*Reads the riddle.*

*I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed ;
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two, 70
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physic is the last : but, O you powers !
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's
acts.

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read
it !

Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill ;
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts re-
volt ;

For he's no man on whom perfections wait.
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate,
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to
hearken ; 80

But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy
life,

For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's ex-
pired :

Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king, 90

Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;
'T would braid yourself too near for me to
tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown ;
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in other's eyes, to spread itself ;

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see
clear :

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind
mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth
is through'd

By man's oppression ; and the poor worm
doth die for't.

Kings are earth's gods : in vice their law's
their will ;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth
ill ?

It is enough you know : and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to
smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my
head.

Ant. [Aside.] Heaven, that I had thy head !
he has found the meaning ;

But I will gloze with him. — Young Prince of
Tyre,

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,

We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you ;

If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son :

And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth,

[Exeunt all but PERICLES.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover
sin,

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight !

If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad,

As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you're both a father and a son.

By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father,)

And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;

And both like serpents are, who though they
feed

On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those

men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the

light :

One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke

Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :

Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you
clear,

By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.
[Exit.]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for
which we mean

To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,

Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner :

And therefore instantly this prince must die —
For by his fall my honour must keep high.

Who attends us there ?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call ?

Ant. Thaliard !

You're of our chamber, and our mind par-
takes

Her private actions to your secrecy ;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's
gold ;

We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must
kill him :

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. — Say, is it done ?

Thal. My lord, 't is done.

Ant. Enough. —

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your
haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after : and, like an arrow, shot
From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark

His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, " Prince Pericles is dead."

Thal. My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough : so, farewell

your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu. *[Exit THALIARD.]*

Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

[Exit]

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace

Enter PERICLES.

Per. *[To those without.]* Let none disturb
us. — Why should this change of
thoughts,

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night
(The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed
me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine
eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me
here:

*Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10*
*Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be
done,*

*Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me: —the great Antiochus
(Against whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his
act)*

*Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence,*

Nor boots it me to say, I honour him, 20
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

*And what may make him blush in being
known,*

He'll stop the course by which it might be

*With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the
state;*

*Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought
offence:*

*Which cure of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees, 30*
*Which fence the roots they grow by, and de-
fend them,)*

*Makes both my body pine, and soul to
languish.*

And punish that before, that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.

*1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast!*

*2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you re-
turn to us,*

Peaceful and comfortable.

*Hcl. Peace, peace! and give experience
tongue.*

*They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger
glowing; 40*

*Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a
peace,*

*He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.*

*Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook*

*What shipping and what lading's in our
haven,*

*And then return to us. [Exeunt Lords.]—
Helicanus, thou 50*

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hcl. An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per. If there be such a dart in princes'
frowns,*

*How durst thy tongue move anger to our
face!*

*Hcl. How dare the plants look up to
heaven, from whence 60*

They have their nourishment!

*Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.*

*Hcl. [Kneeling.] I have ground the axe
myself;*

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prythee, rise;

Sit down; thou art no flatterer:

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid, 65
*That kings should let their ears hear their
faults hid*

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince.

*Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy
servant,*

What wouldst thou have me do?

*Hcl. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon
yourself.*

*Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Heli-
canus,*

That minister'st a potion unto me,

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me then: I went to Antioch,

*Where, as thou know'st, against the face of
death 70*

*I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty
From whence an issue I might propagate,*

*Am arms to princes, and bring joys to sub-
jects.*

*Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest:*

*Which by my knowledge found, the sinful
father*

*Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou
know'st this.*

*'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss,
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,*

Under the covering of a careful night, 80
Who seem'd my good protector : and, being
here,
Bethought me what was past, what might
succeed.

I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their
years.

And should he doubt it (as no doubt he doth),
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid open,
To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with
arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him ;

When all, for mine, if I may call't, offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not inno-
cence :

Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'dst me for it.

Hel. Alas, sir !

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood
from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given
me leave to speak,

80
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll
be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

80
But should he wrong my liberties in my
absence ?

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in
the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and
to Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The cure I had, and have, of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can
bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine
oath ;

Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack
both.

120
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,

That time of both this truth shall ne'er
convince,

Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true
prince. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — Tyre. An Ante chamber in
the Palace.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court.
Here must I kill King Pericles ; and if I do
not, I am sure to be hanged at home : 't is
dangerous. — Well, I perceive he was a wise
fellow, and had good discretion, that, being
bid to ask what he would of the king, desired
he might know none of his secrets : now do I
see he had some reason for't ; for if a king
bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the
indenture of his oath to be one. — Hush ! here
come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers
of Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's depa-
ture :

His seal'd commission, left in trust with
me,

Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside.*] How ! the king gone !

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto
you.

Being at Antioch —

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch ?

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I
know not)

Took some displeasure at him : at least, I
judg'd so :

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself ;

So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or
death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would ;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must
please,

He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.

I'll present myself. [*To them.*] Peace to the
lords of Tyre !

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is
welcome.

Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles :

But since my landing I have understood,

Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us :
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. - *Tharsus.* A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own !

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;

For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.

O my distressed lord ! even such our griefs

Here they're but felt and seen with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it.

Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air ; our eyes do weep,
Till lungs fetch breath that may proclaim them louder ;

That if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir. 20

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government,

A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the street ;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;
Whose men and damess so jett'd, and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by :

Their tables were stor'd full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight ;

All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat. 30

Dio. O ! 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our change,

These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,

Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

As houses are detil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise :

Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40

Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :

Those mothers, who, to nouse up their babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now

To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ? 50

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O ! let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,

With their superfluous riots, hear these tears :
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have desier'd, upon our neighbouring shore, 60

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor ;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,

To beat us down, the which are down already ;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,

Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That's the least fear ; for, by the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.
Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat ;

Who makes the fairest show, means most
deceit.

But bring they what they will, and what they
can,

What need we fear?

The ground 's the lowest, and we're half way
there.

Go, tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he
comes,

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace
consist;

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your
eyes.

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load:

And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy
bread,

And give them life whom hunger starv'd half
dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!

And we will pray for you.

Per.

Arise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and
men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their
evils!

Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be
seen,)

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast
here awhile,

Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. How have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he has pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I give my benison)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb-show.

*Enter, at one door, PERICLES, talking with
CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter,
at another door, a Gentleman, with a let-
ter to PERICLES: PERICLES shows the letter
to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a re-
ward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES,
CLEON, &c., severally.*

Gow. Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive

To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease.
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne ought escapen but himself.
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad;
And here he comes. What shall he next,
Pardon old Gower; thus long's the text.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An Open Place by
the Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, &c.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars, of
heaven!

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man

Is but a substance that must yield to you ;

And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.

Alas ! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,

Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,

Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :

Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,

To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes :

And having thrown him from your watery grave,

Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch !

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master !

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wamion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men, that were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls ! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled ! they say, they're half fish, half flesh : a plague on them ! they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a land : the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale, 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man ?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too ; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind. —

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides ?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subject of the sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men ;

And from their watery empire recollect

All that may men approve, or men detect !

Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest ! good fellow, what's that ? if it be a day fits you, scratch out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way !

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis court, hath made the ball ! For them to play upon, entreats, you pity him ;

He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg ? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then ?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure ; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know :

But what I am, want teaches me to think on ; A man through'd up with cold : my veins are chill,

And have no more of life, than may suffice. To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;

Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a ! Now, gods forbid it ! I have a gown here ; come, put it on ; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow ! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and more o'er puddings and flap-jacks ; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend ; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave ? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then ?

2 *Fish.* O ! not all, my friend, not all : for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth
becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know
where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called
Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you
call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be
so called, for his peaceable reign, and good
government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains
from his subjects the name of good by his
government. How far is his court distant
from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey;
and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter,
and to-morrow is her birthday; and there
are princes and knights come from all parts
of the world, to joust and tourney for her
love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my de-
sires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they
may; and what a man cannot get, he may
lawfully deal for his wife's soul.

*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up
a net.*

2 Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish
hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in
the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots
on't; 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a
rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let
me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all thy
crosses

Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of mine
heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his
life,)

"Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death" (and pointed to this
brace);

"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like ne-
cessity,

The which the gods protect thee from; may
defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't
again.

I thank thee for't; my shipwreck now's no ill.
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat
of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;

I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it; and
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's
court.

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;

And if that ever my low fortunes better,

I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your
debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the
lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in
arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it; and the gods
give thee good on't.

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend;
't was we that made up this garment through
the rough seams of the waters; there are
certain condolences, certain waiks. I hope,
sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from
whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;

And spite of all the rapture of the sea,

This jewel holds his gilding on my arm;

Unto thy value will I mount myself

Upon a courser, whose delightful steps

Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.

Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of buses.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide; thou shalt
have my best gown to make thee a pair, and
I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but equal to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. The Same. A public Way or
Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion
near it, for the reception of the KING,
PRINCESS, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISSA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gart
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to
express

My commendations great, whose merit's
less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes
are

A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,

So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain

The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour,
I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight: he passes over the stage, and
his Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer
himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned
father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black *Ethiop*, reaching at the sun; 20
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life
of you.

[*The second Knight passes over.*

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal
father;

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a
lady;

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dafzara
que por fuerza.* [*The third Knight
passes over.*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;

And his device, a wreath of chivalry;

The word, *Me pompus procerit aper.* 20
[*The fourth Knight passes over.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned up-
down;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his
power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes over.*

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with
clouds,

Holding out gold that's by the touchstone
tried;

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes over.*

Sim. And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight
himself 40

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his
present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *Tu hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral:

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;

For by his rusty outside he appears 20

To have practis'd more the whipstock, than
the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he
comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour
rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us
scare

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knight's are coming; we'll
withdraw

Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shout, and all cry, "The mean
Knight!"*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of State,—
A Banquet prepared.

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords,
Knights, and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's
fit.

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by
merit. 11

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is
yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies't.

In framing an artist art hath thus decreed.

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come,
queen o' the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your
place:

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good
Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days :
honour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marshall. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir ; for we are
gentlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir : sit.

[*Aside.*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of
thoughts,

These eates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside.*] By Juno, that is queen of
marriage,

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat. Sure, he's : gallant
gentleman.

Sim. [*Aside.*] He's but a country gentle-
man :

Has done no more than other knights have
done,

Has broken a staff, or so : so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside.*] To me he seems like
diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside.*] You king's to me like to my
father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was ;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,

And he the sun for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights

Did veil their crowns to his supremacy :
Where now his son's like a glow worm in the
night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in
light :

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men ;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights ?

1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal
presence ?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto
the brim,

{As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips.)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile :

You knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa :

Thai. What is't to me, my father ?

Sim. O ! attend, my daughter :

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them ;

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd

at.

Therefore, to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of

wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father ! it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold :

He may my profler take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How !

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could
not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire
to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk
to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your
life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge
him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of
you,

Of whence you are, your name, and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre, (my name,
Pericles,

My education been in arts and arms.)

Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace ; names him-
self Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,

Who only by misfortune of the seas

Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his mis-
fortune,

And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other

revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,

Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this

Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds,

[*The Knights dance.*]

So this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd.
Come, sir ; here's a lady that wants breathing

too :

And I have heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip,

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are,
my lord.

Sim. O! that 's as much as you would be
denied

Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and
Ladies dance.*] Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well.
[*To PERICLES.*] But you the best. Pages
and lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!
Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own. 10

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that 's the mark I know you level at;
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. - Tyre. A Room in the
Governor's House.

Enter HELICANE and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding
longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in
store,

Due to his heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter
with him,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so
stunk, 10

That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Escan. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no
guard

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Escan. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man, in private con-
ference
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without
reproof.

3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not
second it. 20

1 Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane,
a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome.—Happy
day, my lords.

1 Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to
the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what! wrong not
the prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble
Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us, 30

Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,

And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death 's, indeed, the
strongest in our censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a
head,

(Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,

That best know how to rule, and how to reign
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane! 40

Hel. For hono^r's cause forbear your
suffrages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,

Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you

To forbear the absence of your king;

If in which time expir'd he not return,

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.

But if I cannot win you to this love, 50

Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous
worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,

You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will
not yield:

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,

We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. - Pentapolis. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter; the
Knights meet him.*

1 Knight. Good-morrow to the good
Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake

A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known.

Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means: she hath so strictly

Tied her to her chamber, that 't is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*]

Sim. So,

They're well despatch'd, now to my daughter's letter.

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'T is well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do

Protest, my ears were never better fed

With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend,

Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore, look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*Aside.*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'T is the king's subtilty, to have my life.

O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king,

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISSA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,

Who takes offence at that would make me glad!

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart.

I'll tame you: I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? [*aside*] who, for aught I know,

May be (nor can I think the contrary)

As great in blood as I myself.

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife.

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it
too ;

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy ;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy !

What, are you both pleas'd ?

Thais. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters
it.

Sim. What ! are you both agreed ?

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see
you wed ;

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with cyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole ;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
All the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,
And time, that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;
What 's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech,

Dumb-show.

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door,
with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them,
kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter :
PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords
kneel to PERICLES. Then enter THAISA
with child, and LYCHORIDA : SIMONIDES
shows his daughter the letter : she rejoices :
she and PERICLES take leave of her father,
and all depart.*

Gow. By many a dorn and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coigns,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these :—
Antiochus and his daughter dead ;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none ;
The mutiny he there hastes to oppress ;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,

He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yraved the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound.
“ Our heir-apparent is a king !
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ? ”
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;
Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood
Varies again ; the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear :
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou,
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in
brass,
Having call'd them from the deep. O ! still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders : gently
quench

Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O! how,
Lychorida,

How does my queen!—Thou storm, venomously

Wilt thou spit all thyself!—The seaman's whistle

Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O!

Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat: make swift the pangs

Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,

Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece

Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.

Here's all that is left your living queen, 20
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away! We here below

Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,

Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!

For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou'rt the rudest welcome to this world, 30

That ere was prince's child. Happy what follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods

Throw their best eyes upon't!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir! God save you!

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;

It has done to me the worst. Yet for the love 30

Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there. Thou wilt not, wilt thou! Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition. 30

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight 30

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze:
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye remaining lumps, the belching whale,
And humming water, must o'erhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida!

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit LYCHORIDA.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitum'd ready. 30

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this!

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner: 30

I'll bring the body presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serr. I have been in many; but such a
night as this,
Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you
return:

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. [*To PHILEMON.*] Give
this to the 'potheecary,

And tell me how it works.
[*Exeunt all but CERIMON.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
early;

'T is not our husbandry.

Cer. O! you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lord-
ship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'T is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former.

Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures: which
doth give me

A more content in course of true delight,
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus
pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been
restor'd:

And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord
Cerimon

Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

Serr. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serr. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest: so
'T is of some wrack.

Cer. Set it down; let's look upon 't.

2 *Gent.* 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open
straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches
upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd!
Did the sea cast it up?

Serr. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with
it.

O you most potent gods! what's here! a
corse!

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd
and entreasur'd

With full bags of spices! A passport too:
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

Here I give to understand,

(If ever this coffin drive a-land)

I, King Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king;

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-
night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks. They were
too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The oppress'd spirits. I heard
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths. —
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stir'st, thou
block!

The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a
warmth

Breathes out of her: she hath not been
entranc'd

Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again.

1 *Gent.* The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost.
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich.
Live.

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair
creature,

Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
Thal. O dear Diana!

Where am I! Where's my lord! What
world is this!

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange!

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber
bear her.

Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying THIRSA away.*]

SCENE III. — THARSUS. A Room in CLEON'S
House.

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
with MARINA in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs
be gone:

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus
stands

In a livigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness; the
gods

Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they
hurt you mortally,

Yet glance full wnderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had
brought her hither.

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and
roar

As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina

(whom,
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so)

here

I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you

To give her princely training, that she may
Be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your
corn

(For which the people's prayers still fall up on
you),

Must in your child be thought on. If
neglection

Should therein make me vile, the common
body,

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty.
But if to that my nature need a spur,

The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to't.

Without your vows. Till she be married,
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,

Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care

In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,

Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the
edge o' the shore:

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam,—O! no
tears,

Lychorida, no tears :

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. A Room in
CERIMON'S House.

Enter CERIMON and THAISIA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer : which are
At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's.

That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,

Even on my craning time ; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King
Pericles,

My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye
speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift
small. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votareess.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters ; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack !
That monster envy, off the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite : this maid
Hight Philoten ; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be :
Be't when she weav'd the shilded silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambrie, which she made more sound
By hurting it ; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan : or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina : so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,

And not as given. This so dark's
In Philoten all graceful marks
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner let vile thoughts to stand,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead :
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content :
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. Tharsus. An Open Place near
the Seashore.

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast
sworn to do't :

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not
conscience,

Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy
bosom,

Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here
She comes weeping for her only mistress' eath.

Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ah me, poor maid!

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have

A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd

With this unprofitable woe! Come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea near it,
Walk with Leonine: the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come.

Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you:

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come:

I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day

Expect him here: when he shall come, and find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage:

Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en

No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again: reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;

But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.—

Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least,
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.

Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

[*Exit DIONYZA.*]

Is the wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,

But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors,
galling

His kingly hands with hading of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never were waves nor wind more violent:
And from the ladder tackle washes off

A canvas climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt
out?"

And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,
and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious.

For the gods are quick of ear, and I am
sworn

To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.

I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn

To any living creature: believe me, ha,

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:

I trod upon a worm against my will.

But I wept for it. How have I offended,

Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do't.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world,
I hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks fore-
show

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately.
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you : do so now :

Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch. [*Seizes her.*]

Enter Pirates.

1 *Pir.* Hold, villain ! [*LEONINE runs away.*]

2 *Pir.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pir.* Half part, mates, half-part. Come,
let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Escort Pirates with MARINA.*]

SCENE II. Near the Same.

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the
great pirate Valdes ;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go :
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear
she's dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see
further ;

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be
slain. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.- Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Boudt, and Boult.

Pand. Boult !

Boudt. Sir !

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mity-
lene is full of gallants : we lost too much
money this morn, by being too wenchless.

Bard. We were never so much out of
creatures. We have but poor three, and
they can do no more than they can do ; and
they with continual action are even as good
as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones,
what'er we pay for them. If there be not
a conscience to be used in every trade, we
shall never prosper.

Boudt. Thou say'st true : 'tis not the
bringing up of poor bastards,--as I think, I
have brought up some eleven

Boult. Ay, to eleven ; and brought them
down again. But shall I search the market ?

Bard. What else, man ! The stuff we
have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces,
they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true ; they're too un-
wholesome, o' conscience. The poor Tran-
sylvanian is dead, that lay with the little
baggage.

Boudt. Ay, she quickly pooped him : she
made him roast meat for worms. But I'll
go search the market. [*Exit.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins
were as pretty a proportion to live quietly,
and so give over.

Boudt. Why to give over, I pray you ! is
it a shame to get when we are old ?

Pand. O ! our credit comes not in like the
commodity ; nor the commodity wages not
with the danger : therefore, if in our youths
we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were
not amiss to keep our door latched. Besides,
the sore terms we stand upon with the gods,
will be strong with us for giving over.

Boudt. Come, other sorts offend as well as
we.

Pand. As well as we ! ay, and better too ;
we offend worse. Neither is our profession
any trade ; it's no calling. But here comes
Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.

Boult. [*To MARINA.*] Come your ways.
My masters, you say she's a virgin !

1 *Pir.* O, sir ! we doubt it not.

Boudt. Master, I have gone through for
this piece, you see : if you like her, so ; if
not, I have lost my earnest.

Bard. Boult, has she any qualities ?

Boudt. She has a good face, speaks well,
and has excellent good clothes : there's no
further necessity of qualities can make her
be refused.

Bard. What's her price, Boult ?

Boudt. I cannot be baited one doit of a
thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you
shall have your money presently. Wife,
take her in : instruct her what she has to do,
that she may not be raw in her entertain-
ment. [*Escort Pander and Pirates.*]

Bard. Boult, take you the marks of her,
the colour of her hair, complexion, height,
her age, with warrant of her virginity, and
cry, " He that will give most, shall have her
first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap
thing, if men were as they have been. Get
this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so
slow !

He should have struck, not spoke ; or that
these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard
thrown me

For to seek my mother !

Bard. Why lament you, pretty one !

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bard. Come, the gods have done their
part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bard. You are light into my hands, where
you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault.

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bard. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bard. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste
gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare
well : you shall have the difference of all
complexions. What ! do you stop your ears !

Mar. Are you a woman !

Bard. What would you have me be, an I
be not a woman !

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bard. Marry, whip thee, gosling : I think
I shall have something to do with you.
Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and
must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me !

Bard. If it please the gods to defend you
by men, then men must comfort you, men
must feed you, men must stir you up.

Boults returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market !

Boults. I have cried her almost to the
number of her hairs : I have drawn her
picture with my voice.

Bard. And, I prythee, tell me, how dost
thou find the inclination of the people, espe-
cially of the younger sort !

Boults. Faith, they listened to me, as they
would have hearkened to their father's testa-
ment. There was a Spaniard's mouth so
watered, that he went to bed to her very
description.

Bard. We shall have him here to-morrow
with his best ruff on.

Boults. To-night, to-night. But, mistress,
do you know the French knight that cowers
i' the hams ?

Bard. Who ! Monsieur Veroles !

Boults. Ay : he offer'd to cut a caper at
the proclamation ; but he made a groan at it,
and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bard. Well, well : as for him, he brought
his disease hither : here he does but repair it.
I knew, he will come in our shadow, to scatter
his crowns in the sun.

Boults. Well, if we had of every nation a
traveller, we should lodge them with this
sign.

Bard. [To MARINA.] Pray you, come
hither awhile. You have fortunes coming
upon you. Mark me : you must seem to do
that fearfully, which you commit willingly ;
to despise profit, where you have most gain.
To weep that you live as ye do, makes pity
in your lovers : seldom, but that pity begets
you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere
profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boults. O ! take her home, mistress, take
her home : these blushes of hers must be
quenched with some present practice.

Bard. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they
must ; for your bride goes to that with
shame, which is her way to go with war-
rant.

Boults. Faith, some do, and some do not.
But, mistress, if I have bargained for the
joint,—

Bard. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the
spit.

Boults. I may so !

Bard. Who should deny it ! Come, young
one, I like the manner of your garments
well.

Boults. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be
changed yet.

Bard. Boults, spend thou that in the town :
report what a sojourner we have ; you'll
lose nothing by custom. When nature
framed this piece, she meant thee a good
turn ; therefore, say what a paragon she is,
and thou hast the harvest out of thine own
report.

Boults. I warrant you, mistress, thunder
shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my
giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-in-
clined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bard. Come your ways ; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or
waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose !

Bard. What have we to do with Diana ?
Pray you, will you go with us ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. —Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S
House.

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish ! Can it be
undone !

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think,
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious
world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too.
If thou had'st drunk to him, 't had been a
kindness

Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not
the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can
cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,
And, for an honest attribute, cry out,
"She died by foul play."

Cle. O! go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the
gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came
dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on
her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin.
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me
thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her
hearse,

And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express

A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's
face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that supersti-
tiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the
flies:

But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter COWER, before the monument of MARINA
at Tharsus.*

Cow. Thus time we waste, and longest
leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for 't;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
you

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to
teach you,

The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have
brought

This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
on.)

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Likes motes and shadows see them move
awhile;

Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb-show.

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train, at one door;
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON
shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA;
whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts
on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion de-
parts.*

Cow. See, how belief may suffer by foul
show!

This borrow'd passion stands for true old
woe;

And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears
o'ershow'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs :
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears so
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you
wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ

By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S monument.*

*The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year :
She was of Tyros the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she call'd : and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'
the earth :*

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be overflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens be-
stow'd :*

*Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never
stint)*

Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy
No visor as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune : while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day, 100
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the
Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like !

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a
place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached
there ! did you ever dream of such a thing !

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more
bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals
sing ?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is
virtuous ; but I am out of the road of rutting
for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the
Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bard, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the
worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bard. Fie, fie upon her ! she is able to
freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole
generation : we must either get her ravished,
or be rid of her. When she should do for
clients her fitment, and do me the kindness
of our profession, she has me her quirks, her
reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her
knees, that she would make a puritan of the
devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all
our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sick-
ness for me !

Bard. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't,
but by the way to the pox. Here comes the
Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and
lown, if the peevish baggage would but giv-
way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now ! How a dozen of vir-
ginities !

Bard. Now, the gods to-bless your honour !

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good
health.

Lys. You may so ; 't is the better for you that
your resorters stand upon sound legs. How
now, wholesome iniquity ! have you that a
man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon !

Bard. We have here one, sir, if she would
—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou
wouldst say. 31

Bard. Your honour knows what 't is to
say, well enough.

Lys. Well ; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and
red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose
indeed, if she had but —

Lys. What, pr'ythee ?

Boult. O, sir ! I can be modest. 32

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd,
no less than it gives a good report to a number
to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bard. Here comes that which grows to
the stalk ; — never plucked yet, I can assure
you. — Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long
voyage at sea. Well, there's for you : leave us.

Bard. I beseech your honour, give me
leave, a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bard. [*To MARINA.*] First, I would have
you note, this is an honourable man. 33

Mar. I do desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bard. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bard. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bard. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

Lys. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bard, Pander, and BOULT.*] Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gambster at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place; come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me, That am a maid, though, most ungente fortune

Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,— O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:

Persever in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely.

Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold, here's more gold for thee.

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost

Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,

But for this virgin that doth prop it, would Sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bard.

Bard. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bard. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bard. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him

away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers, too.

Bond. Bond, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Bond. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bond. She conjures: away with her! 'Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you! She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women kind! Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*]

Bond. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me!

Bond. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'yther, tell me one thing first.

Bond. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be!

Bond. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art.

Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damned door-keeper to every

Coystril, that comes inquiring for his Tib:

To the choleric fisting of every rogue

Thy ear is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Bond. What would you have me do! go to the wars, would you! where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not

enough money in the end to buy him a wooden one!

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty

Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth:

Serve by indenture to the common hangman:

Any of these ways are yet better than this:

For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,

Would own a name too dear. That the gods

Would safely deliver me from this place!

Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance.

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast:

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

Bond. But can you teach all this you speak of!

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,

And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Bond. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Bond. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I'll do for thee what I can: come your ways. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina! thus the brothel scapes, and chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays.

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses:

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks she none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost,

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd

Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20
In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit and hark.
[Exit.

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [To the Sailor of Mitylene.]
Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.

O. here he is.
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth
would come aboard: I pray, greet them
fairly. [Gentlemen and Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords;
the Tyrian Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve
you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's
triumphs.

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place? 20

Lys. I am the governor of this place you
lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not
spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prologue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distempera-
ture?

Hel. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 20

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES discovered.]
This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve
you!

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain: he will not speak to
you!

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene,
I durst wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'T is well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd
parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow-maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[Whispers one of the attending Lords.
Exit Lord.]

Hel. Sure, all effectless: yet nothing we'll
omit,

That bears recovery's name. But, since your
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech
you,

That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy.
Which if we should deny, the most just
gods

For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once
more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause 20
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;—
But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter Lord, with MARINA and a young Lady.

Lys. O! here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—

Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd

She came of gentle kind, and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient;
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA sings.

Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hail! ha!

Mar. I am a maid.

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But hath been gaz'd on like a comet: she
speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly
weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my
state,

My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. —[*Aside.*] I will
desist: *

But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear: "Go not till he
speak."

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good pa-
rentage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say
you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.—Pray you, turn your
eyes upon me.—

You are like something that—What country-
woman?

Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores;

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such
a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's
square brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;

As silver void'd; her eyes as jewel like,

And cas'd as richly; in pace another Juno;

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes
them hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do
you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from
the deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments,
which

You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would
seem

Like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou
look'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I'll
believe thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou
look'st

Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy
friends?

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee), that thou
can'st

From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
saidst

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might
equal mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my
thoughts

Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I

Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and

Extremity out of act. What were thy
friends ?

How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most
kind virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by
me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O ! I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power ;
My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter !
And call'd Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ! and are no
fairy !—

Motion ! Well ; speak on. Where were
you born ?

And wherefore call'd Marina ?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ! what mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king ;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O ! stop there a little. —
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er
dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be.
My daughter's buried. — Well : — where were
you bred ?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your
story.

And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn to believe me ; 't were
best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me
leave :—

How came you in these parts ? where were
you bred ?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus
leave me,

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,

Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd me
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to
do't,

A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me ;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me ? Why do you
weep ? It may be,

You think me an impostor : no, good faith ;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus ?

Hel. Calls my lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general : tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep !

Hel. I know not ; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage ; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus ! strike me, honour'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O !
come hither.

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus !

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as
loud

As thunder threatens us : this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name ! tell me but
that,

For truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title ?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me
now

My drown'd queen's name (as in the rest you
said

Thou hast been godlike perfect), thou'rt heir
of kingdoms,

And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter,
than

To say, my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou
art my child.

Give me fresh garments ! Mine own, Heli-
canus ;

She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have
been,

By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all ;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in know-
ledge,

She is thy very princess.—Who is this ?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes : I am wild in my behold-
ing.

O heavens, bless my girl ! But hark ! what
music !—

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to
doubt,

How sure you are my daughter. But what
music ?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None ?

The music of the spheres ! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him : give him
way.

Per. Rarest sounds ! „Do ye not hear ?

Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music :

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes : let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head. 231

[*The curtain before the pavilion of
PERICLES is closed.*

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-
friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

• [*Exeunt LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,
MARINA, and attendant Lady.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

PERICLES on the deck asleep : DIANA appearing
to him in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus : hie
thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met
together,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy
wife :

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's,
call, •

And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in
woe :

Do it, and happy, by my silver bow !

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentive, •
I will obey thee !— Helicanus !

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir !

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to
strike

The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am

For other service first : toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails ; oftsoons I'll tell thee
why.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need ?

Lys. Sir,

With all my heart ; and when you come
ashore,

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail.

Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems

You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter COWER, before the Temple of DIANA at
Ephesus.*

Cow. Now our sands are almost run ;

More a little, and then dumb.

This, my last boon, give me,

For such kindness must relieve me,

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylen,

To greet the king. So he thriv'd,

That he is promis'd to be wiv'd,

To fair Marina ; but in no wise

Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade : whereto being bound,

The interim, pray you, all confound.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,

Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at
Ephesus ; THAISA standing near the altar,
as high priestess ; a number of Virgins on
each side ; CRIMON and other Inhabitants
of Ephesus attending.

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train ; LYSIMACHUS,
HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just com-
mand,

I here confess myself the King of Tyre ;
Who, frighted from my country, did woe,
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought
forth

A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess !
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon, whom at fourteen
years

He sought to murder : but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene ; against whose
shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard
us,

Where, by her own most clear remembrance,
she

Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour :—
You are, you are O royal Pericles :—

[*Faints.*

Per. What means the woman ? she dies :
help, gentlemen !

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no :
I threw her overboard with these very
arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O ! she's but
overjoy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and
plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you
to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look ! Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look !

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear. 20
But curb it, spite of seeing. Like him you
speak,

Like him you are. Did you not name a
tempest,

A birth, and death ?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa !

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this : no more, you gods ! your
present kindness

Makes my past miseries sports : you shall do
well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O ! come, be
buried

A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAISA.*

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa ;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own !

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen !

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did
fly from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute : 20
Can you remember what I call'd the man ?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation !

Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserv'd, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their
power ; that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir, 20

The gods can have no mortal officer

More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives ?

Cer. I will, my lord :

'Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her ;

How she came placed here in the temple ;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian ! bless thee for thy vision ; I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your
daughter, 25

Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,

Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form ;
And what this fourteen years no razor
touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit, sir,

My father's dead.

Per. Heavens, make a star of him ! Yet
there, my queen,

ACT V.

PERICLES.

SCENE III.

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

Will in that kingdom spend our following days :

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,

To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus, and his daughter, you have heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :

In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,

Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.

In Helicanus may you well descry

A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.

In reverend Cerimon there well appears

The worth that learned charity aye wears.

For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame

Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;

That him and his they in his palace burn.

The gods for murder seemed so content

To punish them,—although not done, but meant.

So on your patience evermore attending,

New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit.*]

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, <i>King of Troy.</i>	ULYSSES,	} <i>Grecian Commanders.</i>
HECTOR,	NESTOR,	
TROILUS,	DIOMEDES,	
PARIS,	PATROCLUS,	
DEIPHOBUS,	THERSITES, <i>a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.</i>	
ELENUS,	ALEXANDER, <i>Servant to Cressida.</i>	
ÆNEAS,	Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris;	
ANTENOR,	Servant to Diomedes.	
CALCHAS, <i>a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.</i>		
PANDARUS, <i>Uncle to Cressida.</i>	HELEN, <i>Wife to Menelaus.</i>	
MARGARELON, <i>a Bastard Son of Priam.</i>	ANDROMACHE, <i>Wife to Hector.</i>	
AGAMEMNON, <i>the Grecian General.</i>	CASSANDRA, <i>Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.</i>	
MENELAUS, <i>his Brother.</i>	CRESSIDA, <i>Daughter to Calchas.</i>	
ACHILLES,		
AJAX,		

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Troy, and the Grecian Camp.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy there lies the scene. From Isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is
made,
To ransack Troy, within whose strong
immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps;—and that's the
quarrel.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there
disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan
plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helius, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard.—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vault and firstlings of those
broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good, or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath
none.
Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of
this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make
no further. **He** that will have a cake out of
the wheat, must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding: but you must
tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried? 20

Pan. Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry
the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's
yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the
making of the cake, the heating of the oven,
and the baking; nay, you must stay the
cooling too, or you may chauce to burn your
lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er
she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do. 30
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my
thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer
than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my
heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile; 40
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming glad-
ness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sad-
ness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat
darker than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were
no more comparison between the women;—
but, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I
would not, as they term it, praise her:—but
I would somebody had heard her talk yes-
terday, as I did: I will not dispraise your
sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pan-
darus,— 50
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie
drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep

They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
voice;

Handest in thy discourse, O! that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft
seizure

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of
sense 60

Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou
tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love
her

But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath
given me

The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let
her be as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better
for her; an she be not, she has the mends
in her own hands. 70

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pan-
darus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail;
ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of
you: gone between, and between, but small
thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus?
what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore
she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not
kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as
Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I
care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 't is
all one to me. 80

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no.
She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her
to the Greeks, and so I'll tell her the next
time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle
nor make no more of the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus, —

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me! I
will leave all as I found it, and ther' an
end. [*Exit* PANDARUS. *An Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours
peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be
fair,

When with your blood you daily paint her
thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument;

*It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague
me!*

*I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. 100
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pan-
dar*

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

*Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? where-
fore not afield?*

*Tro. Because not there: this woman's
answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence. 110
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?*

*Æne. That Paris is returned home, and
hurt.*

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

*Tro. Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to
scorn;*

Paris is god'd with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

*Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of
town to-day!*

*Tro. Better at home, if "would I might"
were "may."*

*But to the sport abroad:—are you bound
thither?*

Æne. In all swift haste.

*Tro. Come, go we then together.
[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. —The Same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

*Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the
vale,*

*To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his
armourer;*

*And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10
In Hector's wrath.*

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

*Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among
the Greeks*

*A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector:
They call him Ajax.*

Cres. Good; and what of him?

*Alex. They say he is a very man for so,
And stands alone.*

*Cres. So do all men; unless they are
drunk, sick, or have no legs. 15*

*Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many
beasts of their particular additions: he is as
valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow
as the elephant; a man into whom nature
hath so crowded humours, that his valour is
crushed into folly, his folly sauced with dis-
cretion: there is no man hath a virtue that
he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an
attaint but he carries some stain of it. He
is melancholy without cause, and merry
against the hair: he hath the joints of every-
thing; but everything so out of joint, that
he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no
use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no
sight. 20*

*Cres. But how should this man, that
makes me smile, make Hector angry?*

*Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector
in the battle, and struck him down; the dis-
dain and shame whereof hath ever since kept
Hector fasting and waking.*

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

*Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What
do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—
How do you, cousin? When were you at
Ilium?*

Cres. This morning, uncle.

*Pan. What were you talking of, when I
came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere
ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was
she?*

*Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was
not up. 25*

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

*Cres. That were we talking of, and of his
anger.*

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

*Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause
too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell
them that: and there's Troilus will not come*

behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who? Troilus? Troilus is the better of the two. 61

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for I am sure he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself. 70

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me. 80

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him; his own's better. 91

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour (for so 't is, I must confess)—not brown neither—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has. 99

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is

higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed. 108

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window;—and, you know, he has not passed three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him:—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven? 120

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O! yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so. 130

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin:—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin. 140

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing: Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With millstones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen
spied on Troilus' chin. 151

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should
have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the
hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but two-and-fifty
hairs on your chin, and one of them is
white."

Cres. This is her question. 152

Pan. That's true; make no question of
that. "Two-and-fifty hairs," quoth he, "and
one white: that white hair is my father, and
all the rest are his sons."—"Jupiter!" quoth
she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my hus-
band?"—"The forked one," quoth he;
"pluck't out, and give it him." But there
was such laughing, and Helen so blushed,
and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so
laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great
while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing
yesterday, think on't. 171

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 't is true: he will weep
you, an't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an
'twere a nettle against May.

[*a retreat sounded.*]
Pan. Hark! they are coming from the
field. Shall we stand up here, and see them,
as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do;
sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure. 180

Pan. Here, here; here's an excellent place:
here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you
them all by their names, as they pass by, but
mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Pan. That's Æneas. Is not that a brave
man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can
tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see
anon.

Cres. Who's that? 182

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd
wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good
enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments
in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of per-
son.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you
Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him
nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see. 187

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, 'look you,
that, there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.
—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave
Hector!—Look how he looks; there's a coun-
tenance. Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O! a brave man.

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart
good. Look you what hacks are on his hel-
met! look you yonder, do you see? look you
there. There's no jesting: there's laying on;
take't off who will, as they say: there be
hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords? 200

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? anything, he cares not; an
the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's
lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes
Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder,
niece: is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—
Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came
hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will
do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I
could see Troilus now.—You shall see Troilus
anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus.—I marvel, where
Troilus is.—That's Helenus.—I think he
went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus. 211

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight in-
different well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.
—Hark! do you not hear the people cry,
Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.
—'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!
—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame; peace! 220

Pan. Mark him; note him.—O brave
Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look
you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm
more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks,
and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he
ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way,
Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a
grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take
his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—
Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen,
to change, would give an eye to boot.

Soldiers pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more. 240

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran : porridge after meat. I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look : the eagles are gone ; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles ? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well. 250

Pan. Well, well ?—Why, have you any discretion ? have you any eyes ? Do you know what a man is ? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that season a man ?

Cres. Ay, a minced man : and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such a woman ! one knows not at what ward you lie. 260

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit, to defend my wiles ; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty ; my mask, to defend my beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching. 270

Pan. You are such another !

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come.

[Exit Boy.]

I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by-and-by.

Cres. To bring, uncle ?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus. 280

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.—

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise ;
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the
doing :

That she below'd knows nought, that knows
not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :
That she was never yet, that ever knew 290
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.

Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command ; ungain'd, beseech :
Then though my heart's content firm love doth
bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before
AGAMEMNON'S Tent.

*Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR,
ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.*

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your
cheeks ?

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness : cheeks and
disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us, 30
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand ;

Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape. Why then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And think them shames, which are, indeed,
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove, 30
To find persistive constancy in men ?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love ; for then, the bold and
coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;

And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike
sent,

*Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words.* In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men : the sea being
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk ?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-
tains cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : where's then the saucy
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, di-
vide

In storms of fortune : for, in her ray and
brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze
Than by the tiger ; but when the splitting
wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, so
And flies fled under shade, why then, the
thing of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympu-
thise,

And with an accent tun'd in selfsame key,
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation

The which,—[*to AGAMEMNON*] most mighty
for thy place and sway,—

[*To NESTOR*] And thou most reverend for
thy stretch'd-out life,—

I give to both your speeches, which were
such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass ; and such
again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-
tree

On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish
ears

To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please
both,—

Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses
speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca ; and be't
of less expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master,

But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected :
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-
tions,

When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being
vizarded,

The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, is all line of order :

And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd so
Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : but when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what
mutiny,

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes,
horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states so
Quite from their fixture ! O ! when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communi-
ties,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place,
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing
meets

In mere oppugnancy : the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the
shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe :
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father
 dead :

Force should be right ; or, rather, right and
 wrong

(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice
 * too.

Then everything includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite ;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is,
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below ; he, by the next ;
 That next, by him beneath : so, every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation :
 And 't is this fever that keens Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness lives, not in her
 strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here dis-
 cover'd

The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of this sickness found,
 Ulysses,

What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion
 crowns

The sinew and the forehand of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs. With him Patro-
 clus,

Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests ;
 And with ridiculous and awkward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamem-
 non,

Thy topless deputation he puts on ;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
 age,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'T is like a chime a-mending ; with terms un-
 squar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
 dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud
 applause ;

Cries—"Excellent!—'t is Agamemnon just.—
 Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy
 beard,

As he, being dress'd to some oration."

That's done ;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife ;
 Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent !

'T is Nestor right ! Now play him me,
 Patroclus,

Arming to answer in a night alarm."

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and
 spit,

And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorgot,
 Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this
 sport,

Sir Valour dies ; cries, "O!—enough, Patro-
 clus ;

Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen." And in this
 fashion,

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Severals and generals of grace exact,
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;
 Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of
 war,

Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites
 (A slave whose gall coins slanders like a
 mint)

To match us in comparisons with dirt :
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it
 cowardice ;

Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
 Forestall precience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand : the still and mental
 parts,—

That do contrive how many hands shall
 strike,

When fitness calls them on, and know, by
 measure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.

They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war :
So that the ran, that batters down the wall,

For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,

Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution. 210

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse

Makes many Thetis' ears. [A trumpet.

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,

Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice 220

Call Agamemnon head and general...

Æne. Fair leave, and large security.
How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus.

Which is that god in office, guiding men? 230

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us, or the men
of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,

As bending angels: that's their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
Jove's accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips.

The worthiness of praise disdains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise
forth, 240

But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon, 't is for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that
comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper
him

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear; 250

To set his sense on the attentive bend,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind.

It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
tents;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy

A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)

Who in this dull and long-continued truce 260

Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes,

lords!

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his
ease;

That seeks his praise more than he fears his
peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his
fear;

That loves his mistress more than in con-
fession

(With truant vows to her own lips he loves),
And dare avow her beauty and her worth 270

In other arms than hers,—to him this chal-
lenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of
Troy,

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:

If any come, Hector shall honour him;

If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not
worth 280

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord
Æneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home: but we are
soldiers;

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am
he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a
man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old
now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my
lady

Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of
blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your
hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to
tent;

Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my
brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded
pride,

That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant
Hector sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows,

'T is dry enough,) will, with great speed of
judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
you?

Nest. Yes, 't is most meet: who may you
else oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful
combat,

Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me,

Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,

Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;

And in such indexes (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass

Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice:

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,

As't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,

What heart receives from hence the conquer-
ing part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:—

Therefore't is meet, Achilles meet not Hector.

Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,

The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better. Do not consent,

That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,

Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes:

what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should wear with
him:

But he already is too insolent;

And we were better purch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,

Should he scape Hector fair: if he were
foild,

Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No; make a
lottery,

And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector : among our-
 selves,
 Give him allowance as the worthier man,
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause ; and make him
 fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris
 bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 30
 We'll dress him up in voices : if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,

That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense
 assumes,—
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice ;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith ,
 To Agamemnon : go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone 30
 Must turre the mastiffs on, as 't were their
 bone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. Another Part of the Grecian
 Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites !

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had biles ?
 full, all over, generally ?

Ajax. Thersites !

Ther. And those biles did run ?—Say so,
 —did not the general run then ? were not that
 a botchy core ?

Ajax. Dog !

Ther. Then would come some matter from
 him : I see none now. 10

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not
 hear ? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*]

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee,
 thou mongrel beef-witted lord !

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinnewedst leaven,
 speak : I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
 holiness : but, I think, thy horse will sooner
 con an oration, than thou learn a prayer
 without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou ?
 a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks !

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the pro-
 clamation. 21

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense,
 thou strik'st me thus ?

Ajax. The proclamation !

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not : my
 fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head
 to foot, and I had the scratching of thee ; I
 would make thee the loathsomest scab in
 Greece. When thou art forth in the in-
 cursions, thou strikest as slow as another. 31

Ajax. I say, the proclamation !

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every
 2000 on Achilles ; and thou art as full of
 envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at

Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at
 him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites !

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf !

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers
 with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit. 41

Ajax. You whorson cur ! [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch !

Ther. Ay, do, do ; thou sodden-witted
 lord ! thou hast no more brain than I have in
 mine elbows ; an assinego may tutor thee :
 thou scurvy-valiant ass ! thou art here but to
 thrash Trojans ; and thou art bought and
 sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian
 slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at
 thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches,
 thou thing of no bowels, thou ! 52

Ajax. You dog !

Ther. You scurvy lord !

Ajax. You cur ! [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his idiot ; do, rudeness ; do,
 camel ; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax ? wherefore do
 you this ?

How now, Thersites ? what's the matter,
 man ?

Ther. You see him there, do you ? 60

Achil. Ay ; what's the matter ?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do : what's the matter ?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well ! why, so I do. 6

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him ;
 for, whosoever you take him to be, he is
 Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee. 7

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so;—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! & so!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites, peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Murry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,

To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that lare

Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trish. Farewell.

Ajac. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not: it is put to lottery; otherwise,

He knew his man.

Ajac. O! meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travail, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war— Shall be struck off."—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"

Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surely,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing ~~not~~ ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit 's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie! my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters
sum

The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp
at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our
father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with
reasons,

Because your speech hath none, that tells
him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers,
brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are
your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous, 40

And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd?—Nay, if we talk of

reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and

honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and
respect

Make livers pale, and lustihood deject. 50

Hec. Brother, she is not worth what she
loth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught but as 't is valued?
Hec. But value dwells not in particular

will;

It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 't is precious of itself,

As in the prizer. 'T is mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;

And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiously itself affects, 60

Without some image of the affected merit. 60
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will:

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by
honour.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the re-

mainder viands 70
We do not throw in unrespective sink,
Because we now are full. It was thought

meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the
Greeks:

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a

truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports
desir'd;

And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth
and freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the
morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our
aunt. 80

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand

ships,
And turned crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go,

go"),
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize

(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cried—"Inestimable!"), why do you
now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did, 90

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,

That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,

That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'T is our mad sister, I do know her
voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!
Hec. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten
thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand:
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than ev'nt doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds, 121
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid, there should be done
amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity 130

As well my undertakings as your counsels;
But, I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project:
For what, alas! can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will, 140
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall:
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her. 149

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,

Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death un-
fun'd,

Where Helen is the subject: then, I say, 150
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,

The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination 170
Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,

All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity

Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-ordered nation, 180
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.

If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's
opinion

Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 't is a cause that hath no mean depen-
dance

Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
—would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy

Hector,

She is a theme of honour and renown,
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 20
Whose present courage may beat down our
foes,

And fame, in time to come, canonise us :
For, I presume, brave Hector would not
lose

So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus. --
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy
spirits. 210

I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept :
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — The Grecian Camp. Before
ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what! lost in the
labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax
carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him :
O worthy satisfaction! 'would, it were other-
wise, that I could beat him, whilst he railed
at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise
devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful
execrations. Then, there's Achilles, — a rare
engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two
undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall
of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of
Olympus! forget that thou art Jove the king
of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine
craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little,
little, less than little wit from them that they
have; which short-armed ignorance itself
knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in
circumvention deliver a fly from a spider,
without drawing the massy irons and cutting
the web. After this, the vengeance on the
whole camp! or rather, the Neapolitan bone-
ache; for that, methinks, is the curse depen-
dant on those that war for a placket. I have
said my prayers, and the devil Envy, say
Amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles! 22

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good
Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt
counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out
of my contemplation; but it is no matter:

thyself upon thyself! The common curse of
mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in
great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor,
and discipline come not near thee! Let thy
blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if
she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair
corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she
never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.
Where's Achilles?

Patr. What! art thou devout? wast thou
in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? — Art thou come?
Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou
not served thyself in to my table so many
meals? Come, what's Agamemnon? 23

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell
me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me,
I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell
me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that knowest.

Achil. O! tell, tell. 24

Ther. I'll decline the whole question.
Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles
is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and
Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. — Proceed,
Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a
fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid,
Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this, come. 25

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to
command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be
commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a
fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a
fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator.
It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes
here! 26

*Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and AJAX.*

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.
— Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling,
and such knavery! all the argument is, a
cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw
emulous factions, and bleed to death upon.

Now, the dry serpigo on the subject, and war
and lechery confound all ! *[Exit.]*

Agam. Where's Achilles ?

Patr. Within his tent ; but ill-dispos'd, my
lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are
here.

He shent our messengers ; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him :
Let him be told so ; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. *[Exit.]*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his
tent :

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart :
you may call it melancholy, if you will favour
the man ; but, by my head, 't is pride : but
why ? why ? let him show us a cause.—A
word, my lord. *[Taking AGAMEMNON aside.]*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at
him ?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from
him. 100

Nest. Who ? Thersites ?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he
have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument
that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better ; their fraction is more
our wish than their faction : but it was a
strong counsel, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not,
folly may easily untie. Here comes Patro-
clus. 101

Nest. No Achilles with him ?

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none
for courtesy : his legs are legs for necessity,
not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much
sorry,
If anything more than your sport and
pleasure

Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him ; he hopes, it is no other
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.
We are too well acquainted with these
answers ; 111

But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the rea-
son

Why we ascribe it to him ; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him ; and you shall
not sin, 120

If you do say, we think him over-proud,
And under honest ; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment ; and worthier
than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this ; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much, 121
We'll none of him ; but let him, like an en-
gine

Not portable, lie under this report :—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war ;
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant :—tell him so.

Patr. I shall ; and bring his answer pre-
sently. *[Exit.]*

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satis-
fied ;

We come to speak with him.—*Ulysses*, enter
you. *[Exit ULYSSES.]*

Ajax. What is he more than another ? 120

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much ? Do you not think,
he thinks himself a better man than I am ?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and
say he is ?

Agam. No, noble Ajax ; you are as strong,
as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more
gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ? How
loth pride grow ? I know not what pride
is. 120

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud
sets up himself : pride is his own glass, his own
trumpet, his own chronicle ; and whatever
praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed
in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
engendering of toads.

Nest. *[Aside.]* Yet he loves himself : is 't
not strange ?

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-
morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why, will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it

Cry—"No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him. --
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'T is said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon! let it not be so. 170
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: shall the proud lord,

That bates his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be wor-
shipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is, 180
By going to Achilles:

That were to inlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."

Nest. [Aside.] O! this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [Aside.] And how his silence drinks up this applause

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll push him o'er the face. 200

Agam. O, no! you shall not go.

Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride.

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [Aside.] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [Aside.] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [Aside.] He will be the physician, that should be the patient. 211

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [Aside.] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. [Aside.] An 't would, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. [Aside.] 'A would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him; I will make him supple.

Nest. [Aside.] He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises. Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [To AGAMEMNON.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 't is before his face;
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! 230

'Would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud.—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure:

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain, 240

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor;

Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him, ²⁵⁰
But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here : the hart
Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war ;
Fresh kings are come to Troy : to-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand
fast :

And here 's a lord,—come knights from east
to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the
best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles
sleep : ²⁶⁰

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
draw deep. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in PRIAM'S
Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend ! you ! pray you, a word. Do
not you follow the young Lord Paris ?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentle-
man : I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised !

Pan. You know me, do you not ?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially. ¹⁰

Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the
Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your
better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

Pan. Grace ! not so, friend ; honour and
lordship are my titles.—[*Music within.*]
What music is this ?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir : it is
music in parts. ²¹

Pan. Know you the musicians ?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to ?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend ?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love
music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir ? ²⁹

Pan. Friend, we understand not one
another : I am too courtly, and thou art too
cunning. At whose request do these men
play ?

Serv. That's too't, indeed, sir. Marry,
sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is
there in person ; with him the mortal Venus,

the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible
soul.

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida ?

Serv. No, sir, Helen : could you not find
out that by her attributes ? ³⁰

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou
hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to
speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus : I
will make a complimentary assault upon him,
for my business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business : there 's a steward
phrase, indeed.

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all
this fair company ! fair desires, in all fair
measure, fairly guide them ! especially to
you, fair queen ! fair thoughts be your fair
pillow !

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair
words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet
queen.—

Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin ; and, by
my life, you shall make it whole again : you
shall piece it out with a piece of your per-
formance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir !—

Pan. Rude, in sooth ; in good sooth, very
rude. ⁵⁰

Par. Well said, my lord ! Well, you say
so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear
queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a
word ?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out :
we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant
with me. But, marry, thus, my lord.—My

dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you. 70

Helen. You shall not hob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen,—i' faith,

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, 'in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse. 80

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Par. What says my sweet queen,—my very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.—You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide. Come, your disposer is sick. 91

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen. 100

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead. 110

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh! love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sorr.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 120

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? 129

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece. 130

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[A retreat sounded.]

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,

Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more Than all the island kings,—Disarm great

Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty, 140 Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. PANDARUS' Orchard

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O! here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon; And give me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle Pandarus!
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard. I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*]

Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swounding destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready; she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to

me.—What! are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.—Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant.—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we.
Praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we
prove; our head shall go bare, till merit
crown it. No perfection in reversion shall
have a praise in present: we will not name
desert, before his birth, and, being born, his
addition shall be humble. Few words to fair
faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as
what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for
his truth; and what truth can speak truest,
not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What! blushing still! have you not
done talking yet? 100

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I
dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get
a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true
to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your
uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too.
Our kindred, though they be long ere they
are wooed, they are constant, being won:
they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick
where they are thrown. 111

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and
brings me heart.—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and
day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to
win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won,
my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me:—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much.
But I might master it.—In faith, I lie: 120
My thoughts were like unbridled children,
grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we
fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my
tongue:

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your si-
lence, 130

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness
draws

My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues
thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed!—O heavens! what have I
done?—

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-
morrow morning,— 141

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.

I have a kind of self resides with you;

But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool.—Where is my wit?

I would be gone.—I speak I know not what.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely. 150

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more
craft than love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are
wise,

Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods
above.

Tro. O! that I thought it could be in a
woman,

(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind

That doth renew swifter than blood decays:

Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,

That my integrity and truth to you

Might be affronted with the match and weight

Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

How were I then uplifted! but, alas!

I am as true as truth's simplicity,

And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight!

When right with right wars who shall be most
right! 170

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—

As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,

As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be !
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, ¹⁸²
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of
Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing ; yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in
love,

Upbraid my falsehood ! when they have said,
as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth, ¹⁹⁰
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son ;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of false-
hood,

As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made ; seal it, seal
it : I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your
hand ; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove
false one to another, since I have taken such
pains to bring you together, let all pitiful
goers-between be called to the world's end
after my name, call them all Pandars ; let all
constant men be Troiluses, all false women
Cressids, and all brokers between Pandars !
say, Amen. ²⁰²

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you
a chamber with a bed ; which bed, because it
shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press
it to death : away !

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens
here

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear ! ²¹⁰

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES,
NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have
done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your
mind,

That, through the sight I bear in things to
come,

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name ; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes, sequestering from me
all

That time, acquaintance, custom, and con-
dition,

Made tame and most familiar to my nature ;
And here, to do you service, am become ¹¹
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,

To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan ?
make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd
Antenor,

Yesterday took : Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks there-
fore) ²¹

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied ; but this
Antenor,

I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage ; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Prium,
In change of him : let him be sent, great
princes,

And he shall buy my daughter ; and her
presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him, ³⁰
And bring us Cressid hither : Calchas shall
have

What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange :
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge : Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 't is a
burden

Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before
their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his
tent :

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; and, princes all, [~]
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him :

I will come last. 'T is like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him :
If so, I have derision medicinable,

To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.

It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put
on

ACT III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE III.

*A form of strangeness as we pass along : —
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
more*

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What ! comes the general to speak
with me ?

You know my mind : I'll fight no more
'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught
with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ? [*Erit.*]

Achil. What ! does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha ?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Erit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows ? Know
they not Achilles ?

Patr. They pass by strangely : they were
us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles ;
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What ! am I poor of late ?
'T is certain, greatness, once fall'n out with
fortune,

Must fall out with men too : what the declin'd
is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others.
As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butter-
flies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honour ; but honour for those
honours

That are without him, as place, riches, and
favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit :
Which, when they fall, as being slippery
standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me :

Fortune and I are friends : I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess ;

Save these men's looks ; who do, methinks,
find out

Something not worth in me such rich behold-
ing

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses :
I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses ?

Ulyss.

Now, great Thetis' son !

Achil. What are you reading ?

Ulyss.

A strange fellow here

Writes me : That man, how dearly ever
parted,

How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he
hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection ;
As when his virtues shining upon others

Heat them, and they retort that heat again

To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face

The bearer knows not, but commends itself

To others' eyes : nor doth the eye itself,

That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,

Not going from itself ; but eye to eye oppos'd

Salutes each other with each other's form :

For speculation ~~then~~ not to itself

Till it hath travell'd, and is married there

Where it may see itself. This is not strange
at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,

It is familiar, but at the author's drift ;

Who in his circumstance expressly proves,

That no man is the lord of anything,

Though in and of him there be much consist-
ing.)

Till he communicate his parts to others :

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

Till he behold them form'd in the applause.

Where they're extended ; who, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again ; or, like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
this ;

And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there ! a very horse ;

That has he knows not what. Nature, what
things there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use !

What things, again, most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-
morrow.—

An act that very chance doth throw upon
him—

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men
do,

While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish Fortune's
hall,

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness !
To see these ! Grecian lords ! — Why, even
already

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking. 111

Achil. I do believe it ; for they pass'd by
me,

As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look. What ! are my deeds
forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion ;
A great siz'd monster of ingratitude :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done : perseverance, dear my lord. 120
Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant
way

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast : keep then the
path ;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue : if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost : 130
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top
yours ;

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would
fly,

Grasps-in the comer : welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not
virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was ; 140
For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To egvious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin,

That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things
past,

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er dusted.

The present eye praises the present object : 150
Then marvel not, thou great and complete
man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on
thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And ease thy reputation in thy tent ;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of
late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,

And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroic. 155
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha ! known !

Ulyss. Is that a wonder ?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like
the gods, 160

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with

Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena ;
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at
home, 165

When fame shall in our islands sound her
trump,

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping
sing,—

"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down
him."

Farewell, my lord : I as your lover speak ;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break. 170 [*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
you.

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man.
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for
this : 175

They think, my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, restrains you
thus.
*Sweet, rouse yourself ; and the weak wanton
Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous
fold,*
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much
honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake ;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O ! then beware :
Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves : 220

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet
Patroclus.

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords, after the com-
bat,

To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's
longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace ; 240
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sev'd !

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field,
asking for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector ; and is so prophetically proud of an
heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying
nothing. 150

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a
peacock ; a stride, and a stand : ruminates
like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her
brain to set down her reckoning : bites his
lip with a politic regard, as who should say,
there were wit in his head, an't would out :
and so there is ; but it lies as coldly in him as
fire in a flint, which will not show without
knocking. The man's undone for ever ; for
if Hector break not his neck i' the combat,
he'll break't himself in vainglory. He
knows not me : I said, " Good morrow, Ajax ;"
and he replies, " Thanks, Agamemnon." What
think you of this man, that takes me for the
general ? He's grown a very land-fish, lan-

guageless, a monster. A plague of opinion !
a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather
jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to
him, Thersites. 205

Ther. Who, I ? why, he'll answer nobody ;
he professes not answering : speaking is for
beggars ; he wears his tongue in his arms. I
will put on his presence : let Patroclus make
his demands to me, you shall see the pageant
of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus : tell him, I hum-
bly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most
valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent ;
and to procure safe-conduct for his person of
the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-
seven-times-honoured captain-general of the
Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do
this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax ! 210

Ther. Humph !

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha ?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to in-
vite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph !

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from
Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon ?

Patr. Ay, my lord. 220

Ther. Ha ?

Patr. What say you to't ?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven
o'clock it will go one way or other ; howsoever ;
he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is
he ? 230

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What
music will be in him when Hector has knocked
out his brains, I know not ; but, I am sure,
none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews
to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him
straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse,
for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain
stirr'd ;

And I myself see not the bottom of it. 240

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind
were clear again, that I might water an ass at
it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than
such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTEHOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Paris. See ho! who is that there?

Des. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long.

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:

Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir, 10
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and, so long,
health:

But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will
fly

With his face backward.—In humane gentle-
ness, 20

Welcome to Troy: now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed. By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise.—Jove, let Æneas
live,

If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-mor-
row!

Æne. We know each other well. 30

Dio. We do; and long to know each other
worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle
greeting,

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why,
I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 't was to
bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.

Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain know-
ledge.) 40

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time

Will have 't so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; faith,
tell me true, 50

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,
Myself, or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour, 60
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor
more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-
woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear
me, Paris:—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight 70
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could
speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—

We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Court before the House of PANDARUS.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not; To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,

And give us soft attachment to thy senses, As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day, Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Besrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays, As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,

With wings more momentary-swift than thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry.— You men will never tarry.

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off, And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life.—

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maiden-heads?

Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; besrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor

capocchia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*]

Cres. Did not I tell you?—would he were knock'd o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber: You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*]

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exit TROILUS and CRESSIDA.*]

Pan. [*Going to the door*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for mine own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware. You'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him; but yet go fetch him hither: go.

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash. There's at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:

They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them:—and, my Lord Æneas,

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS and *ÆNEAS*.]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost! The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? what is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. 'Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death.—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor.

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees

I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane: he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

* *Cres.* I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can, But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III.—The Same. Before PANDARUS' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, *ÆNEAS*, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour pre fix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently; And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit*.]

Par. I know what 't is to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—Please you, walk in, my lords.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in PANDARUS' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?

If I could temporise with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dross; No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!

[*Embracing him*.]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—O heart, heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need

of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay: 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What! and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear
vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as he stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to
them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single fannish'd kiss,
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [Within.] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the
Genius so

Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must
die.

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? ruin, to lay
this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the
root!

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true
of heart,--

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem
is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation
kindly,

For it is parting from us:

I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;

But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
dangers

As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger.
Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I
see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exer-
cise:

How novelties may move, and parts with per-
son,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin) so
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Dic I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb discursive
devil

That tempts most cunningly. But be not
tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine
bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.

Welcome, Sir Diomed. Here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you :
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand, ¹¹⁰
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair ; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe,
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince
expects :

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage ; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him
wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me cour-
teously, ¹²⁰

To shame the seal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my
charge ;

For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost
not,

Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O ! be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place and
message,

To be a speaker free : when I am hence, ¹³⁰
I'll answer to my lust ; and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee,
Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy
head.—

Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exit* TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES.
[*Trumpet sounded.*

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field. ¹⁴⁰

Par. 'T is Troilus' fault. Come, come, to
• field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alac-
rity,

Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Grecian Camp. Lists set
out.

Enter AJAX, armed ; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh
and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen
pipe :

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon.

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood : ¹⁵⁰

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'T is but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed with Calchas'
daughter ?

Ulyss. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his
gait ;

He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid ?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady.

Nes. Our general doth salute you with a
kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll
begin.—

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady :

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now :

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns ! ¹⁶⁰

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this,
mine :

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O ! this is trim.

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three
for one.

Cres. You're an odd man: give even, or
give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 't is
true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me
a kiss,

When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 't is
due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of
you.

Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to
your father.

[DIOMEDES leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her
lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits
look out

At every joint and motive of her body.

O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue,

That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every tickling reader, set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. [Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed; ÆNEAS, TROILUS,
and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what
shall be done

To him that victory commands? Or do you
purpose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the
knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not: he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely
done,

A little proudly, and great deal disprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er,
know this:—

In the extremity of great and little,

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him
well,

And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to

seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half
Greek.

Achil. A maiden's battle then?—O! I per-
ceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle
knight,

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it: either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,

Half stints their strife before their strokes
begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that
looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true
knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon

calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he

shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his
bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindicative than jealous love.
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
 Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth,
 Even to his inches, and with private soul
 Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st: awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,
 Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more.—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's
 son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
 That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian
 all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
 All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's
 blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
 Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
 Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish
 member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made
 Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,
 That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy
 mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
 Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax.—
 By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
 Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
 Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
 A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
 (On whose bright crest Fame with her
 loudest *Oyez*

Cries, "This is he!") could promise to him-
 self

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both
 the sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;
 The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

As sold I have the chance, I would desire
 My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish; and great
 Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my
 cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
 here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name
 by name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
 Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to
 one

That would be rid of such an enemy;

But that's no welcome: understand more
 clear,

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd
 with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing,
 Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-
 come.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Aga-
 memnon.

Agam. [*To TROILUS.*] My well-fam'd lord
 of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
 greeting:

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome
 hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O! you, my lord? by Mars his
 gauntlet, thanks.

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath:
 Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus'
 glove;

She's well, but bade me not commend her to
 you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a
 deadly theme.

Hect. O! pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen
 thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I
 have seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
 And seen thee scorning forfeits and subdue-
 ments,

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword
i' th' air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
That I have said unto my standers-by, 190
" Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !"

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy
breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd
thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling ; this have I seen ;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire ;
And once fought with him : he was a soldier
good ;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace
thee ;

And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Env. 'T is the old Nestor. 201

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old
chronicle

Thou hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time. - -

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp
thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee
in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha !

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the
time— 210

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city
stands,

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses,
well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue :

My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the
clouds, 220

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :

There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood : the end crowns all ;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, wel-
come.

After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,
thou !— 230

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee :
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles ?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee : let me look
on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief : I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O ! like a book of sport thou 'lt read
me o'er ;

But there's more in me than thou under-
stand'st. 240

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part
of his body

Shall I destroy him, whether there, or there,
or there ?

That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me,
heavens !

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods,
proud man,

To answer such a question. Stand again :
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture, 250
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well,

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor
there ;

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag :
His insolence draws folly from my lips ;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin ;— 260

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't :
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I
fear,

Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field ;
We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector ?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death ;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match. 270

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to
my tent ;

There in the full convive we : afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets
blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech
you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely
Troilus : 279

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night ;

Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous
view

On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir! to such as boasting show their
scars, 280

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd ; she is, and doth :
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp. Before
ACHILLES' TENT.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish
wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy ?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou
seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's
letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment ? 10

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from
Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's
wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need
these tricks?

Ther. Prythee, be silent, boy ; I profit not
by thy talk : thou art thought to be Achilles'
male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's
that? 18

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now
the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-
gripping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'
the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes,
dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders

full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the
palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled
fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again
such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy,
thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt ; you
whoreson indistinguishable cur, no. 31

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate,
thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou
green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel
of a prodigal's purse, thou! Ah, how the
poor world is pestered with such water-flies,
diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gull!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted
quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba ; 40

A token from her daughter, my fair love ;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break
it :

Fall, Greeks ; fail, fame ; honour, or go, or
stay ;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent ;
This night in banquetting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus. 49

[*Exeunt ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little
brain, these two may run mad ; but if with

too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails, but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of Lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires.

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, *with lights*.

Agam. We go wrong; we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is; there, where we see the lights. 70

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulys. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector: welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once to those 80

That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS.]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulys. [*Aside to* TROILUS.] Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent.

I'll keep you company.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit* DIOMEDES; ULYSSES and TROILUS *following*.

Achil. Come, come; enter my tent.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NESTOR.

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit*.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within*.] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within*.] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, *at a distance*; *after them*, THERSITES.

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers*.

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted. 11

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulys. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery !
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I'll tell you what,—
Dio. Pho ! pho ! come, tell a pin : you are forsworn.
Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do !
Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me ?
Cres. I prythee, do not hold me to mine oath ;
 Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience !
Ulyss. How now, Trojan !
Cres. Diomed,
Dio. No, no ; good night : I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark ! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness !
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince : let us depart, I pray you,
 Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
 To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous ;
 The time right deadly : I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you !
Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off :
 You flow to great distraction ; come, my lord.
Tro. I prythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience : come.
Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell, and all
 hell's torments,
 I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee ?
 O wither'd truth !
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord !
Tro. By Jove,
 I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian !—why, Greek !
Dio. Pho, pho ! alien, you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not : come hither once
 again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something :
 will you go ?
 You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek !
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay ; by Jove, I will not speak
 a word :
 There is between my will and all offences
 A guard of patience :—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil Luxury, with his fat
 rump and potato-finger, tickles these to-
 gether ! Fry, lechery, fry !
Dio. But will you then !
Cres. In faith, I will, ha : never trust me
 else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety
 of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord ;
 I will not be myself, nor have cognition
 Of what I feel : I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.
Ther. Now the pledge ! now, now, now !
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty ! where is thy faith ?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient ; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve ; behold
 it well—
 He lov'd me O false wench ! Give 't me
 again.
Dio. Whose was 't !
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again :
 I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
 I prythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens.—Well said,
 whetstone !
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this ?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods !—O pretty, pretty
 pledge !
 Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
 Of thee, and me ; and sighs, and takes my
 glove,
 And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
 As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from
 me ;
 He that takes that doth take my heart
 withal.
Dio. I had your heart before ; this follows
 it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it. Diomed ; 'faith,
 you shall not.
 I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this. Whose was it ?
Cres. 'T is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'T was one's that lov'd me better
 than you will.
 But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it ?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,
 And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past ;—
and yet it is not :

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell ;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go. —One cannot speak a word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto : but that that likes not me,

Pleases me best.

Dio. What ! shall I come ! the hour !

Cres. Ay, come : —O Jove ! —

Do come : —I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night : I pry'thee, come.

[*Exit DIOMEDES.*]

Troilus, farewell ! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex ! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err. O ! then conclude,

Minds, away'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit.*]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she said, " My mind is now turn'd whore."

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then ?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth ?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,

As if those organs had deceptuous functions,
Created not to calumniate.

Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord : Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood !

Think we had mothers : do not give advantage
To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule : rather think this not
Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that
can soil our mothers ?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's,
own eyes ?

Tro. This she ? no ; this is Diomed's
Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she :

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against thyself !

Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid !

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's
gates ;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of
heaven :

Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself ;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd,
and loos'd ;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy
reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express ?

Tro. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be
divulg'd wel

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflam'd with Venus : never did young man
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

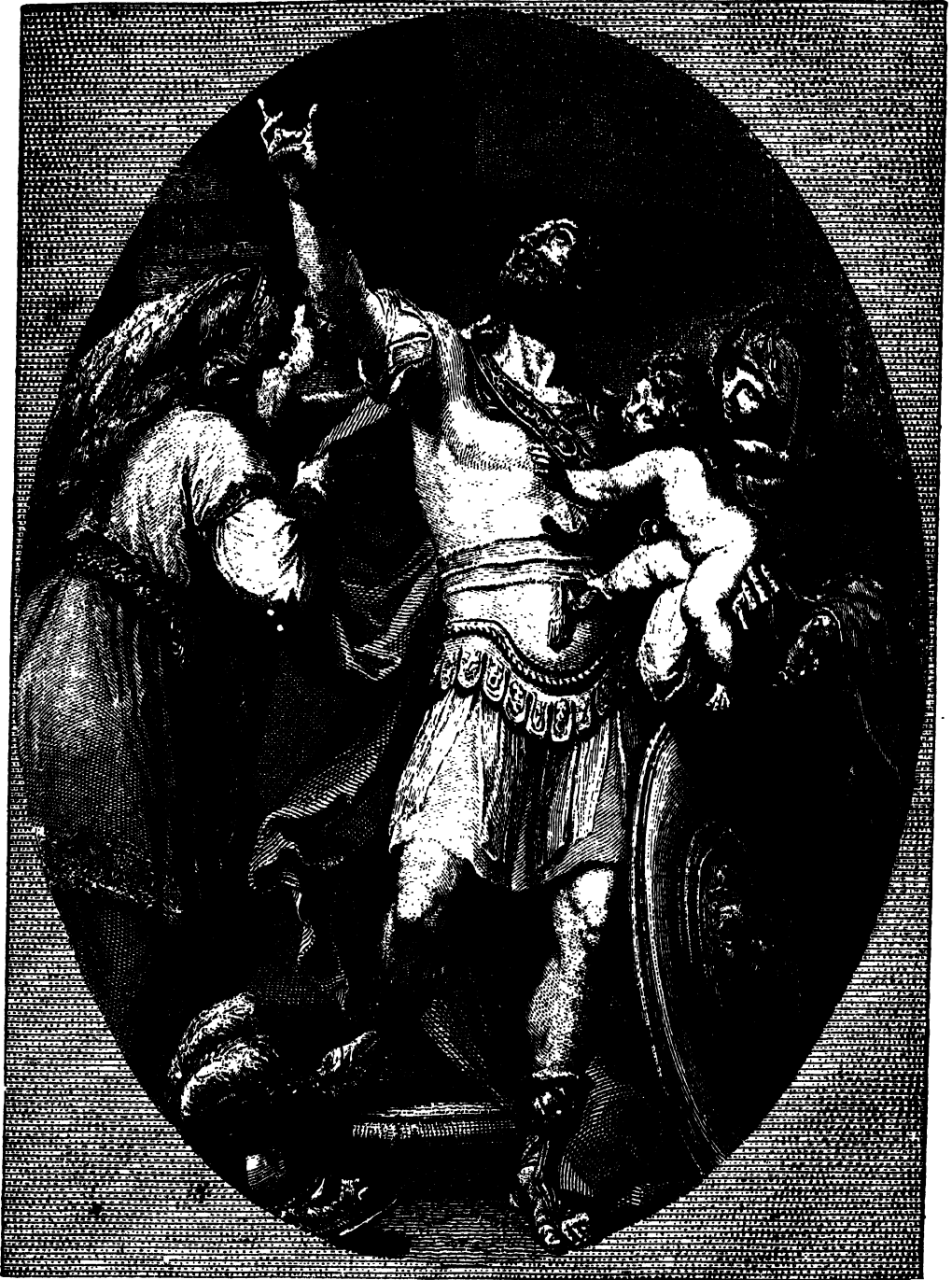
Hark, Greek : —as much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed ;

That sleeve is mine that he'll fear in his
helm :

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful

spout,



CIPRIANI, *Pinxt.*

G. GOLDBERG, *Sculpt.*

HECTOR, ANDROMACHE, AND CASSANDRA.

Andromache. O! be persuaded.

"TROILUS AND CRESSIDA," *Act V., Scene III.*

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constrin'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's
ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concepy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false,
false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O! contain yourse
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour,
my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you
home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My cour-
teous lord, adieu.

Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*]

Ther. [*Coming forward*] Would, I c
meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like
a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Pa-
troclus will give me anything for the intelli-
gence of this whore: the parrot will not do
more for an almond, than he for a com-
modious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars
and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A
burning devil take them! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungent
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment!

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you
gone:

By the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous
to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister: arm'd, and bloody in
intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition:

Pursue we him on knees; for I have
dream'd

Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter.

Cas. O! 't is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens,
sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard
me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it
holy

To hurt thy being just: it is as lawful,

For we would give as much to violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong
the vow;

But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious—dear than
life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight
to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to per-
suade. [*Exit CASSANDRA.*]

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy
harness, youth:

am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be
strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave
boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in
you,

Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus?
chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian
falls,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O! 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords :
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from
ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Tro. Hektor, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight
to-day. 50

Tro. Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;
Not Priamus and Heecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears ;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,

Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him
fast : 50

He is thy crutch ; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hektor, come ; go back :
Thy wife hath dream'd ; thy mother hath had
visions ;

Cassandra doth foresee ; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is afield ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go. 70

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam ! yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with
you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit ANDROMACHE.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious
girl

Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hektor !
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye
turns pale ! 80

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many
vents !

Hark, how Troy roars ! how Heecuba cries
out !

How poor Andromache shrills her do'our
forth !

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry--Hektor ! Hektor's dead ! O
Hektor !

Tro. Away ! away !

Cas. Farewell.--Yet, soft !--Hektor, I take
my leave :

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive, 90
[Exit.]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her ex-
claim.

Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and
fight,

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at
night.

Pri. Farewell, the gods with safety stand
about thee !

[Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR.]

Tro. They are at it ; hark ! Proud
Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

[Going.]

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ! do you hear !

Tro. What now !

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor
girl.

Tro. Let me read. 100

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson
rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish
fortune of this girl ; and what one thing,
what another, that I shall leave you one, o'
these days ; and I have a rheum in mine eyes
too ; and such an ache in my bones, that,
unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what
to think on't.--What says she there !

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart : *[Tearing the letter.]*
The effect doth operate another way.

Go, wind to wind, there turn and change to-
gether. 110

My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE IV. Between Troy and the Grecian
Camp.

Alarums : Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one
another : I'll go look on. That dissembling
abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same
scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of

Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry: they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire: I do not fly, but advantageous cure
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve! now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match!

Art thou of blood and honour!

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee: live. [*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me: but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues! I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle; yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant; take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my Lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus

Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,

And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pushed corpses of the kings

Epistrophus and Cadius: Polixenes is slain:

Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt:

Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes

Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary

Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed,

To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.—

There is a thousand Hectors in the field:

Now, here he fights on Galathe his horse,

And there lacks work; anon, he's there
afoot,

And there they fly, or die, like sealed sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,

And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his
edge,

Fall down before him, like the mower's
swath:

Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves, and
takes:

Dexterity so obeying appetite,

That what he will, he does: and does so
much,

That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great
Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing ven-
geance:

Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy
blood,

Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, huck'd and chipp'd,

come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a
friend,

And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at
it,

Roaring for Troilus: who hath done to-
day

Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,

With such a careless force, and forceless
care,

As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

ACT V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE VIII.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

[Exit.]

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
Hector. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show
thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst
have my office
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what,
Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false
face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone; stand,
Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look
upon.

Tro. Come both, you coggng Greeks, have
at you both. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus! O, well fought, my
youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Ha!—Have at
thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disclaim thy courtesy, proud
Trojan.

Be happy that my arms are out of use;
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. *[Exit.]*

Hect. Fare thee well.—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven, —
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reek not though thou end my life to-day.

[Exit.]

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art
a goodly mark.—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it. Wilt thou not,
beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—The Same.

Enter ACHILLES, with MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Come here about me, you my
Myrmidons!

Mark what I say.—Attend me where I
wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in
breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.—

It is decreed—Hector the great must die. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.—The Same.

*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then,
THESSITES.*

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-make
are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo,
Paris, 'loo! now, my double-benched sparrow!
'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—
'ware horns, ho!

[Exeunt PARIS and MENELAUS.]

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too. I love bastards;
I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed,
bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every-
thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite

another, and wherefore should one bastard?
Take heed, the quarrel 's most ominous to us :
if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he
tempts judgment. Farewell, bastard.
Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done ; I'll take good
breath :

Rest, sword ; thou hast thy fill of blood and
death !

[*Puts off his helmet, and lays his sword aside.*]

Enter ACHILLES and MYRMIDONS.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins
to set ;

How ugly night comes breathing at his
heels :

Even with the veil and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd : forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike ! this is the
man I seek. [*HECTOR falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou next ! now, Troy, sink
down !

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons ; and cry you all again,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark ! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like,
my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
the earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would
have fed,

Pleased with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail ;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

• SCENE X.—The Same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts*
within.

Agam. Hark ! hark ! what shout is that ?

Nest. Peace, drums !

[*Within.*] Achilles ! Achilles ! Hector's
slain ! Achilles !

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by
Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be :

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be
sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
ended.

[*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE XI.—Another part of the Field.

Enter AENEAS and Trojan Forces.

Aene. Stand, ho ! yet are we masters of the
field.

Never go home : here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector ?—The gods forbid !

Tro. He's dead ; and at the murderer's
horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field.

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed !

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at
Troy !

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on !

Aene. My lord, you do discomfort all the
host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me
so.

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death ;

But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone !

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba ?

Let him that will a screech-owl eye be call'd

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's
dead :

There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and
wives,

Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word, 'o

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away :

Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.

Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you !—And thou,
great-siz'd coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates :

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy
thoughts.

Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort
go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt AENEAS and Trojan Forces.*]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other
side, PANDARUS.*

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and
shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*]

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching
bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the
poor agent despised. O traitors and bawds,
how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill
requited! why should our endeavour be so
desired, and the performance so loathed! what

verse for it! what instance for it?—Let me
see.—

Full merrily the humble bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your
painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's
fall;

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be
made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss.
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for cases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS
CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.

TITUS LARTIUS, } *Generals against the Vol-*
COMINIUS, } *scians.*

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *Friend to Coriolanus.*

SICINIUS VELUTUS, } *Tribunes of the People.*
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }

YOUNG MARCIUS, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, *Mother to Coriolanus.*
VIRGILIA, *Wife to Coriolanus.*
VALERIA, *Friend to Virgilia.*
Gentlewoman attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians.
Ediles, Licitors, Soldiers, Citizens, Mes-
sengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other
Attendants.

SCENE - Partly in ROME ; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

ACT I.

SCENE I.- Rome. A Street.

*Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with
staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear
me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die
than to furnish !

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is
chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn
at our own price. Is 't a verdict !

All. No more talking on 't ; let it be done.
Away, away !

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens, the
patricians good. What authority surfeits on
would relieve us. If they would yield us but
the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we
might guess they relieved us humanely ; but
they think, we are too dear : the leanness that
afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an
inventory to particularise their abundance ; our
sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge
this with our pikes, ere we become rakes : for
the gods know, I speak this in hunger for
bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against
Caius Marcius !

All. Against him first : he 's a very dog to
the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has
done for his country ?

1 *Cit.* Very well : and could be content to
give him good report for 't, but that he pays
himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done
famously, he did it to that end : though soft
conscienced men can be content to say it was
for his country, he did it to please his mother,
and to be partly proud : which he is, even to
the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature,
you account a vice in him. You must in no
way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren
of accusations : he hath faults, with surplus, to
tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts
are these ! The other side o' the city is risen :
why stay we prating here ! to the Capitol !

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Come ! who comes here !

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa ; one that
hath always loved the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough : 'would, all the rest were so !

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand ? Where go you With bats and clubs ? The matter ? Speak, I pray you.

1 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate : they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths : they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, Will you undo yourselves ?

1 Cit. We cannot, sir ; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care

Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them

Against the Roman state, whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it ; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack !

You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you ; and you slander

The helms of the state, who care for you like fathers,

When you curse them as enemies.

1 Cit. Care for us !—True, indeed ! They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to furnish, and their store-houses crammed with grain ; make edicts for usury, to support usurers ; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will ; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale : it may be, you have heard it ; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale't a little more.

1 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir : yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale ; but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—

That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest ; where the other
instruments

Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly ?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,

(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That envied his receipt ; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

1 Cit. Your belly's answer ? What !
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then ?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks ! What then ?
what then ?

1 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,

Who is the sink o' the body,—
Men. Well, what then ?

1 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,

What could the belly answer ?

Men. I will tell you :
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)

Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 Cit. Ye're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend ;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered :—

“ True is it, my incorporate friends,” quoth he,

“ That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body : but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain ;

And, through the cranks and offices of man,

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at
once,

You, my good friends,"—this says the belly,
mark me.--

1 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you
to 't?

1 Cit. It was an answer. How apply you
this?

Men. The Senators of Rome are this good
belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels and their cares; digest things
rightly,

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall
find,

No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you
think,

You, the great toe of this assembly?

1 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great
toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest,
basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st fore-
most:

Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.

But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs:
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble
Marcus!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you
dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee,
will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have,
you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts
to you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you
hares;

Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues
him,

And curse that justice did it.—Who deserves
greatness,

Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that
depends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!

Trust ye!

With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's
the matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their
seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates: whereof,
they say,

The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say! 100

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to
rise,

Who thrives, and who declines; side factions
and give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's
grain enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as
high

As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly
persuaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth
proverbs:

That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs
must eat;

That meat was made for mouths; that the
gods sent not

Corn for the rich men only.—With these
shreds

They vented their complainings; which being
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,

And make bold power look pale,) they thrice
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar
wisdoms,

Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the
city,

Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater
themes

For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What is the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscies are in
arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall ha'
means to vent

Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.*

I Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have
lately told us;

The Volscies are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Autidius, that will put you to't.

I sin in envying his nobility;

And were I anything but what I am,

I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the
ears, and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

I Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus'
face.

What! art thou stiff? stand'st out!

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the
other,

Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true-bred!

I Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where,
I know,

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. [To COMINIUS.]

Lead you on:

[To MARCIUS.] Follow Cominius; we must
follow you;

Right worthy you priority.

Com.

Noble Marcius!

I Sen. [To the Citizens.] Hence! To your
homes! be gone.

Mar.

Nay, let them follow:

The Volscies have much corn; take these rats
thither,

To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful muti-
ners,

Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.

[*Excellent Senators, COMINIUS, MARCIUS,
TITUS, and MENENIUS, Citizens
steal away.*]

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this
Marcius!

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird
the gods.

Sic. Bemoek the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him! he is
grown

Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature.

Tickled with good success, disdains the
shadow

Which he treads on at noon. But I do
wonder.

His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,

In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy cen-
sure

Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru.

Come:

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius.
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic.

Let's hence and hear

How the despatch is made; and in what
fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — Corioli. The Senate-house.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this
state,

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention! 'Tis not four days
gone,

Since I heard thence: these are the words: I
think,

I have the letter here; yes, here it is:
[*Reads.*] "They have pressed a power, but it
is not known

Whether for east, or west. The dearth is
great;

The people mutinous; and it is rumoured,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is for you.
Consider of it."

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was
ready

To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when
They needs must show themselves; which in
the hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the dis-
covery

We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which
was,

To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O! doubt not that; so
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.

If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — Rome. An Apartment in
MARCUS' House.

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA. They sit
down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my
son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice
in that absence wherein he won honour, than
in the embracements of his bed, where he
would show most love. When yet he was
but tender-bodied, and the only son of my
womb; when youth with comeliness plucked
all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings'
entreaties, a mother should not sell him an
hour from her beholding: I,—considering
how honour would become such a person;
that it was no better than picture-like to
hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,
—was pleased to let him seek danger
where he was like to find fame. To a cruel
war I sent him; from whence he returned,
his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daugh-
ter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing
he was a man-child, than now in first seeing
he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business,
madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have
been my son: I therein would have found
issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I
a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and
none less dear than thine and my good
Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly
for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit
out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to
visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire
myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair; so
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning
him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

“Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear, Though you were born in Rome.” His bloody brow

With his mail’d hand then wiping, forth he goes, Like to a harvest-man, that’s task’d to mow— Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man, Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier

Than Hector’s forehead, when it spit forth blood—

At Grecian swords, contemning. — Tell Valeria,

We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gentlewoman.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He’ll beat Aufidius’ head below his knee, And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALENTIA and an Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith. — How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O’ my word, the father’s son; I’ll swear, ’t is a very pretty boy. O’ my troth, I looked upon him o’ Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again, catch’d it again; or whether his fall enraged him, or how ’t was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammoocked it!

Vol. One of his father’s moods.

Val. Indeed, ha, ’t is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Vol. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I’ll not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. ’T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Vol. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses’ absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Vol. In truth, ha, go with me; and I’ll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Vol. Verily, I do not jest with you: there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Vol. In earnest, it’s true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is: — the Volscies have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power; your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would. — Fare you well then. — Come, good sweet lady. Pr’ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o’ door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: — a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pry'thee, make us quick in work,

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

A parley sounded. Enter, on the walls, two Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he.

That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*]
Hark, our drums

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,

Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*]
Hark you, far off;

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O! they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Iadders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

• With hearts more proof than shields.—

Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come

on, my fellows:

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volscie, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—Biles and plagues

Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd

Further than seen, and one infect another

Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you

run

From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe, And make my wars on you; look to't: come

on;

If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,

As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are open:—now prove good seconds.

'T is for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[*Alarum continues.*]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,

With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone,

To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword, And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art

left, Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,

Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

dier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,

Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the
world
Were feverous and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by
the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir!
Lart. O, 't is Marcius!
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

Mar. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—

[*Exit MARCIUS.*
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. *Away!*
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, as in retreat.

Com. Breathe you, my friends: well
fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have
struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have
heard
The charges of our friends.—Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,
May give you thankful sacrifice!—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long
is't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard
their drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder
from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius'
tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

SCENE V.—Within Corioli. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for
silver.

[*Alarm continues still afar off.*]

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a
trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize
their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden
spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen
would
Bury with those that wore them, these base
slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up—Down
with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes!
To him!

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus,
take

Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will
haste

To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you
well.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great
charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentle-
man,
Prosperity be thy page!

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you in arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart as merry as when our nuptial day was done, And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors, How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees: Condemning some to death, and some to exile;

Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;

Holding Corioli in the name of Rome, Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash, To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave, Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?

Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone; He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen, The common file, (a plague!—tribunes for them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge

From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think:

Where is the enemy? are you lords o' the field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,

And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on which side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius, Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates, Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius, Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you, By all the battles wherein we have fought, By the blood we have shed together, by the vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates; And that you not delay the present, but, Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,

We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish You were conducted to a gentle bath,

And balms applied to you, yet dare I never Deny your asking. Take your choice of those That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they That most are willing. If any such be here,

(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear Lesser his person than an ill report;

If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,

And that his country's dearer than himself; Let him, alone, or so many so minded,

Wave thus, to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me!

If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Volscies? None of you but is Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number,

Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight.

As cause will be obey'd. Please you march;

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows: Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve For a short holding; if we lose the field,

We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike: Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fume and envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcus, Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus, Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 't is not my blood,

Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector, That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*]

Officious, and not valiant,—you have sham'd me

In your condemned seconds.

[*Escort, fighting, all driven by MARCIUS.*]

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter, at one side, COMINIUS and Romans: at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,

Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and surrag,

I' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,

Shall say, against their hearts,—

"We thank the gods, our Rome hath such a soldier!"

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done

As you have done; that's what I can;
Indue'd

As you have been; that's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know

The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-
ment,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves remember'd,

Com. Should they not, Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all those horses

(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store),
of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, "MARCIUS! MARCIUS!" cast up their caps and lances. COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,

Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing !

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,

Let him be made a coverture for the wars !

No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which, without note, here's many else have done,

You shout me forth

In acclamations hyperbolical ;

As if I loved my little should be dieted In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you, More cruel to your good report, than grateful To us that give you truly. By your patience, If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you

(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,

Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius Wears this war's garland : in token of the which

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,

With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him, With all the applause and clamour of the host, CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

Bear the addition nobly ever !

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

Cor. I will go wash ;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive Whether I blush or no : howbeit, I thank you.—

I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times, To undercrest your good addition To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent ; Where, ere we do repose us, we will write To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius, Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome The best, with whom we may articulate, For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 't is yours.—What is 't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli, At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly : He cried to me ; I saw him priouner ;

But then Aufidius was within my view, And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !

Were he the butcher of my son, he should Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot !—

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here ?

Com.

Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries : 't is time It should be look'd to. Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en !

1 Sold. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition !—

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,

Being a Volscer, be that I am. — Condition !

What good condition can a treaty find

I the part that is at mercy ?—Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee : so often hast thou beat me ;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in 't, it had ; for where I thought to crush him in an equal force,

True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way,

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sold. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him ; for him

Shall fly out of itself. Nor sleep, nor sanctuary,

Being naked, sick ; nor fane, nor Capitol,

The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,

Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst

My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,

Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city :

Learn, how 't is held, and what they are, that
must

Be hostages for Rome.

I Sold. Will not you go?

Ans. I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you,

(T is south the city mills,) bring me word
thither

How the world goes, that to the pace
of it

I may spur on my journey.

I Sold.

I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have
news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the
people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their
friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry
plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that bays like a
bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a
lamb. You two are old men: tell me one
thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in,
that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored
with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two
know how you are censured here in the city,
I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will
you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a
very little thief of occasion will rob you of a
great deal of patience: give your dispositions
the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at
the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you,
in being so. You blame Marcius for being
proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone;
for your helps are many, or else your actions
would grow wondrous single: your abilities
are too infant-like for doing much alone.
You talk of pride: O! that you could turn
your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and

make but an interior survey of your good
selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a
brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy
magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough
too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous pa-
trician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine,
with not a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said
to be something imperfect, in favouring the
first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon
too trivial motion; one that converses more
with the buttock of the night, than with the
forehead of the morning. What I think, I
utter, and spend my malice in my breath.
Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I
cannot call you Lyeurguses), if the drink you
give me touch my palate adversely, I make a
crooked face at it. I can't say, your worship
have delivered the matter well, when I find
the ass in compound with the major part of
your syllables; and though I must be content
to bear with those that say you are reverend
grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you
have good faces. If you see this in the map
of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known
well enough too? What harm can your
bisson conspectuities glean out of this charac-
ter, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well
enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves,
nor anything. You are ambitious for poor
knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good
wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause
between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller,
and then rejoin the controversy of three-
pence to a second day of audience.—When
you are hearing a matter between party and
party, if you chance to be pinched with the
colic, you make faces like mummers, set up
the bloody flag against all patience, and, in
roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the con-
troversy bleeding, the more entangled by your
hearing: all the peace you make in their cause

*is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worshippers: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians; I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the scene.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho! Marcius coming home?

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me! It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much. — Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I'd warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I'll be sworn they are true. —Where is he wounded? — [*To the Trillemes, who come forward.*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh, —there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nerry arm doth lie;

Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A shout. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows Coriolanus: — Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[*Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother!

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,—

What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—

But, O! thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—[*To VALERIA.*]

O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O!

welcome home;

And welcome, general; and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I

could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy.

Welcome!

*A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith
of men,*

We have some old crab-trees here at home,
that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome,
warriors!

We call a nettle but a nettle, and

The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. [*To his Wife and Mother.*] Your
hand,—and yours:

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,

The good patricians must be visited;

From whom I have received not only greet-
ings,

But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,

And the buildings of my fancy: only

There's one thing wanting, which I doubt
not but

Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Escort in state, as
before. The Tribunes remain.*]

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the
bleared sights

Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling
nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry

While she chats him: the kitchen malkin
pins

Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls,

bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges

hors'd

With variable complexions, all agreeing

In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flammens,

Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames

Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to the wanton

spoil

Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother

As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,

Were silyl crept into his human powers,

And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his
honours

From where he should begin, and end; but
will

Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom
we stand,

But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new

honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little

question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;

Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds^o
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'T is right.

Bru. It was his word. O! he would miss
it, rather

Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry
To him, and the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose, and to
put it
In execution.

Bru. 'T is most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good
wills.

A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to 's power he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their
pleaders, and

Disproportioned their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their
provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not
want,

If he be put upon 't: and that 's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol.

'T is thought,

That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the
blind

To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and hand-
kerchers,

Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder, with their caps and
shouts:

I never saw the like.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come; they are almost here.
How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 't is thought of
every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's
vengeance proud, and loves not the common
people.

2 *Off.* Faith, there have been many great
men that have flattered the people, who ne'er
loved them; and there be many that they
have loved, they know not wherefore: so
that, if they love they know not why, they
hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for
Coriolanus neither to care whether they love
or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he
has in their disposition; and, out of his noble
carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had
their love or no, he wav'd indifferently
'twixt doing them neither good nor harm;
but he seeks their hate with greater devotion
than they can render it him, and leaves
nothing undone that may fully discover him
their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the
malice and displeasure of the people, is as
bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them
for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his
country; and his ascent is not by such easy
degrees as those who, having been supple and
courteous to the people, bonneted, without
any further deed to have them at all, into
their estimation and report; but he hath so
planted his honours in their eyes, and his
actions in their hearts, that for their tongues
to be silent, and not confess so much, were a
kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise
were a malice, that, giving itself the lie,
would pluck reproof and rebuke from every
ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy
man. Make way, they are coming.

*A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them,
COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIO-
LANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and
BRUTUS. The Senators take their places;
the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volscies,
and

To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore,
please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom

We met here, both to thank, and to remember

With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,

Rather our state's defective for requital, so
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,

We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Brn. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off :
I would you rather had been silent. Please you

To hear Cominius speak !

Brn. Most willingly ;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people :
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.

Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus : never shame to fear

What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon :
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Brn. Sir, I hope, 70
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But,
your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my
head i' the sun,

When the alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit.]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you
now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it !—Proceed,
Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of
Coriolanus

Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,

That valour is the chiefest virtue, and

Most dignifies the haver : if it be,

The man I speak of cannot in the world

Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he
fought

Beyond the mark of others ; our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him
fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove

The bristled lips before him. He bestrid

An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's
view

Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,

He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his
meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil
age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;

And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,

He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For
this last, 101

Before and in Corioli, let me say,

I cannot speak him home : he stopp'd the
fliers,

And by his rare example made the coward

Turn terror into sport. As weeds before

A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,

And fell below his stem : his sword, death's
stamp,

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries. Alone he

enter'd 110

The mortal gate of the city, which he painted

With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,

And with a sudden reinforcement struck

Corioli like a planet. Now all 's his ;

When by-and-by the din of war 'gan pierce

His ready sense : then straight his doubled
spirit

Re-quicken'd what in the flesh was fatigate,

And to the battle came he ; where he did

Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if

'T were a perpetual spoil ; and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood 120

To ease his breast with panting.

Men.

Worthy man !

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the
honours

Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;

And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world : he covets
less

Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble :
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus. 150

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well
pleas'd

To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat
them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage :
please you,

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices : neither will they
late 155
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't :
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that ?

Cor. To brag unto them, —Thus I did, and
thus ;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should
hide,

As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only !

Men. Do not stand upon't. — 150
We recommend to you, tribunes of the
people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble
consul

Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and
honour !

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but SICINIUS and*
BRUTUS.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the
people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent ! He will
require them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come ; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we
ought not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do
it, but it is a power that we have no power
to do : for if he show us his wounds, and tell
us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into
those wounds, and speak for them ; so, if he
tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him
our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude
is monstrous, and for the multitude to be
ingrateful were to make a monster of the
multitude ; of the which we being members,
should bring ourselves to be monstrous
members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought
of, a little help will serve : for once we stood
up about the corn, he himself stuck not to
call us the many-headed multitude. 17

3 Cit. We have been called so of many ;
not that our heads are some brown, some
black, some auburn, some bald, but that our
wits are so diversely coloured : and truly, I
think, if all our wits were to issue out of one
skull, they would fly east, west, north, south ;
and their consent of one direct way should be
at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 Cit. Think you so ? Which way do you
judge my wit would fly ?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out
as another man's will : 't is strongly wedged
up in a blockhead ; but if it were at liberty,
't would, sure, southward.

2 Cit. Why that way ? 20

3 Cit. To lose itself in a fog ; where, being
three parts melted away with rotten dews,
the fourth would return, for conscience sake,
to help to get thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks :
—you may, you may.

3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your
voices ? But that's no matter ; the greater
part carries it. I say, if he would incline to
the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility :

mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. *[Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known

The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say? I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir:—my wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods! You must not speak of that: you must desire them

To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em! I would they would forget me, like the virtues

Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all: I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,

In wholesome manner. *[Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, and keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 't was never my desire yet, to trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—I have your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An't were to give again,—but 't is no matter. *[Exeunt the two Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul. I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 't is a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you; I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them: I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! *[Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve, Than crave the hire which first we do deserve. Why in this wolvisish toge should I stand

here, To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—

What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,

The dust of antique time would lie unswept. And mountainous error be too highly heap'd For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it

so, Let the high office and the honour go To one that would do thus.—I am half through:

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you
think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to
you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had
your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to
cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirm'd; we may deny
him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. I twice five hundred, and their
friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly: and tell
those friends,

They have chose a consul that will from them
take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget
not

With what contempt he wore the humble
weed;

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your
loves,

Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did
fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. *Tag.*
A fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that your
minds,

Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the
grain

To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lec-
tures to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he
springs of,

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king;
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were.
That our best water brought by conduits
hither;

[And Censorinus that was so surnam'd,]
And nobly named so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't.
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your
number,

Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on:

This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, just doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come, we'll be there before the stream o' the
people;

And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and
Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new
head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was
which caus'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then, the Volscies stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
road
Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and
did curse

Against the Volscies, for they had so vildly
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword:

That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his
fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do
despise them;

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no
further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble, and the
common?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the
market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them
now,

And straight disclaim their tongues?—What
are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not
their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by
plot,

To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of
late,

When corn was given them gratis, you re-
pin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd
them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them ail.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By
yond clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire
your way.

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd.—Set on.—
This paltering

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't
again—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler
friends,

I crave their pardons:—

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let
them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,

In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our
senate

The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd

and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd
number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till they decay, against those
meazels,
Which we disdain should tatter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Brut. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Nic. 'T were well,
We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind.

Nic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark
you

His absolute "shall?"

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. "Shall!"
O good, but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you
thus

Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster's, wants
not spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have
power,

Then veil your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools: if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are
plebeians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest
taste

Most palates theirs. They choose their
magistrate;

And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove him-
self,

It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give
forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was
us'd

Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more
absolute power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Brut. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know,
the corn

Was not our recompense, resting well
assur'd

They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd
to the war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind
of service

Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the
war,

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they
show'd

Most valour, spoke not for them. The ac-
cusation

Which they have often made against the
senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest

The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did
request it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time
break ope

The locks o' the senate, and bring in the
crows

To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Brut. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and
human,

Seal what I end withal!—This double wor-
ship,—

Where one part does disdain with cause, the
other

Insult without all reason; where gentry,
title, wisdom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit

Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it
follows,

Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore,
beseech you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state

More than you doubt the change of 't, that
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—at once
pluck out

The multitudinous tongue : let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the
state

Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it
would

For the ill which doth control 't.

Bru. H' as said enough.

Sic. H' as spoken like a traitor, and shall
answer

As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm
thee !—

What should the people do with these bald
tribunes ?

On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be
was law,

Then were they chosen : in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason !

Sic. This a consul ? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho !—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people ; [*Exit Ædile*] in
whose name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge
thee,

And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat !

Sen. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake
thy bones

Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens !

*Re-enter the Ædile, with others, and a rabble
of Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you
all your power.

Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles*.

Cit. Down with him ! down with him !

[*Several speak.*

2 Sen. Weapons ! weapons ! weapons !

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*
Tribunes, patricians, citizens !—what, ho !—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens !

Cit. Peace, peace, peace ! stay, hold, peace.

Men. What is about to be ?—I am out of
breath ;

Confusion's near : I cannot speak.—You,
tribunes,

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience :—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people ; peace !

Cit. Let's hear our tribune :—peace !
Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all
flat

Sic. What is the city, but the people ?

Cit. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were estab-
lish'd

The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from
thence

Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles*, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word ;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace !

Men. Be that you seem, truly your coun-
try's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very
poisonous

Where the disease is violent—Lay hands
upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No ; I'll die here.
[Drawing his sword.]
 There's some among you have beheld me fighting :
 Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword !—Tribunes, withdraw awhile.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
 You that be noble ; help him, young and old !
Cit. Down with him ! down with him !
[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Aediles, and the People, are beat in.]
Men. Go, get you to your house : be gone, away
 All will be naught else.
2 Sen. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast ;
 We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that ?
1 Sen. The gods forbid !
 I pry'thee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
 Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 't is a sore upon us
 You cannot tent yourself : be gone, beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are.
 Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not,
 Though call'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,—
Men. Be gone ;
 Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;
 One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground
 I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself take up a brace of
 the best of them ; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now, 't is odds beyond arithmetic ;
 And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
 Against a falling fabric. —Will you hence,
 Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
 Like interrupted waters, and o'er-bear
 What they are us'd to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone.
 I'll try whether my old wit be in request
 With those that have but little : this must
 be patch'd
 With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.]
1 Pat. This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,

Or Jove for his power to thunder. His
 heart's his mouth :
 What his breast forges, that his tongue must
 vent :
 And, being angry, does forget that ever
 He heard the name of death. *[A noise within.]*
 Here's goodly work !
2 Pat. I would they were a-bed !
Men. I would they were in Tiber !—What,
 the vengeance,
 Could he not speak 'em fair ?
Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.
Sic. Where is this viper
 That would depopulate the city, and
 Be every man himself ?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian
 rock
 With rigorous hands : he hath resisted law,
 And therefore law shall scorn him further
 trial
 Than the severity of the public power,
 Which he so sets at nought.
1 Cit. He shall well know,
 The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
 And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on 't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace !
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should
 but hunt
 With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't that you
 Have help to make this rescue ?
Men. Hear me speak,—
 As I do know the consul's worthiness,
 So can I name his faults. —
Sic. Consul !—what consul ?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul !
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours,
 good people,
 I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
 The which shall turn you to no further harm
 Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then ;
 For we are peremptory to dispatch
 This viperous traitor. To eject him hence,
 Were but one danger ; and to keep him here,
 Our certain death : therefore it is decreed
 He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
 Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
 In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
 Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He 's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O! he 's a limb, that has but a disease;

Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.

What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?

Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:

And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,
It honoured him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was---

Bru. We 'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscar'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;

Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—
Come!—

Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,

I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We 'll attend you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed

In our first way.

Men. I 'll bring him to you.—

[*To the Senators.*] Let me desire your company.

He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.

Sen. Pray you, let's to him.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CORIOLANUS' House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears;
present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight: yet will I still
Be thus to them.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir!
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,

With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senator.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough,
something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There 's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and parish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but
that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as
physic
For the whole state, I would put mine
armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the
gods;

Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble;
But when extremities speak—I have heard
you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and
tell me,

In peace, what each of them by the other
lose,

That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best
ends,

You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to
speak

To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts
you,

But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllab-
les

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune,
and

The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,

Your wife, your son, these senators, the
nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon
'em,

For the inheritance of their loves, and safe-
guard

Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!

Come, go with us: speak fair; you may save
so,

Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pry'thee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be
with them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such
business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the
ignorant

More learned than the ears,) waving thy
head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry

That will not hold the handling: or say to
them,

Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in
broils,

Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost con-
fess,

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt
frame

Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were
yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pry'thee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although, I know, thou
hadst rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Co-
minius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place;
and, sir, 't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—

Pry'thee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed
sconce?

Must I with my base tongue give to my noble
heart

A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:

Yet were there but this single plot to lose,

This mould of Marcius, they to dust should
grind it,

And throw 't against the wind.—To the
market-place!

You have put me now to such a part, which
never

I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prythee now, sweet son: as thou
hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't.

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be
turn'd,

Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice

That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of
knaves

Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears
take up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,

Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind

A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let

Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death

With as big heart as thou. Do as thou
list.

Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it
from me,

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:

Mother, I am going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their

loves,
Clog their hearts from them, and come home
belov'd

Of all the traders in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,

Or never trust to what my tongue can do
If the way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you:
arm yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let
us go:

Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that
he affects

Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed. —

Enter an Edile.

What, will he come?

Ed. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Ed. With old Menenius, and those sena-
tors

That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,

Set down by the poll?

Ed. I have; 't is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Ed. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they hear me say, "It shall be
so

I' the right and strength o' the commons," be
it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let
them,

If I say fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative

And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Ed. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have
begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence.

Ed. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for
this hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go; about it.—[*Exit Edile.*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been
us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : being once chaf'd, he can-
not
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which
looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest
piece

Will bear the knave by the volume. — The
honour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of jus-
tice

Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among
us !

Throng our large temples with the shows of
peace,

And not our streets with war !

I Sen.

Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ed. List to your tribunes. Audience :
peace ! I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say. — Peace, ho !

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than
this present ?

Must all determine here ?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you ?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens ! he says, he is content :

The warlike service he has done, consider ;
think

Upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars ;
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,

You find him like a soldier. Do not take

His rougher accents for malicious sounds,

But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well ; no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That, being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have con-
triv'd to take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;

For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! traitor !

Men. Nay, temperately ; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the
people !

Call me their traitor ! Thou injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand
deaths,

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say.

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Cit. To the rock ! to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :

What you have seen him do, and heard him

Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even
this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome, —

Cor. What do you prate of service ?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You ?

Men. Is this the promise that you made
your mother ?

Com. Know, I pray you, —

Cor. I'll know no further.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flogging, pent to linger

But with a grain a day ; I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,

Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power ; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the
presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it : in the name o' the

people,

And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates. I the people's
name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him
away:

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my com-
mon friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:
I have been consul, and can show for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more
tender,

More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: speak what!

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,

As enemy to the people and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose
breath I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I
prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you:
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power
still

To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels),
Making not reservation of yourselves
(Still your own foes), deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is
gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone!
Hoo! hoo!

[*They all shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates; and follow
him,

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come; let us see him out at
gates: come.—

The gods preserve our noble tribunes!
Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before a Gate of
the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young
Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief fare-
well.—The beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay,
mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were
us'd

To say, extremities was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could
bear;

That, when the sea was calm, all boats
like

Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's
blows,

When most struck home, being gentle
wounded, craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me

With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pry'thee, woman.—

Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all
trades in Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay,
mother,

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to
say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and
sav'd

Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my
mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's.
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld

Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,

'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well,

My hazards still have been your solace; and Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son

Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month; devise with thee

Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,

And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full

Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come; let's not weep.—

*If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.*

Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. A street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided

In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Edile.]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.

Vol. O! you're well met. The hoarded
plague o' the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—[To BRUTUS.]
Will you be gone?

Vir. [To SICINIUS.] You shall stay too. I
would I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but
this fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou fox-
ship

To banish him that struck more blows for
Rome

Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou
wise words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;
—yet go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my
son

Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,

His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for
Rome!

Men. Come, come: peace!

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his coun-
try,

As he began; and not unknit himself

The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'T was you incens'd the rabble :
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
 As I can of those mysteries which heaven
 Will not have earth to know.

Brut. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :
 You have done a brave deed. Ere you go,
 hear this :—

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
 The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,—
 This lady's husband here, this, do you see!—
 Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Brut. Well, well ; we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
 With one that wants her wits!

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do,
 But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
 But once a day, it would unclog my heart
 Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home.
 And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll
 sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat : I sup upon myself,
 And so shall starve with feeding.—Come,
 let's go.

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
 In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsc, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me.

Your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; and my services are,
 as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor?

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last
 saw you ; but your favour is well appeared by
 your tongue. What's the news in Rome?
 I have a note from the Volscian state, to find
 you out there : you have well saved me a day's
 journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange
 insurrections : the people against the senators,
 patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our
 state thinks not so ; they are in a most war-
 like preparation, and hope to come upon them
 in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a
 small thing would make it flame again. For
 the nobles receive so to heart the banishment
 of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a
 ripe aptness to take all power from the people,
 and to pluck from them their tribunes for
 ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and
 is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished!

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intel-
 ligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now.
 I have heard it said, the fittest time to cor-
 rupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out
 with her husband. Your noble Tullus
 Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his
 great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no re-
 quest of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortu-
 nate, thus accidentally to encounter you : you
 have ended my business, and I will merrily
 accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell
 you most strange things from Rome, all tend-
 ing to the good of their adversaries. Have you
 an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one : the centurions
 and their charges distinctly billeted, already
 in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an
 hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness,
 and am the man, I think, that shall set them
 in present action. So, sir, heartily well met,
 and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir : I
 have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. Before AUFIDIUS'S House.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel,
 disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
 'T is I that made thy widows : many an heir
 Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
 Have I heard groan, and drop : then, know
 me not,

Least that thy wives with spits, and boys with
 stones,
 In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell.

✱

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now
fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one
heart,

Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On dismission of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke
their sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance, or
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same.* A Hall in
AUFIDIUS'S House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service
is here! I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*]

Enter a second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls
for him.—Cotus!

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: the feast smells
well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend?
Whence are you? Here's no place for you:
pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertain-
ment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the

porter his eyes in his head, that he gives
entrance to such companions? Pray, get you
out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you
talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on.
I cannot get him out o' the house: prythee,
call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow?
Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt
your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up
some other station: here's no place for you.
Pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go, and batten
on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Prythee,
tell my master what a strange guest he has
here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

[*Exit.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I the city of kites and crows!—
What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with
daws too?

Cor. No; I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with
my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honest service than to
meddle with thy mistress.

Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy
trencher. Hence! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

51

2 *Serv.* Here, sir. I'd have beaten him
like a dog, but for disturbing the lords with-
in.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst
thou? thy name? Why speak'st not? speak,
man: what's thy name?

Cor. [*Unmuffling.*] If, Tullus, not yet thou
know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think

me for the man I am, necessity command
me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,

And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't: though thy tackle's
torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What's thy
name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st
thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath
done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volscies,
Great hurt and mischief! thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou should'st bear me. Only that
name remains:

The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the
rest;

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of
hope—

Mistake me not—to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those
mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed
thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn: so use
it,

That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more
fortunes

Thou'rt tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice;
Which not to cut would show thee but a
fool,

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's
breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded
from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say "T is true," I'd not believe them
more

Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here

I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Content against thy valour. Know thou
first,

I lov'd the maid I married: never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I
tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me
out

Twelve several times, and I have nightly
since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcius,

Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but
that

Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster
all

From twelve to seventy: and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O! come; go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands.
Who now are here, taking their leaves of
me,

Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou
wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set
down—

As best thou art experienc'd, since thou
know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways :

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them, in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall

Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes

And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand :
most welcome !

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

Serv. [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration !

Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so ; looking as it were, -- 'would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is ; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six on him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither ; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news ; news, you rascals.

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what ? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore ? wherefore ?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general.—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general ?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general ; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends : he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't : before Coriolanus scotched him and notched him like a car-bonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news ?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars : set at upper end o' the table ; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand-bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him ; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sow the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do 't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do 't ! he will do 't : for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies ; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude ! what's that ?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward ?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow ; to-day ; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon : 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I : it exceeds peace as far as day does night ; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy ; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible ; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so : and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason : because they then less

need one another. The wars, for my money.
I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.
—They are rising, they are rising.
All. In, in, in! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we
fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his
friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather
had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, be-
hold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than
see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and
going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this
Menenius?
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown
most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!
Men. Hail to you both!
Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the commonwealth
doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.
Men. All's well; and might have been
much better, if
He could have temporis'd.
Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother
and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!
Sic. Good e'en, our neighbours.
Bru. Good e'en to you all, good e'en to
you all.
1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children,
on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live, and thrive!
Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours. We
wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.
Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely
time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all think-
ing,
Self-loving,

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamen-
tation,

If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Edile.

Ed. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison.
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius.
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood
for Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It
cannot be

The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;

And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard
this;

Lest you shall chance to whip your informa-
tion,

And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are
going

All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave.

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising !

Nothing but his report !

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful !
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely !
Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort
may wish

Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and
took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O ! you have made good work.

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own
daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your
noses ;—

Men. What's the news ? what's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their ce-
ment ; and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, what news ?—
You have made fair work, I fear inc.—Pray,
your news ?—

If Marcius should be joined with Volscians, —

Com. If !

He is their god : he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow
him

Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,

You, and your apron-men ; you that stood
so much

Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters !

Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have
made fair work.

Bru. But is this true, sir ?

Com. Ay ; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can
blame him ?

Your enemies, and his, find something in
him.

Men. We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it ?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame ; the
people

Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends,
if they

Should say, " Be good to Rome," they charg'd
him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, " Beseech you, cease."—You have
made fair hands,

You and your crafts ; you have crafted fair.

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How ! Was it we ? We lov'd him ;
but, like boasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your
clusters,

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him ?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you
cast

Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at

Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming ;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip : as many cox-
combs

As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no
matter

If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was
pity. 141

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I ; and, to say the truth, so
did very many of us. That we did, we did for
the best ; and though we willingly consented
to his banishment, yet it was against our
will.

Com. Ye're goodly things, you voices !

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry !—Shall's to
the Capitol ?

Com. O ! ay ; what else ?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home ; be not
dismay'd : 150

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go
home,

And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us ! Come,
masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i'
the wrong, when we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's
home. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—'Would, half
my wealth

Would buy this for a lie !

Sic. Pray, let us go. 161
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—A Camp, at a small distance
from Rome

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

Lien. I do not know what witchcraft's in
him ; but

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot

Of our design. He bears himself more proud-
lier,

Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him ; yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lien.

Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him ; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well ; and be thou
sure,

When he shall come to his account, he knows
not

What I can urge against him. Although it
seems,

And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 160
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things
fairly,

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian
state,

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard
mine,

Whene'er we come to our account.

Lien. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll
carry Rome ?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits
down ;

And the nobility of Rome are his :

The senators and patricians love him too : 161
The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their
people

Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to
Rome,

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was

A noble servant to them, but he could not

Carry his honours even : whether 't was
pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances 162

Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,

Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but command-
ing peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war ; but one of these

(As he hath spices of them all, not all,

For I dare so far free him) made him
fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a
merit,

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time ;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one
nail ;

Rights by rights falter, strengths by strengths
do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is
thine,
Thou art poor'st of all ; then, shortly art thou
mine. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS,
BRUTUS, and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go : you hear what he
hath said,
Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd
him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me
father ;
But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd
him ;
A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my
name.

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops in
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to, forbid all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for
Rome,

To make could cheap : a noble memory !

Com. I minded him, how royal 't was to
pardon

When it was less expected : he replied,

I was a bare petition of a state :
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well : could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends : his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 't was
folly,

For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his
child,

And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt

Above the moon. We must be burnt for
you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse
your aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if
you

Would be your country's pleader, your good
tongue,

More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can
do

For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well ; and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard ; what then ?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? say't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will

Must have that thanks from Rome, after the
measure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it :

I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unheart-
me.

He was not taken well ; he had not din'd :
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have
stuff'd

These pipes and these conveyances of our
blood

With wine and feeding, we have suppler
souls

Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore, I'll
watch him

Till he be dieted to my request,

And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his
kindness,

And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him.

Speed how it will, I shall ere long have knowledge

Of my success. *[Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye

Red 'as 't would burn Rome, and his injury

The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;

'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me

Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,

He sent in writing after me,—what he would not;

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:

So that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother, and his wife,

Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Volscian Camp before Rome.
The Guards at their stations.

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay! whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men: 't is well; but, by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass; you must return:
our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* You'll see your Rome embrac'd with
fire, before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,

And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,

My name hath touch'd your ears: it is
Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so: go back! the virtue of your
name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
read

His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified;

For I have ever verified my friends

(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that
verity

Would without lapsing suffer: nay, some-
times.

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his
praise

Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many
lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words
in your own, you should not pass here; no,
though it were as virtuous to lie as to live
chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name
is Menenius, always factionary on the party
of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as
you say you have, I am one that, telling true
under him, must say, you cannot pass. There-
fore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I
would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he
does. Can you, when you have pushed out
your gates the very defender of them, and, in
a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy
your shield, think to front his revenges with the
easy groans of old women, the virginal palms
of your daughters, or with the palsied interces-
sion of such a decayed detant as you seem to
be? Can you think to blow out the intended
fire your city is ready to flame in, with such
weak breath as this? No, you are deceived:
therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your
execution. You are condemned, our general
has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were
here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back,
I say: go, lest I let forth your half pint of
blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your
having:—back.

Men. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an
errand for you: you shall know now that I
am in estimation: you shall perceive that a
Jack-guardant cannot office me from my son
Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment
with him, if they stand't not i' the state of
hanging, or of some death more long in spec-
tatorship, and crueller in suffering: behold

now presently, and swoond for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,

Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone:

Mine ears against your suits are stronger than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives a paper.*]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,

I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,

Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoond?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,

You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly

I have borne this business.

Auf.

Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against

The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor.

This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,

Lov'd me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have

(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd

The first conditions; which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only That thought he could do more. A very little

I have yielded to: fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter

Will I lend ear to.—[*Shout within*] Ha! what shout is this?

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading Young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand

The grandchild to her blood But out, affection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—

What is that curtesy worth? or those doves' eyes,

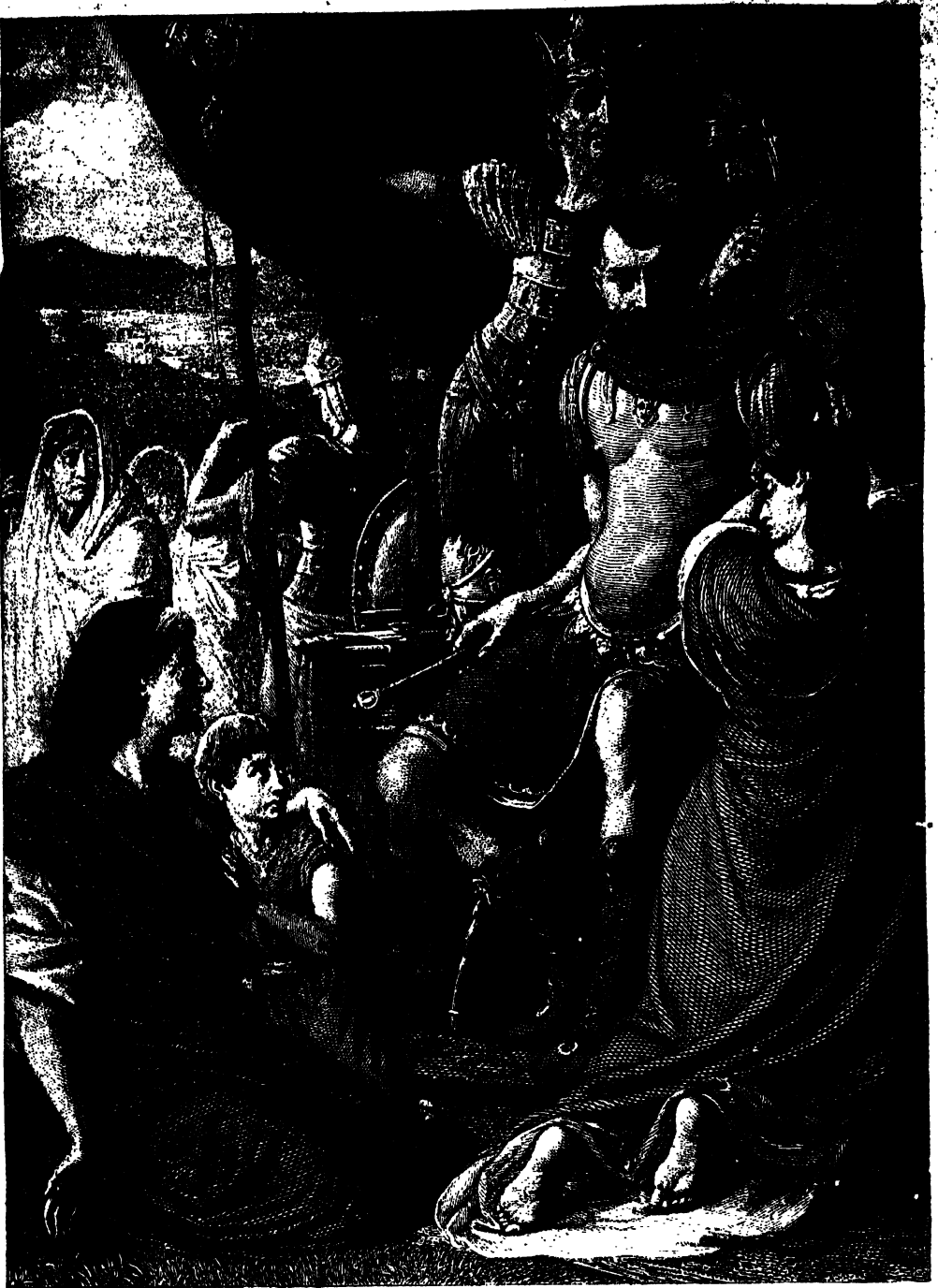
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,

As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod; and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which



H. A. BONE, *Paint.*

JOB. BAUER, *Sculpt.*

VOLUMNIA AND CORIOLANUS.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more !
You have said you will not grant us anything.

"CORIOLANUS," *Act V., Scene III.*

Vol. cries, "Deny not."—Let the

Volces

hence, and harrow Italy ; I'll never
be a goaling to obey instinct, but stand,
man were author of himself,
know no other kin.

My lord and husband !

These eyes are not the same I wore
in Rome.

The sorrow that delivers us thus
chang'd,

you think so.

Like a dull actor now, ⁴⁰

I have forgot my part, and I am out,

to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,

Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say

that, "Forgive our Romans."—O ! a kiss

long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !

Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that
kiss

carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I

prate,

And the most noble mother of the world

have insulted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth ;

[Kneels.

Of thy deep duty more impression show ⁵¹

Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd !

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

I kneel before thee, and improperly

show duty, as mistaken all this while

between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this ?

Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach

fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds

strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,

Mur'd'ring impossibility, to make ⁶¹

What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this
lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,

The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,

That's curried by the frost from purest snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

Which, by the interpretation of full time,

May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers, ⁷⁰

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform

Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou
may'st prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,

And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy !

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and
myself,

Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace ;

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before :

The things I have forsworn to grant may
never

Be held by your denials. Do not bid me

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate

Again with Rome's mechanics : tell me not

Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not

To allay my rages and revenges with

Your colder reasons.

Vol. O ! no more, no more !

You have said, you will not grant us any
thing :

For we have nothing else to ask but that

Which you deny already : yet we will ask,

That, if you fail in our request, the blame

May hang upon your hardness. Therefore,
hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscies, mark ; for
we'll

Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your
request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak,
our raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life

We have led since thy exile. Think with
thyself,

How more unfortunate than all living women

Are we come hither : since that thy sight,
which should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance
with comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear
and sorrow ; ¹⁰¹

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see

The son, the husband, and the father, tearing

His country's bowels out. And to poor we

Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,

Alas ! how can we for our country pray,

Whereto we are bound, together with thy
victory,

Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must
lose

The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy per-
son, ¹¹¹

Our comfort in the country. We must find

An evident calamity, though we had

Our wish, which side should win ; for either
thou

Must, as a foreign recreant, be led

With manacles through our streets, or else

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin.

And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself,
son,

I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine : if I cannot persuade
thee 120

Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no
sooner

March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's
womb,

That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name

Living to time.

Boy. 'A shall not tread on me :
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll
fight. 125

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [Rising.]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.

If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volscas whom you serve, you might con-
demn us,

As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them : while the
Volscas

May say, " This mercy we have show'd ;"
the Romans,

" This we receiv'd ;" and each in either
side

Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, " Be
bless'd

For making up this peace !" Thou know'st,
great son, 140

The end of war's uncertain : but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a
name,

Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—" The man was
noble,

But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me,
son

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods ; 150

To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the
air,

And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not
speak ?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man

Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, speak
you :

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou,
boy :

Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in
the world

More bound to 's mother ; yet here he lets me
prate,

Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in
thy life 160

Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy ;

When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second
brood,

Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's un-
just,

And spurn me back ; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague
thee,

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away :
Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our
knees. 165

To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
This is the last :—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, be-
hold 's.

This boy, that cannot tell what he would
have,

But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;

His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our des-
patch : 180

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,

And then I'll speak a little.

[He holds VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.]

Cor. O mother, mother !

What have you done ? Behold ! the heavens
lo ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother ! mother ! O !

You have won a happy victory to Rome ;
But, for your son,—believe it, O ! believe
it,—

Most dangerously you have with him pre-
vail'd,

If not most mortal to him. But let it
come.—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good
Aufidius, 191

Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were.
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good
sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me. For my
part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and
pray you,

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy
mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a former fortune.

[*The ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*]

Cor. [*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*] Ay,
by-and-by;

But we will drink together; and you shall
bear

A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond coign o' the Capitol,
yond cornerstone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it
with your little finger, there is some hope the
ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may
prevail with him. But I say, there is no
hope in 't. Our throats are sentenced, and
stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can
alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub
and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.
This Marcius is grown from man to dragon:
he has wings: he's more than a creeping
thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more
remembers his mother now, than an eight-
year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours
ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like
an engine, and the ground shrinks before his
treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with
his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a
battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made
for Alexander. What he bids be done, is
finished with his bidding. He wants nothing

of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throu-
in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark
what mercy his mother shall bring from him:
there is no more mercy in him, than there is
milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city
find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not
be good unto us. When we banished him,
we respected not them; and, he returning to
break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to
your house.

The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home.
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news!—The ladies
have prevail'd,
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend.
Art thou certain this is true? is it most
certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fir'd.
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt
of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown
tide,

As the recomforted through the gates. Why,
hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten all together. Shouting also within.*]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes.
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting
Romans,

Make the sun dance. Hark you!

[*Shouting again.*]

Men. This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full. You have pray'd well
to-day:

This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they
joy!

[*Shouting and music.*]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their
tidings; next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. *[Going.]*

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,
Patricians, and People. They pass over
the stage.*

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of
Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the
gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers
before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcus;
Repel him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry, —Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome *79*
[A flourish with drums and trumpets.]
Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Antium. A Public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am
here:

Deliver them this paper; having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words. Despatch.
[Exeunt Attendants.]

*Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS'
faction.*

Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so *10*
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain,
whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of
either

Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits *20*

A good construction. I rais'd him, and I
pawn'd

Mine honour for his truth: who being so
heighten'd,

He water'd his new plants with dew's of flat-
tery,

Seducing so my friends; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took
him: *21*

Made him joint-servant with me; gave him
way

In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his de-
signments

In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some
pride

To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if *20*
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvelled at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we
look'd

For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretched upon
him.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

*[Drums and trumpets sound, with
great shouts of the People.]*

1 Con. Your native town you entered like
a post, *20*
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base
throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your
sword,

Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf.
Here come the lords.

Say no more :

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you ?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear 't.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines ; but there to
end,

Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches : you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours ;
a crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am returned your soldier ;

No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting

Under your great command. You are to
know,

That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have
brought home

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made
peace,

With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans ; and we here
deliver,

Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor !—How now !—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius !

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost
thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n
name

Coriolanus in Corioli ?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother ;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting

Council o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha !

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless Mar, thou hast made my
heart

Too great for what contains it. Boy ! O
slave !—

Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that
ever

I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my
grave lords,

Must give this cur the lie : and his own no-
tion

(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him,
that

Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volscies ; men and
lads,

Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False
hound !

If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I

Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :

Alone I did it.—Boy !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy brag-
gart,

'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

All Con. Let him die for 't.

All People. Tear him to pieces : do it pre-
sently. He killed my son ;—my daughter ; he
killed my cousin Marcus ;—he killed my
father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho !—no outrage : peace !
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufi-
dius,

And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O ! that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw,
and kill CORIOLANUS, who falls: AUFIDIUS
stands on his body.]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold !

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus !—

ACT V.

CORIOLANUS.

SCENE V.

<p>2 <i>Lord</i>. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.</p> <p>3 <i>Lord</i>. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet.—</p> <p>Put up your swords.</p> <p><i>Ans.</i> My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage, Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger Which this man's life did owe you, you'll re- joice That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours To call me to your senate, I'll deliver Myself your loyal servant, or endure Your heaviest censure.</p> <p>1 <i>Lord</i>. Bear from hence his body, And mourn you for him. Let him be re- garded</p>	<p>As the most noble corse that ever herald Did follow to his urn.</p> <p>2 <i>Lord</i>. His own impatience Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame. Let's make the best of it.</p> <p><i>Ans.</i> My rage is gone, And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up : — Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be- one.—</p> <p>Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully ; Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he Hath widowed and unchilded many a one, 13 Which to this hour bewail the injury, Yet he shall have a noble memory.—</p> <p>Assist. [<i>Exeunt, bearing the body of</i> CORIOLANUS. <i>A dead march</i> <i>sounded.</i></p>
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THE WINTER'S TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
 MAMILLIUS, *Young Prince of Sicilia.*
 CAMILLO, }
 ANTIGONUS, } *Lords of Sicilia.*
 CLEOMENES, }
 DION, }
 POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
 FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
 ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia.*
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.
An Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.

AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*
Time, the Chorus.
 HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
 PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
 PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
 EMILIA, *a Lady attending the Queen.*
 MOPSA, }
 DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*
 Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, Officers, and
 Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses,
 Guards, &c.

SCENE—Sometimes in SICILIA, sometimes in BOHEMIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Ante-chamber in
 LEONTES' Palace.

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit
 Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my
 services are now on foot, you shall see, as I
 have said, great difference betwixt our Bo-
 hemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the
 King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the
 visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall
 shame us, we will be justified in our loves :
 for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of
 my knowledge : we cannot with such mag-
 nificence—in so rare—I know not what to
 say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that
 your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency,
 may, though they cannot praise us, as little
 accuse us.

• *Cam.* You pay a great deal too dear for
 what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my under-
 standing instructs me, and as mine honesty
 puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind
 to Bohemia. They were trained together in

their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt
 them then such an affection, which cannot
 choose but branch now. Since their more
 mature dignities, and royal necessities, made
 separation of their society, their encounters,
 though not personal, have been royally at-
 torney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters,
 loving embassies, that they have seemed to
 be together, though absent, shook hands, as
 over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from
 the ends of opposed winds. The heavens
 continue their loves !

Arch. I think, there is not in the world
 either malice, or matter, to alter it. You
 have an unspeakable consort of your young
 Prince Mamillius : it is a gentleman of the
 greatest promise that ever came into my
 note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the
 hopes of him. It is a gallant child ; one
 that, indeed, physicks the subject, makes old
 hearts fresh : they that went on crutches ere
 he was born, desire yet their life to see him
 a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse
 why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would
 desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State
in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MARCELLUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have
been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our
throne
Without a burden : time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our
thanks ;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt : and therefore, like a
cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one "We thank you" many thousands
more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may
chance,
Or breed upon our absence ; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly !" Besides, I
have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then ;
and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'
the world,
So soon as yours, could win me : so it should
now,

Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward ; which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge, and trouble : to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen ? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my
peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay.
You, sir,
Charge him too coldly : tell him, you are
sure

All in Bohemia's well : this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,

He's beat from his best ward.

Leon.

Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son were
strong :

But let him say so then, and let him go ;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
[To POLIXENES.] Yet of your royal presence
I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commis-
sion,

To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for's parting : yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.—You'll stay ?

Pol.

No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol.

I may not, verily.

Her. Verily !

You put me off with limber vows ; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars
with oaths,

Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go : a lady's "verily" is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet ?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks.
How say you ?

My prisoner, or my guest ? by your dread
"verily."

One of them you shall be.

Pol.

Your guest then, madam :

To be your prisoner should import offending ;
This is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her.

Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question
you

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you
were boys ;

You were pretty lordings then.

Pol.

We were, fair queen,

Two lads, that thought there was no more
behind.

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'
the two ?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did
frisk i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other : what we
chang'd.

Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd.
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's;
for

In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl:
Your precious self had then not cross'd theeyes
Of my young playfellow.

Her. Grace to boot! so
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils; yet, go on:
The offences we have made you do, we'll
answer;

If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when
was 't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram 's with praise, and
make 's

As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the
goal:—

My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, 'would her name were
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose:
when?

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbd months had sour'd themselves
to death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou
utter,

I am yours for ever.

Her. 'T is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the pur-
pose twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
The other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to POLIXENES.]

Leon. [Aside.]

Too hot, too hot!

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart
dances,

But not for joy, not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching
fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd
smiles,

As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as
't were

The mort o' the deer; O! that is entertain-
ment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamil-
lius,

Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I fecks? 120
Why, that's my lawcock. What! hast
smutch'd thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come,
captain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly,
captain:

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton
calf!

Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough push, and the
shoots that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so, 130
That will say anything: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were 't
true

To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir
page,

Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet
villain!

Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—
may 't be?—

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(how can this
be?)— 140

With what's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 't is very
credent,

Thou may'st co-join with something; and
thou dost,—

And that beyond commission; and I find it,

And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbrecch'd,

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this
kernel,

This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest
friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be's
dole!—My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We too will walk, my
lord,

And leave you to your graver steps.—Her-
mione,

How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's
welcome:

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend
you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you:
you'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am
angling now,

Though you perceive me not how I give
line.

Go to, go to!

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband!

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE and
Attendants.

(*Tone already;*

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a
fork'd one!—

Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and
clamour

Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There
have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, (even at this
present,

Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by
the arm,

That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's
absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's com-
fort in't,

Whiles other men have gates, and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will. Should all des-
pair

That have revolted wives, the tenth of man-
kind

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there-
is none:

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where't is predominant; and't is powerful,
think it,

From east, west, north, and south: be it con-
cluded,

No barricado for a belly: know't;

It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand
on's

Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now,
boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an
honest man.—[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his
anchor hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions;
made

His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me already; whispering,
rounding,

“ Sicília is a—so-forth.” ’Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came ’t,
Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen’s entreaty.

Leon. At the queen’s, be ’t : good should be
pertinent ;

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine ?
For thy conceit is soaking ; will draw in
More than the common blocks :—not noted,
is ’t,

But of the finer natures ? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most
understand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha ?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the en-
treaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy ?

The entreaties of your mistress ?—satisfy !—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo.
With all the nearest things to my heart, as
well

My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like,
thou

Hast cleans’d my bosom : I from thee de-
parted

Thy penitent reform’d ; but we have been
Deceiv’d in thy integrity, deceiv’d
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leon. To bide upon ’t,—thou art not honest ;
or,

If thou inclin’st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course requir’d ; or else thou must be
counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent ; or else a fool,
That scest a game play’d home, the rich stake
drawn,

And tak’st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;
In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my
lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly ; if industriously
I play’d the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, ’t was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my
lord,

Are such allow’d infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of : but, ’beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me : let me know my tres-
pass

By its own visage ; if I then deny it,
’T is none of mine.

Leon. Ha’ not you seen, Camillo,
(But that’s past doubt ; you have : or your
eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold’s horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think)
My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor thought) then say
My wife’s a hobbyhorse, deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-pledge : say ’t, and justify ’t.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. ’Shrew my
heart,

You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more
swift

Hours, minutes ? noon, midnight ? and all
eyes

Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs
only,

That would unseen be wicked ? is this
nothing ?

Why, then the world, and all that is in ’t, is
nothing ;

The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia no-
thing ;

My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these
nothings,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur’d
Of this diseas’d opinion, and betimes ;
For ’t is most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be ; ’t is true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is ; you lie, you lie :

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporiser ; that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and
evil,

Inclining to them both : were my wife's
liver

Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her
medal, hanging

About his neck, Bohemia : who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits, ³²⁰
Their own particular thrifts, they would do
that

Which should undo more doing : ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship ; who
may'st see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees
heaven,

How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not
work ³²⁰

Maliciously, like poison : but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question,
and go rot !

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,—
Which to preserve is sleep ; which, being
spotted,

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,—

Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my
son, ³²⁰

(Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to't ? Would I do
this ?

Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir :
do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't ;
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your
highness

Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake ; and thereby for
sealing

The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me.

Even so as I mine own course have set down
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none. ³²⁵

Cam. My lord,

Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with
Bohemia.

And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer :
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon.

This is all :

Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart :
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast
advised me. *[Exit.]*

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me, ³³⁰
What case stand I in ? I must be the
poisoner

Of good Polixenes ; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings.
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't ; but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears
not one, ³³⁵

Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court : to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks..
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a counte-
nance,

As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met
him ³⁴⁰

With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me,
and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ? do not ! Do you
know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me ? 'T is thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you
must, ³⁴⁵

And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo.
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror.

Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk;
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped
the better 390

By my regard, but kill'd none so. *Camillo*,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech
you,

If you know aught which does behave my
knowledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I
well?

I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof
the least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how
near;

Which way to be prevented, if to be:
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable. Therefore, mark
my counsel,

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me 410
Cry "lost," and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence
he swears,

As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vie you to 't,—that you have touch'd his
queen

Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to 420
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril

Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd.
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection

That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue 430
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 't is
safer to

Avoid what's grown, than question how 't is
born.

If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several
posterns,

Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;—
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to
prove,

I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy
hand:

Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure 440
Two days ago.—This jealousy

Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty.
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades
me:

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but
nothing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, *Camillo*: 450
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your
highness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,

'T is past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord: Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,

Become some women best, so that there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught ye this?

Mam. I learned it out of women's faces.—

Pray now,

What colour are your eyebrows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye.

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall

Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days: and then you'd wanton with us,

If we would have you.

1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you?

Come, sir; now 21

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard—I will tell it softly:

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her.

Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never

Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them

Even to their ships.

Leon.

How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!—
Alack! for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his know- 40
ledge

Is not infected; but if one present
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

With violent hefts.—I have drunk, and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—
There is a plot against my life, my crown:
All's true that is mistrusted;—that false villain,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick 50
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns

So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy. [*To HERMIONE.*] I am glad, you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you

Have too much blood in him.

Her.

What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.

Away with him; and let her sport herself
With that she's big with, for't is Polixenes 60
Has made thee swell thus.

Her.

But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,

How'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon.

You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well ; be but about
To say, " she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
" 'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable : "
Praise her but for this her without-door form
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech),
and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha ; these petty
brands

That calumny doth use :—O, I am out !—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself :—these shrugs, these hums, and
ha's,

When you have said, " she's goodly," come
between,

Ere you can say, " she's honest." But be't
known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it
should be,

She's an adul'tress.

Her.

Should a villain say so,

The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain : you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon.

You have mistook, my lady, so
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar !—I have said
She's an adul'tress ; I have said with whom :
More, she's a traitor ; and Camillo is
A federy with her, and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself, so
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles ; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her.

No, by my life,

Privy to none of this. How will this grieve
you,

When you shall come to clearer knowledge,
that

You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle my
lord,

You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to
say

You did mistake.

Leon.

No ; if I mistake

In those foundations which I build upon, 100
The centre, is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. — Away with her to
prison !

He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty.
But that he speaks.

Her.

There's some ill planet reigns :

I must be patient, till the heavens look •
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are ; the want of which vain
dew,

Perchance, shall dry your pities ; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which
burns 110

Worse than tears drown. 'Beseech you all,
my lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ;—and so
The king's will be perform'd.

Leon.

Shall I be heard ?

Her. Who is't, that goes with me ?—Be-
seech your highness,

My women may be with me ; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good
fools ;

There is no cause : when you shall know, your
mistress

Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out : this action, I now go on, 120
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord :

I never wish'd to see you sorry ; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come ; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding : hence !

[*Exeunt QUEEN and Ladies.*]

1 *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the
queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your
justice

Prove violence ; in the which three great ones
suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.*

For her, my lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spot-
less 130

I' the eyes of heaven, and to you : I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant.

If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife ; I'll go in couples with her :
Than when I feel, and see her, no further
trust her ;

For every inch of woman in the world,

Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,

If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces !

1 *Lord.*

Good my lord.

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for our-
selves.

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on, 140
That will be damn'd for't ; would I knew
the villain,

I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven. The second, and the third, nine, and some five;

If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,

I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see, To bring false generations: they are co-heirs; And I had rather glib myself, than they Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more. You smell this business with a sense as cold As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't, and feel 't,

As you feel doing thus, and see withal The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so, We need no grave to bury honesty: There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

I Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content me

To have her honour true, than your suspicion; Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we Commune with you of this, but rather follow Our forcible instigation? Our prerogative Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness

Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified, Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not, Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves, We need no more of your advice: the matter, The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege, You had only in your silent judgment tried it,

Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age, Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight, Added to their familiarity

(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

They lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,

But only seeing, all other circumstances Made up to the deed), doth push on this proceeding:

Yet, for a greater confirmation, (For in an act of this importance 't were Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple, Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel

had, Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

I Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more

Than what I know, yet shall the oracle Give rest to the minds of others; such as he, Whose ignorant credulity will not Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,

From our free person she should be confin'd, Test that the treachery of the two fled hence Be left her to perform. Come, follow us: We are to speak in public: for this business Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it, If the good truth were known. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him:

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady! *[Exit an Attendant.]*

No court in Europe is too good for thee; What dost thou then in prison?—

Re-enter Attendant, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir, You know me, do you not?

Gaoler. For a worthy lady, And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then, Conduct me to the queen.

Gaoler. I may not, madam: to the contrary

I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado, To lock up honesty and honour from The access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, Pray you, to see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaoler. So please you, madam, To put apart these your attendants, I Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.— Withdraw yourselves. *[Exeunt Attendants.]*

Gaoler. And, madam, I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be't so, prythoe. *[Exit Gaoler.]*

Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain, 20
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't, says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsafe luns i' the king, be-
shrew them! 31

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a womn best; I'll take 't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not
know 40

How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your
ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design, 40
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be
doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now, be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen.—Please you, come some-
thing nearer

● *Gaoler.* Madam, if 't please the queen to
send the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is, 60
By law and process of great nature, thence

Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaoler. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest. It is
but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the
cause,

She, the adul'tress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me:—say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 Atten.

My lord.

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Atten. He took good rest to-night;
'T is hoped, his sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, 12
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:
—go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Attendant.*—]—Fie,
fie! no thought of him:

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance;—let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present ven-
geance, 21

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sor-
row

They should not laugh, if I could reach them;
nor

Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord.

You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be
second to me.

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent
soul,

More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.
I Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
 commanded
 None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
 I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as
 you,—
 That creep like shadows by him, and do
 sigh
 At each his needless heavings,—such as you
 Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
 Do come with words as medicinal as true,
 Honest as either, to purge him of that hu-
 mour,
 That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful con-
 ference,
 About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How?—
 Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
 I charg'd thee, that she should not come about
 me:
 I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
 On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
 She should not visit you.
Leon. What! canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
 (Unless he take the course that you have
 done,
 Commit me for committing honour) trust it,
 He shall not rule me.
Ant. Lo you now! you hear.
 When she will take the rein, I let her run;
 But she'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come,
 And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
 Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
 Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
 Less appear so in comforting your evils,
 Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
 From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I
 say, good queen;
 And would by combat make her good, so
 were I
 A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his
 eyes
 First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
 But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
 For she is good, hath brought you forth a
 daughter:
 Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.

(Laying down the Child.)

Leon. Out!
 A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'
 door:
 A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
 I am as ignorant in that, as you
 In so entitling me, and no less honest
 Than you are mad: which is enough, I'll
 warrant,
 As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
 Will you not push her out? Give her the
 bastard.—
[To ANTIGONUS.] Thou, dotard, thou art
 woman-tir'd, unroosted
 By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bas-
 tard:
 Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
 Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
 Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
 Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 't were
 past all doubt
 You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
 But one that's here, and that's himself; for
 he
 The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
 His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slan-
 der,
 Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and
 will not
 (For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
 He cannot be compell'd to) once remove
 The root of his opinion, which is rotten
 As ever oak, or stone, was sound.
Leon. A callat,
 Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her
 husband,
 And now baits me!—This brat is none or
 mine:
 It is the issue of Polixenes.
 Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
 Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours;
 And, might we lay the old proverb to your
 charge,
 So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my
 lords,
 Although the print be little, the whole
 matter
 And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
 The trick of 's frown, his forehead; nay, the
 valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek ; his
smiles ;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, fin-
ger.

And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all
colours

No yellow in 't ; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leon. A gross hag !
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave your-
self

Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence. 100

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not :
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you
tyrant ;

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her ! Were I a
tyrant, 120

Where were her life ? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her !

Paul. I pray you, do not push me ; I'll be
gone.

Look to your babe, my lord ; 't is yours :
Jove send her

A better guiding spirit !—What needs these
hands ?—

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so :—farewell ; we are gone. [*Exit.*]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.—

My child ? away with 't !—even thou, that
hast 130

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire :

Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up
straight.

Within this hour bring me word 't is done
(And by good testimony), or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou
refuse,

And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper
hands

Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir : 140

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

I Lord. We can : my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

I Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us
better credit.

We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us ; and on our knees we beg
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come), that you do change this
purpose ;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must 150
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. I am 'a feather for each wind that
blows. —

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
It shall not neither. — [*To ANTIGONUS.*] You,
sir, come you hither ;

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard.
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you
adventure 160

To save this brat's life ?

Ant. Anything, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much :
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent : anything possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this
sword,

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou ?
for the fail

Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued
wife, 170

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin
thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence ; and that thou
bear it

To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave
it,

Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange
fortune

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some
place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it
up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present
death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor
babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and
ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they
say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require!—And
blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!
[*Exit with the Child.*]

Leon. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.
I Alten. Please your highness, poor
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are bot-
landed,
Hasting to the court.
I Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed,
foretells,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me.
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T I I I.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Street in some
Town.

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most
sweet,

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits
(Methinks, I so should term them), and the
reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't
so!—

As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: when the
oracle
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)

Shall the contents discover, something rare &
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh
horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Court of
Justice.

Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we
pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party
tried,

The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due
course,

Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the
queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence! 12

*Enter HERMIONE, guarded; 'PAULINA and
Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. "Hermione, queen to the worthy
Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accused
and arraigned of high treason, in committing

adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband : the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night." 21

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that

Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce
boot me

To say, " Not guilty : " mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus :—if powers divine
Behold our human actions (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny

Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best
know,

(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy ; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's
daughter,

The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore 41
Who please to come and hear. For life, I
prize it

As I weigh grief, which I would spare : for
honour,

'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so ; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus : if one jot
beyond 50

The bound of honour, or, in act or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry " Fie ! " upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough ;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must
not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes
(With whom I am accus'd), I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded :
Which not to have done I think, had been in
me

Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love
had spoke,

Even since it could speak from an infant,
freely 70

That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
And why he left your court, the gods them-
selves,

Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you
know

What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,

You speak a language that I understand not :
My life stands in the level of your dreams, 81
Which I 'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams :
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all
shame,

(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails ;
for as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it), so thou 90
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats :
The bug, which you would fright me with, I
seek.

To me can life be no commodity :
The crown and comfort of my life, your
favour,

I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third
comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, 95
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder : myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet : with immodest hatred,
The childbed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion : lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.

But yet hear this; mistake me not;—no
life.

I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour
(Which I would free), if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt several Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my
father:

O! that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword
of justice,

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
brought

This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo., Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes
blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a
jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly be-
gotten; and the king shall live without an
heir, if that which is lost be not found!"

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praise'd!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere
falshood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and
fear

Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens
themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE faints.*]

How now there

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.

Look down,

And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will re-
cover.

I have too much believ'd mine own suspi-
cion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with
HERMIONE.*]

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister to poison.

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command; though I with death and
with

Reward did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he, most
humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the certain
hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

• *Re-enter PAULINA.*

Paul.

Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast
for me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying?
boiling,

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture

Must I receive, whose every word deserves

To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,

Together working with thy jealousies,—

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle

For girls of nine,—O! think, what they have

done,

And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for
all

Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ingrateful : nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
honour.

To have him kill a king ; poor trespasses, 100
More monstrous standing by ! whereof I
reckon

The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little, though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere done't :
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable
thoughts

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the
heart

That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam : this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer : but the last, —O lords !
When I have said, cry "woe !" —the queen,
the queen, 20

The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead ; and
vengeance for 't

Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord*. The higher powers forbid !

Paul. I say, she's dead ; I'll swear 't : if
word, nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see. If you can brin
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve
you

As I would do the gods. — But, O thou tyrant !
Do not repent these things, for they are
heavier

Than all thy woes can stir ; therefore, betake
thee 210

To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on ;

Thou canst not speak too much : I have
deserv'd

All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord*. Say no more :

Howe'er the business goes, you have made
fault

I'th boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't :

• All faults I make, when I shall come to know
them, 220

I do repent. Alas ! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd

To the noble heart. — What's gone, and what's
past help,

Should be past grief : do not receive affliction

At my petition : I beseech you rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my
liege,

Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman :

The love I bore your queen, —lo, fool again ! —

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your
children ; 230

I'll not remember you of my own lord,

Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,

And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well.

When most the truth, which I receive much
better,

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son.

One grave shall be for both : upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto

Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie ; and tears shed
there 240

Shall be my recreation : so long as nature

Will bear up with this exercise, so long

I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me

To these sorrows. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE III. — Bohemia. A Desert Country
near the Sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the Babe ; and a
Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath
touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia ?

Mar. Ay, my lord ; and fear

We have landed in ill time : the skies look
grimly,

And threaten present blusters. In my con-
science,

The heavens with that we have in hand are
angry,

And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done ! — Go, get
aboard ;

Look to thy bark : I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land : 't is like to be loud
weather ;

Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away :

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart

To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit*.]

Ant. Come, poor babe : —

I have heard (but not believ'd), the spirits o'
the dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy
mother

Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was
dream

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some
another;

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white
robes,

Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her:—"Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, so
Places remote enough are in Bokemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the
babe

Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prythee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with
shrieks,

She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are
toys;

Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee
well!

[*Laying down the Babe.*
*There lie; and there thy character: there
these,* [*Laying down a bundle.*

Which may, if fortune please, both breed
thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—
Poor wretch!

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd so
To loss, and what may follow.—Weep I can-
not,

But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like
to have

A lullaby too rough. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage cla-
mour

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter an Old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between
ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth
would sleep out the rest; for there is no
thing in the between but getting wenches
with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,
fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but
these boiled-brains of nineteen, and two-and-
twenty, hunt this weather? They have
scared away two of my best sheep; which, I
fear, the wolf will sooner find than the mas-
ter: if anywhere I have them, 't is by the
sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't
be thy will!—What have we here? [*Taking
up the Babe.*] Mercy on 's, a barn; a very
pretty barn! A boy, or a child, I wonder?
A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure some
scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read
waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has
some stair-work, some trunk-work, some
behind-door-work: they were warmer that
got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll
take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my
son come: he hollaed but even now.—Whoa,
ho ho!

Clo. [*Without.*], Hilloa, loa! 70

Shep. What! art so near? If thou 'lt see
a thing to talk on when thou art dead and
rotten, come hither.

Enter Clown.

What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea,
and by land—but I am not to say it is a sea,
for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament
and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it? 87

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes,
how it rages, how it takes up the shore!
but that's not to the point. O, the most
piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to
see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship
boring the moon with her mainmast, and
anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd
thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then
for the land-service:—to see how the bear tore
out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me
for help, and said, his name was Antigonus,
a nobleman.—But to make an end of the
ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it;—
but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the
sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentle-
man roared, and the bear mocked him, both
roaring louder than the sea or weather. 101

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since
I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold

under water, nor the bear half-dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling.

—Open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with't, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. —Let my sheep go. —Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, as Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error:—

Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth un-
tried

Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one-self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass

The same I am, ere ancient'st order, was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allow-
ing,

I turn my glass, and give my scene such
growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leav-
ing,—

The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving,
That he shuts up himself;—imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be,
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues,

I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 't is brought forth:—a
shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows
after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere
now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Bohemia. A Room in the Palace
of POLIXENES.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so,—which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to

execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done ; which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot), to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother ; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince Florizel, my son ? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown ; but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care ; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness : from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd ; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd ; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo !—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peep,

With, heigh ! the dory over the dule,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year :

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With heigh ! the sweet birds, O, how they sing !—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge ;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With heigh ! with heigh ! the thrush and the jay,

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three pile ; but now I am out of service :

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear ?

The pale moon shines by night ;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget,

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets ; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus ; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drub, I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway : beating, and haggling, are terrors to me : for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize ! a prize !

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see :—every eleven wether tods ; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling : fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to ?

Aut. [Aside.] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see ; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast ? “Three pound of sugar ; five pound of currants ; rice,”—what will this sister of mine do with rice ? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nose-gays for the shearers ; three-man songmen all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bascs : but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies ; mace,—dates,—none ; that's out of my note : “nutmegs, seven : a race or two of ginger ;” but that I may beg :—“four



J. D. WATSON, *Paint.*

C. MOTTRAM, *Sculp.*

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA.

Florizel. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life : no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front.

"WINTER'S TALE," *Act IV., Scene III.*

bound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun." 50

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*]

Clo. I the name of me,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter. 61

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*]

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O! 71

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir; softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir: [*picks his pocket*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee. 70

Aut. No, good, sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or anything I want. Offer me no money, I pray you! that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court. 81

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where

my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus. 10

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him. 111

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. 119

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*]—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Lawn before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdless, but Flora Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me: O! pardon, that I name them.—Your high self,

The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd

With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,

Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your
greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I
tremble

To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the
Fates!

How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or
how

Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, be-
hold

The sternness of his presence!

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green
Neptune

A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the
king.

One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak,—that you must
change this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, 40
With these fore'd thoughts, I pr'ythee,
darken not

The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with anything
That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:

Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which 50
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O! Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,
disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and
others.*

Shep. Fic, daughter! when my old wife
liv'd, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd
all;

Would sing her song, and dance her turn;
now here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60
With labour, and the thing she took to
quench it,

She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for
it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come; quench your blushes, and present
yourself

That which you are, mistress o' the feast:
come on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To POLIXENES.] Sir, welcome. 70
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To CAMILLO.]

You're welcome, sir.—

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—
Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Secming and savour all the winter long;
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess
(A fair one are you), well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'
the season 80

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that
kind

Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piousness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol.

Say, there be;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean : so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art²¹
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid,
we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of noble race : this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather ;
but

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in
gillyvors,

And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put

The dibble in earth to set one slip of them :
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well, and only
therefore²²

Desire to breed by me.—Here 's flowers for
you ;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram :
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping : these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of
your flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now,
my fair'st friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might

Become your time of day ; and yours, and
yours,

That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing :—O Proserpina !
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou lett'st
fall

From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets
dim,²³

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and
The crocus-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O, these I
lack,

To make you garlands of, and my sweet
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What, like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and
play on,

Not like a corse ; or if, not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take
your flowers.

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do :
In Whitsun-pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so : and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : when you do dance, I wish
you²⁴

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : each your doing,
So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present
deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles !

Your praises are too large : but that your
youth,

And the true blood, which peeps fairly through
it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have

As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But, come ; our dance, I
pray.

Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that
ever

Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself ;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something.

That makes her blood look out. Good sooth,
she is²⁵

The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress : marry,
garlic,

To mend her kissing with !

Mop. Now, in good time !

Clo. Not a word, a word : we stand upon
our manners.—

Come, strike up. [*Music.*

[*Here a dance of Shepherds and
Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain
is this,

Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it: 170

He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my
daughter:

I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 't were, my daughter's eyes; and, to be
plain,

I think, there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does anything, though I report
it,

That should be silent. If young Doric
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of. 180

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the
pedlarat the door, you would never dance again
after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could
not move you. He sings several tunes faster
than you'll tell money; he utters them as he
had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to
his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall
come in. I love a ballad but even too well;
if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a
very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lament-
ably. 190

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman,
of all sizes: no milliner can so fit his custo-
mers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-
songs for maids; so without bawdry, which
is strange; with such delicate burdens of
"dildos" and "fadiings," "jump her and thump
her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal
would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a
foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid
to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good
man;" puts him off, slights him with "Whoop,
do me no harm, good man." 200

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admir-
able conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided
wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i'
the rainbow; points, more than all the law-
yers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though
they come to him by the gross; inkles,
caddisses, cambries, lawns: why, he sings
them over, as they were gods or goddesses.
You would think a smock were a she-angel.

he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work
about the square on 't. 210

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him
approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurri-
lous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*]

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have
more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses,
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel;
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy,
buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
shouldst take no money of me; but being
enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage
of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast,
but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that,
or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised
you: may be, he has paid you more, which
will shame you to give him again. 220

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids?
will they wear their plackets, where they
should bear their faces? Is there not milking-
time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole,
to whistle off these secrets, but you must be
tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is
well they are whispering. Clamour your
tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised
me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was
cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners
abroad; therefore it behoves men to be
wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose
nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me
many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a

ballad in print, o' life, for then we are sure they are true. 351

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toad carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad? 352

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witness more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 't is in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: If thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 't is my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go,
Where it fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. O! whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

Dor. Me too: let me go thither.

Mop. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill.

Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.

Aut. Neither.

Dor. What, neither?

Aut. Neither.

Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be. 353

Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither!

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. [*Aside.*] And you shall pay well for 'em.

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape, 354

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;

Money's a meddler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a. 355

[*Exeunt Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MOSA.*]

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves Saltiers; and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father! you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'T is time to part them.—

He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd

Your heart is full of something, that do take

Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have
ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd
it

To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing parted with him. If your lass
interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and
lock'd

Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O! hear me breathe my
life

Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this
hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice
o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you
out.

But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too!

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens,
and all;

That, were I crown'd the most imperial
monarch,

Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force, and
knowledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize
them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her
service,

Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him!

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut
out

The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands; a bargain:—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear wit-
ness to't:

I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O! that must be
The virtue of your daughter: one being
dead,

I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come
on;

Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you.
Have you a father?

Flo. I have; but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, or shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
more,

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing.
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength, in-
deed,

Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son,
Should choose himself a wife; but as good
reason,

The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need
to grieve

At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Discovering himself.
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook!—Thou old
traitor,

I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh
piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must
know

The royal fool thou cop'st with,

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratched with
briers, and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond
boy,

If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,

That thou no more shalt see this knack (as
never

I mean thou shalt), we'll bar thee from suc-
cession;

Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off: mark thou my
words;

Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for
this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free
thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, en-
chantment, —

Worthy enough a herdsman: yea, him, too,
That makes himself, but for our honour
therein,

Unworthy thee, —if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee.

As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*]

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike. —[*To FLORIZEL.*] Will't please
you, sir, be gone?

I told you what would come of this. 'Be-
seech you,

Of your own state take care: this dream of
mine,

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch fur-
ther,

But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think.
Nor dare to know that which I know. [*To*

FLORIZEL.] O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore-three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,

To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and
lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust. —[*To PER-
DITA.*] O cursed wretch!

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst
adventure

To mingle faith with him. Undone! un-
done!

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*]

Flo. Why look you so upon me!

I am but sorry, not afeard: delay'd,

But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:

More straining on, for plucking back: not
following

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech (which, I do guess,

You do not purpose to him), and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:

Then, till the fury of his highness settle,

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would
be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 't were known!

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then,

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth to-
gether,

And mar the seeds within! —Lift up thy
looks:—

From my succession wipe me, father; I

Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my
reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleas'd with mad-
ness,

Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow,
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees, or

The close earth wombs, or the profound seas
hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray
you,

As you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend,

When he shall miss me (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more), cast your good counsels
Upon his passion : let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may
know,

And so deliver. I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore :
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord !
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Takes her aside.*
[*To CAMILLO.*] I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and
honour,

Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, if the love
That I have borne your father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd : it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds ; not little of his care,
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And thorough him, what's nearest to him,
which is

Your gracious self, embrace but my direction
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration), on mine honour, 50
I'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving

As shall become your highness ; where you
may

Enjoy your mistress (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forbend, your ruin) ; marry her ;
And (with my best endeavours in your
absence)

Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done ?

That I may call thee something more than
man, 510

And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet ;
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :
This follows : if you will not change your
purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself, and your fair
princess

(For so, I see, she must be, fore Leontes : 50
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, for-
giveness,

As't were i' the father's person ; kisses the
hands

Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides
him

Twixt his unkindness and his kindness : the
one

He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I 500
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him,
with

What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write 2
you down :

The which shall point you forth at every
sitting

What you must say ; that he shall not per-
ceive,

But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most
certain,

To miseries enough : no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one, to take another ;
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loath to be. Besides, you
know,

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart
together,

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so !
There shall not, at your father's house, these
seven year

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir : for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita !
But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicife of our house, how shall we do !
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think, you know, my
fortunes

Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance,
sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one
word. *[They talk aside.]*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool Honesty is ! and
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple
gentleman ! I have sold all my trumpery : not
a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass,
pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife,
tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to
keep my pack from fasting : they throng who
should buy first ; as if my trinkets had been
hallowed, and brought a benediction to the
buyer : by which means I saw whose purse
was best in picture, and what I saw, to my
good use I remembered. My clown (who
wants but something to be a reasonable man)
grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he
would not stir his petticoes, till he had both
tune and words ; which so drew the rest of
the herd to me, with all their other senses
stuck in ears : you might have pinched a
placket, it was senseless : 't was nothing to
geld a codpiece of a purse : I would have
fil'd keys off, that hung in chains : no hearing,
no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the
nothing of it ; so that, in this time of lethargy,
I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses ;
and had not the old man come in with a

whoobub against his daughter and the king's
son, and scared my thoughts from the chaff, I
had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

*[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA
come forward.]*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means
being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that
doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from
King Leontes

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you !
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. *[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]* Who have we
here !—

We'll make an instrument of this : omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,
why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow ! why shakest
thou so !

Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended to
thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will
steal that from thee : yet, for the outside of
thy poverty, we must make an exchange ; there-
fore, disease thee instantly (thou must think,
there's a necessity in't) and change garments
with this gentleman. Though the penny-
worth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee,
there's some boot. *[Aut. exits.]*

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. *[Aside.]* I
know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prythee, despatch : the gentle-
man is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir !—*[Aside.]* I
smell the trick of it.

Flo. Despatch, I prythee. *[Aut. exits.]*

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest ; but I can-
not with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

*[FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange
garments.]*

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy
(Come home to you !) you must retire your-
self

Into some covert : take your sweet heart's
hat,

And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your
face ;

Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried. *[Aut. exits.]*

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.---

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Ant. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain
forgot!

Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the
king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us! —
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Enter FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.*]

Ant. I understand the business; I hear it:
To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a
nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a
good nose is requisite also, to smell out work
for the other senses. I see, this is the time
that the unjust man doth thrive. What an
exchange had this been without boot! what a
boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the
gods do this year connive at us, and we may
do anything *extempore*. The prince himself
is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away
from his father, with his clog at his heels. If
I thought it were a piece of honesty to
acquaint the king withal, I would not do't:
I hold it the more knavery to conceal it,
and therein am I constant to my profession.
Aside, aside:—here is more matter for a hot
brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church,
session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Clow. See, see, what a man you are now!
There is no other way, but to tell the king
she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and
blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clow. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood,
your flesh and blood has not offended the
king; and so your flesh and blood is not to
be punished by him. Show those things you
found about her: those secret things, all but
what she has with her. This being done, let
the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word,
yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may

say, is no honest man, neither to his father,
nor to me, to go about to make me the king's
brother-in-law.

Clow. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest
off you could have been to him; and then
your blood had been the dearer, by I know
how much an ounce.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is
that in this fardel will make him scratch his
beard.

Ant. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment
this complaint may be to the flight of my
master.

Clow. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally
honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let
me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes
off his false beard.*] How now, rustics!
whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your
worship.

Ant. Your affairs there? what? with
whom? the condition of that fardel, the place
of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of
what having, breeding, and anything that is
fitting to be known? discover.

Clow. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Ant. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let
me have no lying; it becomes none but
tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the
lie; but we pay them for it with stamped
coin, not stabbing steel: therefore, they do
not give us the lie.

Clow. Your worship had like to have given
us one, if you had not taken yourself with
the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you,
sir?

Ant. Whether it like me, or no, I am a
courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court
in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it
the measure of the court? receives not thy
nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on
thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou,
for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy
business, I am therefore no courtier? I am
courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either
push on, or pluck back thy business there:
whereupon I command thee to open thy
affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Ant. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clow. Advocate's the court-word for a
pheasant: say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock,
nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are. Therefore I'll not disclaim.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garment are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there! what's i' the fardel! Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So't is said, sir: about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vita, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitory rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you

seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. -- Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son. -- Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious: for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow : no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed, paid
down

More penitence than done trespass. At the
last,

Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil ;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself ; which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er
man

Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord :
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd !
She I kill'd ! I did so ; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did : it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now,
good now,

Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady : so
You might have spoken a thousand things that
would

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name, consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well ?
What holier than for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy.
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the
gods

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes ;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found ? which, that it
shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me ; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your coun-

My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. — Care not for
issue ;

The crown will find an heir : great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour. — O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel ! — then, even
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full
eyes,

Have taken treasure from her lips,
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives ; therefore, no wife : one
worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted
spirit

Again possess her corse, and on the stage
(Where we offenders now) appear, soul-vex'd,
And begin, " Why to me ? "

Paul. Had she such power, so
She had just cause.

Leon. She had ; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so :
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you
mark

Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her : then I'd shriek, that even
your ears

Should rift to hear me, and the words that
follow'd

Should be, " Remember mine. "

Leon. Stars, stars !
And all eyes else dead coals. — Fear thou no
wife ;

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave ?

Leon. Never, Paulina : so be bless'd my spirit !

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him overmuch.

Paul. Unless another,
As like *Hermione* as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will,
sir,

No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so
young

As was your former ; but she shall be such

As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should
take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in
breath :
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince
Florizel,

Son of Polixenes, with his princess (she
The fairest I have yet beheld), desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him ? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness ; his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train ?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth,
I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O *Hermione* !
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you your-
self

Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,—“She had not
been,

Nor was not to be equall'd ;”—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once : 't is shrewdly
ebb'd,

To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam :
The one I have almost forgot (your pardon) ;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,

Will have your tongue too. This is a crea-
ture,

Would she begin a sect, might quench the
zeal

Of all professors else, make proselytes

Of whom she but bid follow.

Paul. How ! not women ?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a
woman

More worth than any man ; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes ;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is
strange,

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had
pair'd

Well with this lord : there was not full a
month

Between their births.

Leon. Prythee, no more : cease ! thou
know'st,

He dies to me again, when talk'd of : sure, ere
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL,
PERDITA, and others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock,
prince ;

For she did print your royal father off

Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,

Your father's image is so hit in you,

His very air, that I should call you brother,

As I did him ; and speak of something wildly

By us perform'd before. Most dearly wel-
come !

And your fair princess, goddess ! O, alas !
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,

Amity too, of your brave father ; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life

Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicily ; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath some-
thing seiz'd

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
his

Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the scap-
tres

And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee
stir

Afresh within me ; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness. Welcome
hither,

As is the spring to the earth. And hath he
too

Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much
less

The adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the waylike Smalus,
That noble, honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence ; from
him, whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her :
thence

(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd.
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here ! You have a holy father, too
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin ;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless ; and your father's
bless'd

(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have
been,

Might I a son and daughter now have look'd
on,

Such goodly things as you !

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you,
great sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself by me ;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from
him :

I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening (in the chase, it
seems,

Of this fair couple), meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge :
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, sir : I spake with him, who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the
earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father ! --
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not
have

Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married ?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to
be ;

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good
father's speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty ; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up :
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no
jot

Hath she to change our loves. — Beseech you,
sir,

Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now ; with thought of such affec-
tions,

Step forth mine advocate : at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen's died, she was more worth
such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—[To FLORIZEL.]
But your petition
Is yet unanswered. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy or sorrow, but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able

to express it. Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more.

Enter a third Gentleman.

How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione; her jewel about the neck of it; the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character; the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother; the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wracked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then

lost, when it was found. But, O! the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted. 81

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish), was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't (bravely confessed and lamented by the king), how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woo had been universal. 92

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No; the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup. 103

2 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing? 104

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince: told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over fond of the shepherd's daughter (so he then took her to be), who began to be much sea-sick, and himsel-

little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.—Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Shep. Come, boy: I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born. 127

Clow. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clow. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy. 137

Clow. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clow. Ay, or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master. 150

Shep. 'Prythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clow. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it. 160

Shep. How if it be false, sor?

Clow. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—and I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall

fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk : but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power. 168

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. —The Same. A Chapel in
PAULINA'S HOUSE.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee !

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services

You have paid home ; but that you have vouchsaf'd

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina !

We honour you with trouble. But we came To see the statue of our queen : your gallery 20 Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities, but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done ; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death : behold ! and say, 't is well. 29

[*PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers*
HERMIONE as a statue.

I like your silence : it the more shows off Your wonder ; but yet speak :—first you, my liege.

Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !—Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione ; or, rather, thou art she

In thy not chiding, for she was as tender • As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing

So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O ! not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ; 30

Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her

As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. O ! thus she stood,

Even with such life of majesty (warm life, As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her.

I am ashamed : does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it ?—O royal piece !

There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and 40 From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave, And do not say 't is superstition, that

I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience ! The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50 So many summers dry : scarce any joy

Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,

But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother, Let him that was the cause of this have power To take off so much grief from you, as he Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord, If I had thought, the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you (for the stone is mine),

I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy

May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already

What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,

Would you not deem it breath'd, and that
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion
in 't,

As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.

My lord's almost so far transported, that

He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina!—
Make me to think so twenty years together:

No settled senses of the world can match

The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far
stirr'd you: but

I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet

As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,

There is an air comes from her: what fine
chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man
mock me,

For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear.

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:

You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own

With oily painting. Shall I draw the
curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per.

Stand by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand; but then you'll
think,

(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand
still;

Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her, strike! [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more: ap-
proach;

Strike all that look upon with marvel.
Come;

I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come
away:

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from
him.

Dear life redeems you. You perceive, she
stirs.

[*HERMIONE descends from the pedestal.*

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as

You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun
her,

Until you see her die again, for then

You kill her double. Nay, present your
hand:

When she was young you woo'd her; now, in
age,

Is she become the suitor!

Leon. [*Embracing her.*] O! she's warm.

If this be magic, let it be an art

Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck.

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay; and make it manifest where she
has liv'd,

Or, how stol'n from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little
while,

Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn,

good lady:

Our *Perdita* is found.

[*PERDITA kneels to HERMIONE.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine
own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that
I,

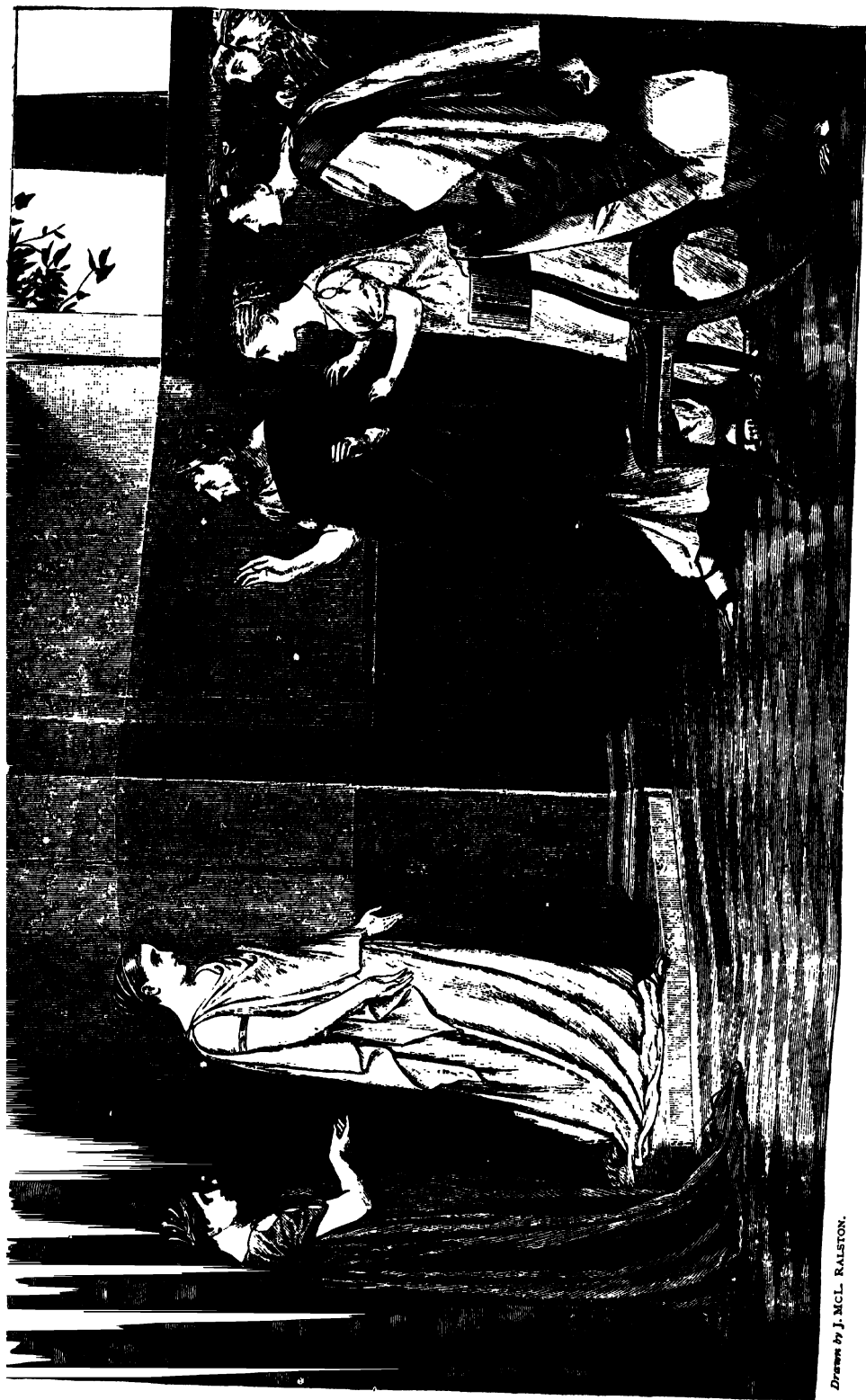
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and
there

My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,



Drawn by J. MCL. RALSTON.

HERMIONE AND LEONTES.

Paulina.

Nay, present your hand ;
When she was young you woo'd her ; now in age

Engraved by SWAIN.

<p>And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine ; But how, is to be question'd ; for I saw her, As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far (For him, I partly know his mind), to find thee An honourable husband. Come, Camillo, And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty, Is richly noted, and here justified By us, a pair of kings. --Let's from this place. —</p>	<p>What ! Look upon my brother : Both your pardons, That e'er I put between your holy looks My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law, And son unto the king, whom heavens direct- ing Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina, Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely Each one demand, and answer to his part Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first We were dissever'd : hastily lead away.</p>
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Exeunt

CYMBELINE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *Husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore*
ARVIRAGUS, *and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*

IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario,*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers; and other Attendants.

SCENE- Sometimes in BRITAIN, sometimes in ITALY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — Britain. The Garden of CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers Still seem as does the king.

2 *Gent.* But what 's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom

We purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow, That late he married,) hath referr'd herself

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too; so is the queen,

That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.*

And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath missed the princess is a thing

Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her (I mean, that married her, - alack, good man!

And therefore banish'd) is a creature such As, to seek through the regions of the earth For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think, So fair an outward, and such stuff within, Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;

Crush him together, rather than unfold His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What 's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour Against the Romans with Cassibelan, But had his titles by Tenantius, whom

He serv'd with glory and admir'd success; So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:

And had, besides this gentleman in question, Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,

Died with their swords in hand ; for which
their father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd

As he was born. The king, he takes the
habe

To his protection ; calls him Posthumus
Leonatus ;

Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-
chamber ;

Puts to him all the learnings that his
time

Could make him the receiver of ; which he
took,

As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd,
And in 's spring became a harvest ; liv'd in
court

(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most
lov'd ;

A sample to the youngest, to the more mature
A glass that feated them ; and to the graver

A child that guided dotards : to his mis-
tress,

For whom he now is banish'd, - her own
price

Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his
virtue ;

By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you,

tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons : (if this be worth your
hearing,

Mark it :) the eldest of them at three years
old,

I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their
nursery

Were stolen ; and to this hour no guess in
knowledge

Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago ?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so
convey'd,

So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 *Gent.* Howsoever 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd
at,

Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the
gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Same.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find
me, daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Post-

humus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,

I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him : and 't were good,

You learn'd unto his sentence, with what pa-
tience

Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying

The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the
king

Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit.*

Imo. Dissembling courtesy ! How fine
this tyrant

Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest
husband,

I something fear my father's wrath ; but no-
thing

(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone ;

And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,

But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O lady ! weep no more, lest I give cause

To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain

The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight
troth.

My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ;
Who to my father was a friend, to me

Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you

send,
Though ink be made of gull.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not

How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet
I'll move him

To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,

Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little.
Were you but riding forth to air yourself, 49
Such parting were too petty. Look here,
love;

This diamond was my mother's: take it,
heart;

But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death! [*Putting on the ring.*]

Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest,
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles 50
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*]

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from
my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing, 51
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more
rare

Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience!

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way,
past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son
of my queen!

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose
an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock. 52

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar: wouldst have
made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd ~~Posthumus~~ ^{Posthumus}:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—
'Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter QUEEN.

[*To the QUEEN.*] They were again together:
you have done

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience.—Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself
some comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day: and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Re-ent Cymbeline and Lords.*]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way.
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What
news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha! 53

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than
fought,

And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he
takes his part.—

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!

I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your
master?

Pis. On his command. He would not
suffer me 54

To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.



M. E. EDWARDS, *Pinxt.*

G. GREATHACH, *Sculpt.*

IMOGEN AND POSTHUMUS.

Posthumus. . . . For my sake wear this ;
It is a manacle of love. I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

"CYMBELINE," *Act I., Scene II.*

Pis. I humbly thank your highness

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at
least,
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave
me. *[Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Public Place.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in ; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* *[Aside.]* No, faith ; not so much as his patience.

3 *Lord.* Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* *[Aside.]* His steel was in debt ; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* *[Aside.]* No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you ! You have land enough of your own ; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* *[Aside.]* As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies !

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* *[Aside.]* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !

2 *Lord.* *[Aside.]* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together : she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* *[Aside.]* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had been some hurt done !

2 *Lord.* *[Aside.]* I wish not so ; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us ?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail : if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was, his queen, his queen !

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I !—

And that was all ?

Pis. No, madam ; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd
on,

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings,
crack'd them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle.
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him ?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but
had

Most pretty things to say : ere I could tell
him,

How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make
him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour ; or have charg'd
him,

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-
night,

To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my
father,

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from root to bough.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them
I'll patch'd.

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. *
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V.—ROME. An Apartment in
PHILARIO'S House.

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a
Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in
Britain: he was then of a crescent note; ex-
pected to prove so worthy, as since he hath
been allowed the name of; but I could then
have looked on him without the help of
admiration, though the catalogue of his en-
dowments had been tabled by his side, and I
to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less
furnished, than now he is, with that which
makes him both without and within. 10

French. I have seen him in France: we had
very many there could behold the sun with as
firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's
daughter (wherein he must be weighed rather
by her value, than his own) words him, I
doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment— 18

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those
that weep this lamentable divorce, under
her colours, are wonderfully to extend him;
be it but to fortify her judgment, which else
an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a
beggar without less quality. But how comes
it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps
acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers
together: to whom I have been often bound
for no less than my life.—Here comes the
Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst
you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing,
to a stranger of his quality. 20

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this
gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a
noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I

will leave to appear hereafter, rather than
story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in
Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you
for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and
yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness.
I was glad I did atone my countryman and
you: it had been pity you should have been
put together with so mortal a purpose, as then
each bore, upon importance of so slight and
trivial a nature. 25

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a
young traveller; rather shunned to go even
with what I heard, than in my every action to
be guided by others' experiences: but, upon
my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say
it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether
slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the same
treatment of swords; and by such two that would
by all likelihood, have confounded one the
other, or have fallen both. 30

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was
the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'Twas a conten-
tion in public, which may, without contradic-
tion, suffer the report. It was much like an
argument that fell out last night, where each
of us fell in praise of our country mistresses;
his gentleman at that time vouching (and
upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be
more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant,
unified, and less attemptable, than any the
rest of our ladies in France. 35

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this
gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore
ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in
France, I would abate her nothing, though I
profess myself her adorer, not her friend. 40

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-
in-hand comparison,) had been something too
fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany.
If she went before others I have seen, as that
diamond of yours out-lustres many I have
beheld, I could not but believe she excelled
many; but I have not seen the most precious
diamond that is, nor you the lady. 45

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I
my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is
dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given: or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you? 98

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizable estimations: the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring. 101

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no. 110

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail? 125

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe: I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear. 140

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till you return. Let there be covenants drawn between's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. Here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay. 150

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are yours;—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment. 158

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. 162

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. — Britain. A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

ACT I.

CYMBELINE.

SCENE VI.

1^o Lady.

I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam;

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, without offence, (My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging (but none human),

To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O! content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son.— How now, Pisanio!— Doctor, your service for this time is ended; take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To PISANIO.*] Hark thee, a word.—

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has

Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,

Then afterward up higher: but there is No danger in what show of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou work: When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy master: greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being Is to exchange one misery with another; And every day that comes, comes to decay A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,

To be depend on a thing that leans; Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends, So much as but to prop him?

[*The QUEEN drops the box: PISANIO takes it up.*]

Thou tak'st up Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know

What is more cordial:—nay, I pr'ythee, take it;

It is an earnest of a further good That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her: do't as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on; but think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king

To any shape of thy preferment, such As thou'lt desire; and then myself, chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

Think on my words. [*Exit PISANIO.*]

—A sly and constant knave, Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master, And the remembrancer of her, to hold

The hand-fast to her lord.—I have given him
that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers for her sweet; and which she
after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

So, so;—well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN and Ladies.]

Pis. And shall do;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame
false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that
husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those re-
peated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miser-
able
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest
wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be?
Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome, 10
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

[*Presents a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside.*] All of her that is out of
door, most rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
Who is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; 20
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] "He is one of the noblest
note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely

tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your trust— LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thank-
fully.—

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so 30
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given
them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish
'twixt

The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way,
and 40

Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the
judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening
first

The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well.—
[*To PISANIO.*] 'Beseech you, sir, 50

Desire my man's abode where I did leave
him;

He's strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*]

Imo. Continues well my lord his health,
'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he
is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger
there

So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd 60
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
 There is a Frenchman his companion, one
 An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much
 loves
 A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
 The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly
 Briton
 (Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs,
 cries, "O!
 Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who
 knows
 By history, report, or his own proof,
 What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
 But must be,—will his free hours languish for
 Assur'd bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood
 with laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
 And hear him mock the Frenchman: but,
 heavens know,
 Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty
 towards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is
 much;

In you,—which I account his beyond all
 talents,—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
 To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me. What wreck discern you
 in me,

Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
 I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
 Deliver with more openness your answers
 To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
 I was about to say, enjoy your—But
 It is an office of the gods to venge it,
 Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
 Something of me, or what concerns me: 'pray
 you,

(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
 Than to be sure they do; for certainties
 Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing
 The remedy then born,) discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose
 touch,

Whose every touch, would force the feeler's
 soul

To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine
 eye,

Fixing it only here; should I (damn'd
 then)

Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
 That mount the Capitol; join gripes with
 hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood
 as

With labour); then by-peeping in an eye
 Base and inlustrous as the smoky light

That's fed with stinking tallow: it were
 fit,

That all the plagues of hell should at one
 time

Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

The beggary of his change; but 't is your
 graces

That, from my mute'st conscience, to my
 tongue,

Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth
 strike my heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,

Would make the great'st king double, to be
 partner'd

With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd
 ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold

Which rottenness can lend nature! such
 boil'd stuff,

As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd:
 Or she that bore you was no queen, and
 you

Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
 (As I have such a heart, that both mine
 ears

Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
 How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
 Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
 Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
 In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge
 it.

I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
 More noble than that runagate to your bed;

And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your
lips. 149

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears,
that have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honour-
able,

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue,
not

For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pi-
sanio

The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, 150

A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect
goodness

Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever 160
Country call'd his; and you his mistress,
only

For the most worthiest fit. Give me your
pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your
lord

That which he is, new o'er: and he is
one

The truest-manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off, 170
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which
hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judg-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I
bear him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your
pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir. Take my power i' the
court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost
forgot 180

To entreat your grace but in a small re-
quest,

And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your
lord

(The best feather of our wing), have mingled
sums

To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have
done

In France: 't is plate of rare device, and
jewels

Of rich and exquisite form; their value's
great; 190

And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please
you

To take them in protection?

Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety:
since

My lord hath interest in them, I will keep
them

In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O! no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word, 200

By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on
promise

To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O! I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you
please

To greet your lord with writing, do 't to-
night:

I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be
kept. 209

And truly yielded you. You are very
welcome. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away ! I had a hundred pound on 't : and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that ? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths : ha ?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord ; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog !—I give him satisfaction ? 'Would he had been one of my rank !

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth.—A pox on 't ! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too ; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou ?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that ; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't !

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come ; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in 't ?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are *t.* fool granted ; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.—

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman,
that

Bears all down with her brain ; and this her
son

Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, ^{so}
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess !

Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd ;
A mother hourly coining plots ; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make ! The heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st
stand,

To enjoy thy banished lord, and this great
land ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber ; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed ; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine
eyes are weak ;

Fold down the leaf where I have left : to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me
wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods !
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye !

[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO comes from the trunk.

Jack. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-
labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd

The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh
lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might
touch!

But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathin'
that

Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the
taper

Bows toward her, and would under-peep he
lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure
lac'd

With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my
design!

To note the chamber, I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window
—such

The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such;—and the contents o'
the story.----

Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory. ^a
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon
her!

And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come
off;—

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left
breast

A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here 's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make; this
secret

Will force him think I have pick'd the lock,
and ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To
what end?

Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been
reading late

The tale of Tereus: here the leaf's turn'd
down,

Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that
dawning

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Cne, two, three,—time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber adjoining
IMOGEN'S Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient
man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned
up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to
lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after
the noble temper of your lordship. You are
most hot and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into
courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen,
I should have gold enough. It's almost
morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord. ¹⁰

Clo. I would this music would come. I am
advised to give her music o' mornings; they
say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her
with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue
too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll
never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-
conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air,
with admirable rich words to it,—and then let
her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate
sings,* ²⁰

*And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise,
Arise, arise!*

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will
consider your music the better: if it do not,
it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and
calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch
to boot, can never amend. ³²

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that 's
the reason I was up so early: he cannot
choose but take this service I have done,
fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty, and to my
gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king, Who lets go by no vantages that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicits, and be friended With aptness of the season: make denials so Increase your services: so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him

According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress,

Attend the queen and us; we shall have need

To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all but CLOTEN.*]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,

Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

I know her women are about her. What If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 't is gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man. What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for I yet not understand the case myself. By your leave.

[*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours, Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay, To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good?—The princess!— [*Exit.*]

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest! sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,

Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still. That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent, I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,

I shall unfold equal discourtesy To your best kindness. One of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;

That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,

You put me to forget a lady's manners,

By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,

That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce

By the very truth of it, I care not for you;

And am so near the lack of charity,

(To accuse myself,) I hate you ; which I haue rather

You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract you pretend with that base wretch,

(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,

With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none :

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties, (Yet who than he more mean !) to knit their souls

(On whom there is no more dependency 120 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave, A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth, A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow ! Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more But what thou art besides, thou wert too base To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough, Even to the point of envy, if 't were made 130 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated

For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him !

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer In my respect, than all the hairs above thee, Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio !

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment ? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently,—

Clo. His garment ?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool ; 140 Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually Hath left mine arm : it was thy master's ;

*shrew me,

• If I would lose it for a revenue Of any king's in Europe. I do think, I saw't this morning : confident I am, Last night 't was on mine arm ; I kiss'd it : I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord That I kiss ought but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost. 150
Imo. I hope so : go, and search.

[*Exit PISANIO.*]

Clo. You have abus'd me :— His meanest garment !

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir. If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too : She's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope, But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir, To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be reveng'd.— His meanest garment ?—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO's House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would I were so sure

To win the king, as I am bold her honour Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him ?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;

Quake in the present winter's state, and wish That warmer days would come. In these sear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love ; they failing, I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company, O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king 160 Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius Will do 's commission throughly ; and, I think, He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages, Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe, (Statist though I am none, nor like to be,) That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear

The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order'd, than when Julius

Cesar 21 Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage

Worthy his frowning at : their discipline (Now mingled with their courages) will make known

To their approvers, they are people such That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you
by land,
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your
sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer
made

The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd
upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her
beauty
Look through a casement to allure false
hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust!

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain
court,

When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't
not

Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness,
which

Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that
we

Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the
wronger

Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,

Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves
both

To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose
strength

I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you
shall find

You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bedchamber.
(Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) it was
hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which I won-
der'd

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by
me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her and-
irons

(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids.
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this (and
praise

Be given to your remembrance), the descrip-
tion

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel;
see!— [Pulling out the bracelet.

And now 't is up again : it must be married
To that your diamond ; I 'll keep them.

Post. Jove !—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that : 108
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she ?

Post. O ! no, no, no ; 't is true. Here,
take this too ; [*Giving the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no
honour,

Where there is beauty ; truth, where sem-
blance ; love,

Where there's another man : the vows of
women 110

Of no more bondage be to where they are
made,

Than they are to their virtues, which is no-
thing.—

O, above measure false !

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again ; 't is not yet won :
It may be probable she lost it ; or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being cor-
rupted,

Hath stol'n it from her ?

Post. Very true ;
And so, I hope, he came by 't.—Back my
ring.—

Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident this ; for this was stolen. 120

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears ; by Jupiter he
swears.

'T is true ;—nay, keep the ring,—'t is true, I
am sure

She would not lose it : her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable :—they induc'd to
steal it !

And by a stranger !—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
Thé cognisance of her incontinency

Is this :—she hath bought the name of whore
thus dearly.—

There, take thy fire ; and all the fiends of
hell

Divide themselves between you !

Phi. Sir, be patient. 130
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't ;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach.

If you see

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remem-
ber

This stain upon her ?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold, 140
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more ?

Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count
the turns ;

Once, and a million !

Iach. I 'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you
lie ;

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her
limb-meal !

I will go there, and do 't ; i' the court ; be-
fore

Her father.—I 'll do something— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience !—You have
won : 150

Let's follow him, and pervert the present
wrath

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room
in the Same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but
women

Must be half-workers ? We are all bastards ;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd ; some coiner with his
tools

Made me a counterfeit : yet my mother
seem'd

The Dian of that time ; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, ven-
geance !

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And prayed me oft forbearance ; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn ; that I
thought her

A^{ch} chaste as unsunn'd snow :—O, all the
devils !—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't
not ?
Or less,—at first ; perchance he spoke not,
but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, " O ! " and mounted ; found no op-
position
But what he look'd for should oppose, and
she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find
out
The woman's part in me ! For there's no
motion 20
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part : be it lying, note it
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving,
hers ;

Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges,
hers ;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-
dain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell
knows,
Why, hers, in part or all : but rather, all ;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still, 20
One vice but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against
them,
Detest them, curse them.—Yet 't is greater
skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their
will :
The very devils cannot plague them better.
[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. A Room of State in
CYMBELINE'S Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and Lords,
at one door ; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS
and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus
Caesar with us ?

Luc. When Julius Caesar (whose remem-
brance yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and
tongues

Be thence and hearing ever) was in this
Britain.

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by
thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Caesars, 11
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself ; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from's, to
resume

We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors, together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which
stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters ; 20
With sands that will not bear your enemies'
boats,

But suck them up to the topmast. A kind
of conquest

Caesar made here ; but made not here his
brag

Of " came, and saw, and overcame : " with
shame

(The first that ever touch'd him) he was car-
ried

From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his
shipping,

(Poor ignorant haubles !) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks : for joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point 20
(O giglot fortune !) to master Caesar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be
paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was
at that time ; and, as I said, there is no more
such Caesars : other of them may have crooked
noses ; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end. 21

Clo. We have yet many among us can
gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I
am one ; but I have a hand.—Why tribute ?
why should we pay tribute ? If Caesar can
hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put
the moon in his pocket, we will pay him

tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute,
pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free ; Cæsar's
ambition,
(Which swell'd so much, that 't did almost
stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour,
here
Did put the yoke upon 's ; which to shake
off

Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws ; whose use the sword of
Cæsar

Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and
franchise

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good
deed,

Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmu-
tius made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants,
than

Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then :—war, and con-
fusion,

In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him ; of him I gathered honour ;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms ; a precedent,
Which not to read would show the Britons
cold :

So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day or two, or longer : if
you seek us afterwards in other terms, you
shall find us in our salt-water girdle : if you
beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall
in the adventure, our crowns shall fare the
better for you ; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and
he mine :

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter PISANIO, reading a letter.

Pis. How ! • of adultery ? Wherefore
write you not

What monster's her accuser ?—Leonatus !
O-master ! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear ! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath pro-
vail'd

On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :
She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such
assaults

As would take in some virtue.—O my
master !

Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How ! that I should murder
her ?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command ?—I, her ?—her
blood ?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to ?—“ Do't. The
letter

That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.”—O damn'd
paper !

Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless
bauble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without ? Lo ! here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord :
Leonatus.

O ! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars as I his characters ;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content. yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve
him :

Some griefs are medicinable ; that is one of
them,

For it doth physic love : of his content,
All but in that ! Good wax, thy leave.—

Bless'd be

You bees, that make these locks of counsel !
Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike :
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables. Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*] "Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cumbria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love."

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—

O, let me 'bate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,—

But in a fainter kind:—O! not like me, For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick,

(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,

To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as to To inherit such a haven: but, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap

That we shall make in time, from our hence-going

And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence.

Why should excuse be born or ere begot?

We'll talk of that hereafter. Prythee, speak,

How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,

Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man;—nor here, nor here,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I prythee:

Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say; Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Wales. A Mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such

Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you

To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs

Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through

And keep their impious turbans on, without Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly

As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to you hill:

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens and sets off: And you may then revolve what tales I have told you

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

This service is not service, so being done,

But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,

Draws us a profit from all things we see;

And often, to our comfort, shall we find

The sharded beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

Such gain the cap of him that makes him fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we,

poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest;

nor know not

What air's from home. Haply this life
best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well correspond-
ing
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen
nothing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the
court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to
climb

Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o' the
war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour; which dies
i' the search

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O boys! this
story

The world may read in me: my body's
mark'd

With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd
me;

And when a soldier was the theme, my
name

Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in
one night,

A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
leaves,

And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have
told you oft)

But that two villains, whose false oaths pre-
vail'd

Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbe-
line,

I was confederate with the Romans: so, •
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty
years

This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world, •

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the
mountains!

This is not hunters' language.—He that
strikes

The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;

And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in
the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the
king;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though train'd
up thus meanly

I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts
do hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts
them,

In simple and low things, to prize it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly
out

Into my story: say,—“Thus mine enemy
fell;

And thus I set my foot on's neck,”—even
then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,

(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much
more

His own conceiving. Hark! the game is
rous'd.—

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience,
knows,

Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon
At three, and two years old, I stole these

babes,

Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,

Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for
their mother,

And every day do honour to her grave :
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. —The game is
up. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place
Was near at hand. —Ne'er long'd my mother
so

To see me first, as I have now. —Pisanio!
man!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore
breaks that sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted
thus,

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the
matter? ¹⁰

Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. —My hus-
band's hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. —Speak, man :
thy tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read :
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] "Thy mistress, Pisanio,
hath played the strumpet in my bed; the
testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I
speak not out of weak surmises, but from
proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as
I expect my revenge. That part, thou,
Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not
tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine
own hands take away her life; I shall give
thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath
my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear
to strike, and to make me certain it is done,
thou art the pander to her dishonour, and
equally to me disloyal." ²⁰

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper
Hath cut her throat already. —No; 't is
slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose
breath

Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons, may, the secrets of the
grave

This viperous slander enters. —What cheer,
madam? ⁴⁰

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be
false!

To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep
charge nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to's bed,
is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness,
Iachimo:

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, me-
thinks,

Thy favour's good enough. —Some jay of
Italy, ⁵⁰

Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the
walls,

I must be ripp'd: —to pieces with me! —O!
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good
seeming,

By thy revolt, O husband! shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born wher't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like
false Æneas,

Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's
weeping ⁶⁰

Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Post-
humus,

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men:
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and
perjur'd,

From thy great fail. —Come, fellow, be thou
honest:

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou
seest him,

A little witness my obedience: look!

I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but
grief: ⁷⁰

Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.

Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-
slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's
my heart :

Something's afore't :—soft, soft ! we'll no
defence ;

Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy ? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor
fools

Believe false teachers : though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits

Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but

A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, des-
patch :

The lamb entreats the butcher : where's thy
knife ?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady !
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence ? this place ?
Mine action, and thine own ? our horses'
labour ?

The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent ; whereunto I never
Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be upbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee ?

Pis. But to win time,
To lose so bad employment ; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary ; speak :
I have heard I am a strumpet ; and mine ear,

Therein false struck, can take no greater
wound,

Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither :
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd :

Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan ?

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send
him

Some bloody sign of it ; for't is commanded
I should do so : you shall be missed at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while ? where bide ? how
live ?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband ?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father ; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you hide.

Imo. Where then ?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day,
night,

Are they not but in Britain ? I' the world's
volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in't ;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee,
think

There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow : now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view : yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus ; so nigh, at least,
That, though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point :
You must forget to be a woman ; change

Command into obedience; fear, and nice-
ness,

(The handmaids of all women, or more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish
courage;

Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you
must 161

Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit 170
(T is in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their
serving,

And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble
Lucius

Present yourself, desire his service, tell
him

Wherein you're happy, (which you'll make
him know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's
honourable,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad,

You have me, rich; and I will never fail 180
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd, but we'll
even

All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short
farewell,

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble
mistress,

Here is a box; I had it from the queen: 190
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at
sea,

Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of
this

Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood. May the
gods

Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen. I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. —A Room in CYMBELINE'S
Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS.
Lords, and Attendants.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must
needs

Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office; 19

The due of honour in no point omit.

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this
time forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good
my lords,

Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt LUCIUS and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it
honours us,

That we have given him cause.

Clo. T is all the better:
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it. 20

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the
emperor

How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readi-
ness;

The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. T is not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be
thus

Hath made us forward. But, my gentle
queen.

Where is our daughter? She hath not ap-
pear'd 20

Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day. She looks us like

A thing more made of malice, than of duty:

We have noted it. — Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my
lord,

'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
answer

That will be given to the loud'st of noise we
make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit
her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrained by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known, but our great
court

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which
I fear

Prove false! [*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old
servant,

I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after. — [*Exit CLOTEN.*]
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthu-
mus!

He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair has seiz'd
her;

Or, winged with tervour of her love, she's
flown

To her desired Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being
down,

I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'T is certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside.*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[*Exit.*]

Clo. I love, and hate her, for she's fair
and royal,
And that she has all courtly parts, more
exquisite

Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore. But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judg-
ment,

That what's else rare is chok'd; and, in that
point,

I will conclude to hate her: nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What! are you packing-
sirrah?

Come hither. Ah, you precious pander!
Villain,

Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthu-
mus?

From whose so many weights of baseness
cannot

A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord!

How can she be with him? When was she
miss'd?

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word:—no more of worthy
lord!

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see 't. — I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She's far enough; and what he learns by
this,

May prove his travel, not her danger.

•*Clo.*

Hum !

Pis. [*Aside*]. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,

Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know 't. — Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry, — that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, — I would think thee an honest man ; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand ; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither : let it be thy first service ; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing ; I'll remember 't anon. —Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her : first kill him, and in her eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground ; my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments ?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven !

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee : the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford : 'would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss : for, true to thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be To him that is most true. —To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow,

flow, You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed

Be cross'd with slowness : labour be his meed !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. —Before the Cave of BELARIUS.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a pain's life is a tedious one : I have tir'd myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed : I should be sick.

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,

Thou wast within a ken. O Jove ! I think, Foundations fly the wretched ; such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,

I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true : to lapse in fulness

Is sorer, than to lie for need ; and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !

Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,

My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was At point to sink for food.—But what is this ? Here is a path to 't : 't is some savage hold : I were best not call ; I dare not call ; yet famine,

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever

Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! Who's here !

If anything that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.--Ho! No answer! then, I'll
enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
on't.

Such a foe, good heavens!

[*Enters the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best wood-
man, and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our
match:

The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our
stomachs

Will make what's homely, savoury: weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.-- Now, peace be
here,

Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in
appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat if the cave: we'll
browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave.*] Stay: come not
in.

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:

Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought what I have took.

Good troth,

I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though
I had found

Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for
my meat:

I would have have left it on the board, so
soon

As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to
dirt!

As't is no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you're angry.

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy: he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with
hunger,

I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Prythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good
minds

By this rude place we live in. Well encount-
er'd!

'T is almost night: you shall have better
cheer

Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat
it.--

Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom. In
honesty,

I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours.--Most
welcome!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!

[*Aside.*] If brothers! 'Would it had been so,
that they

Had been my father's sons: then had my
prize

Been less; and so more equal ballasting

To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free't!

Arv. Or I: what'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the
virtue

Which their own conscience seal'd them, (lay-
ing by

That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.--Fair youth,
come in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have
supp'd

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, so
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arr. The night to the owl, and morn to the
lark, less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's
writ :

That since the common men are now in
action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,

And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul : and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar !

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your
levy

Must be suppliant : the words of your com-
mission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the
time

Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they
should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly.
How fit his garments serve me ! Why should
his mistress, who was made by him that made
the tailor, not be fit too ? the rather (saving
reverence of the word) for't is said, a woman's
fittness comes by fits. Therein I must play the
workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it
is not vain-glory for a man and his glass
to confer in his own chamber,) I mean, the
lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no
less young, more strong, not beneath him in
fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the
time, above him in birth, alike conversant in
general services, and more remarkable in sin-
gle oppositions : yet this imperseverant thing
loves him in my despite. What mortality is !
Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing
upon thy shoulders, shall, within this hour be
off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to
pieces before thy face ; and all this done, spurn
her home to her father, who may, haply, be a
little angry for my so rough usage, but my
mother, having power of his testiness, shall
turn all into my commendations. My horse
is tied up safe : out, sword, and to a sore
purpose ! Fortune, put them into my hand !
This is the very description of their meeting-
place : and the fellow dares not deceive me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. [*To IMOGEN.*] You are not well : re-
main here in the cave ;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arr. [*To IMOGEN.*] Brother, stay here :
Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be ;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting ; I'll abide with
him.

Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well ;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick. So please you,
leave me ;

Stick to your journal course : the breach of
custom

Is breach of all. I am ill ; but your being
by me

Cannot amend me : society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it : pray you, trust me
here ;

I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee ; I have spoke it ;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ! how ! how !

Arr. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me

In my good brother's fault : I know not why
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at
door,

And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain !
O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire
base :

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and
grace.

I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arr. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arr. You health. —So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures.
Gods, what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court :
Experience, O ! thou disprov'st report.

The imperious seas breed monsters : for the
dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still ; heart-sick. —Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Gui. I could not stir him :

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate ;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arr. Thus did he answer me ; yet said,
hereafter

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field !—

We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever. [*Exit IMOGES.*

This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he
hath had

Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery ! He cuts our
roots

In characters ;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been
sick,

And he her dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;

The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui.

I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arr. Grow, patience !

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine !

Bel. It is great morning. Come away !—
Who's there ?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates : that
villain

Hath mock'd me. —I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates !

Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some
ambush.

I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he. —We are held as outlaws :—
hence !

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother
search

What companies are near ; pray you, away ;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exit BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

Clo. Soft ! What are you

That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou ?

Gui. A thing

More slavish did I ne'er than answering

A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,

A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who ? to thee ? What art thou ?

Have not I

An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger ; for I wear
not

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou
art,

Why I should yield to thee ?

Clo. Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes ?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather : he made those
clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,

My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art
some fool ;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name ?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy
name,

Cannot tremble at it : were it toad, or adder,
spider,

'T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear, ⁹¹
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gwi. I am sorry for 't ; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid ?

Gwi. Those that I reverence, those I fear,
the wise :

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No companies abroad ? ¹⁰¹

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake
him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell : long is it since I saw
him,

But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of
favour

Which then he wore : the snatches in his
voice,

And burst of speaking, were as his. I am
absolute,

'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them :
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension ¹¹⁰
Of roaring terrors : for the effect of judgment
Is off the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS with CLOTEN'S head.

Gwi. This Cloten was a fool, an empty
purse,

There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none ;

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Gwi. I am perfect, what : cut off one Clo-
ten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report ;

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer ; and
swore, ¹²⁰

With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods !)
they grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gwi. Why, worthy father, what have we
to lose,

But, that he swore to take, our lives ? The
law

Protects not us : then, why should we be
tender,

To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us ;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law ? What company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single soul ¹³⁰

Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour

Was nothing but mutation ; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in
time

May make some stronger head : the which he
hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and
swear ¹⁴⁰

He'd fetch us in ; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering : then on good ground
we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it : howso'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day : the boy Fidele's sickness
Did maké my way long forth.

Gwi. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have
ta'en ¹⁵⁰

His head from him : I'll throw 't into the
creek

Behind our rock ; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son,
Cloten :

That's all I reck. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear, 't will be reveng'd.
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't ;
though valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me !—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed : I would,
revenges,

That possible strength might meet, would
seek us through, ¹⁶⁰

And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is done.
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our rock :

* You and Fidele play the cooks ; I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I'll willingly to him : to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as
gentle 171

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as
rough,

Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder,

That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour 172
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd ! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother ?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother : his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument !
Hark, Polydore, it sounds ; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion ? Hark !

Gui. Is he at home ?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean ? since death of
my dear'st mother 180

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter ?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad ?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead
in his arms.*

Bel. Look ! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to
sixty, 180

To have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily !
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy !
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom !
find

The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish
crave

Might easiliest harbour in ?—Thou blessed
thing !

Jove knows what man thou might'st have
made ; but I,

Thou didst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him ?

Arv. Stark, as you see :
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at ; his
right cheek 211

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where ?

Arv. O' the floor ;
His arms thus leagu'd : I thought he slept,
and put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps ;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed :
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not
lack 220

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,
nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock
would,

With charitable bill, (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers
are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with
that 221

Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,

As once our mother ; use like note, and words, Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee ;

For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse ²⁴ Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less ; for Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys ; And, though he came our enemy, remember, He was paid for that : though mean and mighty, rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence (That angel of the world) doth make distinction Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,

And though you took his life, as being our foe, Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither. Thersites' body is as good as Ajax, ²⁵² When neither are alive.

Arr. If you'll go fetch him, We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin. [*Exit BELARIUS.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east ;

My father has a reason for't.

Arr. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. So.—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done, ²⁶⁰
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash, ²⁷⁰

Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;

Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee !

Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !

Arr. Nothing ill come near thee !

Both. Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave !

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but 'bout midnight, more :

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.

You were as flowers, now wither'd ; even so These herblets shall, which we upon you strew.—

Come on, away ; apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again : ²⁸⁰

Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exit BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*]

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford Haven ; which is the way ?—

I thank you.—By yond bush ?—Pray, how far thither ?

'Ods pittikins !—can it be six miles yet ?—

I have gone all night.—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft ! no bedfellow.—O gods and goddesses ! [*Seeing the body of CLOTEN.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world ;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream ;

For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures ; but 't is not so :

'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing, Which the brain makes of funnes. Our very

eyes ³⁰¹ Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.

Good faith,

I tremble still with fear : but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it !

The dream's here still : even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless man !—The garbent of Posthumus !

I know the shape of his leg ; this is his hand ;

His foot Mercurial ; his Martial thigh ; ³¹⁰

The brawns of Hercules : but his Jovial face—

Murder in heaven ?—How ?—'T is gone.—

Pisanio,

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee ! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregularous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters, — damn'd
Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me!
where's that? 321

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be?
Pisanio?

'Tis he, and Cloten: Malice and lucre in
them

Have laid this woe here. O! 't is pregnant,
pregnant.

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was
precious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it
home:

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those 321

Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my
lord! [Falls on the body.]

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain and other Officers,
and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in
Gallia,

After your will, have cross'd the sea; at-
tending

You here at Milford Haven, with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the con-
finers,

And gentlemen of Italy: most willing spirits,
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo, 320
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—
Now, sir,

What have you dream'd of late of this war's
purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me
a vision,

(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,)
thus:—

I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the
west,

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which por-
tends

(Unless my sins abuse my divination)

Success to the Roman host.

Luc.

Dream often so,

And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is
here,

Without his top? The ruin speaks, that
sometime

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him! But dead,
rather;

For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap.

He's alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—

Young one, 320

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was
he,

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy
interest

In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is
it?

What art thou?

Imo.

I am nothing: or if not,

Nothing to be were better. This was my
master,

A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may
wander 321

From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc.

Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining,
than

Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good
friend.

Imo.

Richard du Champ. (*Aside.*) If I do
lie, and do

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc.

Thy name? 320

Imo.

Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very
same.

Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not
say,

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less lov'd. The Roman emperor's
letters,

Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner,
Than thine own worth, prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please
the gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig : and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha'strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh ;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth ;
And rather father thee, than master thee.---
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties : let
Find out the prettiest daisied spot we can, and
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave : come, arm him.---Boy, he is pre-
fer'd

By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful ; wipe thine
eyes :

Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.---A Room in CYMBELINE'S
Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, PISANIO, and
Attendants.*

Cym. Again ; and bring me word how 't is
with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

A fever with the absence of her son ;
A madness, of which her life 's in danger.---
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me !
Imogen,

The great part of my comfort, gone ; my
queen

Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me : her son

gone,
So needful for this present : it strikes me,
past

The hope of comfort.--- But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will ; but, for my
mistress,

I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your
highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,

The day that she was missing he was here,
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For

Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To PISANIO.*] We'll slip you for a season ; but
our jealousy

Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen !

I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of : come more, for more
you're ready.

The want is, but to put those powers in
motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear
not

What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.---Away !

[*Exeunt all but PISANIO.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master,
since

I wrote him Imogen was slain : 't is strange ;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings ; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all : the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true,
to be true.

These present wars shall find I love my
country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in
them.

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd ;
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not
steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.---Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to
look it

From action and adventure ?
Gui. Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. -Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure
us.

To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not
muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's
that

Which we have done, whose answer would be
death

Drawn on with torture.

Gwi. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time nothing becoming you.
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our
note,

To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not
wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the
king

Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your
loves,

Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; ay, hopeless

To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gwi. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever looked on
blood,

But that of coward hares, hot goats, and
venison?

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron, on his heel? I am asham'd

To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gwi. By heavens, I'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you
set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with
you, boys.

If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside.*] The time seems long;
their blood thinks scorn,

Till it fly out, and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Field between the British and
Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for
I wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
ones,

If each of you should take this course, how
many

Must murder wives much better than them-
selves,

For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands:

No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance.

But, alack!

You snatch some hence for little faults;
that's love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,

And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight

Against my lady's kingdom : 't is enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress.
Peace!

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight
Against the part I come with ; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen ! even for whom my
life

Is, every breath, a death ; and thus, un-
known,

Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men
know

More valour in me, than my habits show. 30
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me !
To shame the guise o' the world, I will
begin

The fashion, less without, and more within.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the
Roman Army : at the other side, the British
Army : LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following,
like a poor soldier. They march over and
go out. Alarms. Then enter again, in
skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS : he
vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and
then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom

Takes off my manhood : I have belied a
lady,

The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengeingly enfeebles me. Or could this
carr,

A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession ? Knighthoods and honours,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.
[Exit.]

*The battle continues ; the Britons fly ;
CYMBELINE is taken : then enter, to his rescue,
BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand ! We have the advantage
of the ground. 11

The lane is guarded : nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui., Arv. Stand, stand, and fight !

*Re-enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons ;
they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then
re-enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
thyself ;

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's
such

As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : or be-
times

Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made
the stand ?

Post. I did ;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir ; for all was
lost,

But that the heavens fought. The king him-
self

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane ; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having
work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck
down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some
falling 10

Merely through fear ; that the strait pass
was damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards
lying

To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane ?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and
wall'd with turf ;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant ; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country ;—athwart the
lane,

He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to comm't such
slaughter ; 20

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage ; cried to those that
fled,

"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men :

To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards,
Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may
save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand!"—
These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, "Stand,
stand!"
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness (which could have
turn'd
A distaff to a lance), gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some,
turn'd coward
But by example, (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly.
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our
cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need: having found the back-
door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they
wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some, their
friends,
O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by
one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of
twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.
Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are
made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans'
bane."
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack! to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his
friend;
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going!—This is a lord. O noble
misery!
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their
honours
To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to
do 't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe
charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him
groan;
Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly
monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft
beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I
will find him;
For, being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the
slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer
be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom's
death:
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for luncheon.
Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.
1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius
is taken.
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were
angels.
2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly
habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1 Cap. So 't is reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand! who
is there?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if
seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here. He
brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the
king.
*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS,
GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman
Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS
to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a
Gaoler; after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.—A PRISON.

Enter POSTHUMUS and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n; you have locks upon you: So, graze as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty. Yet am I better Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician, death, who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt; or Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent? I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy, If of my freedom 't is the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more element than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third, A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement: that's not my desire. For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though

'Is not so dear, yet 't is a life: you coin'd it: 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life, And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen! I'll speak to thee in silence.

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young LEONATI, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,

That thy adulteries Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,

Whose face I never saw?

I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd Attending nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report, Thou orphans' father art)

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him

From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid, But took me in my throes;

That from me was Posthumus ript, Came crying 'mongst his foes, A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry, Moulded the stuff so fair, That he deserv'd the praise o' the world, As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man, In Britain where was he, That could stand up his parallel, Or fruitful object be In eye of Imogen, that best Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd, be exil'd, and thrown From Leonati's seat, and cast From her his dearest one, Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo, Slight thing of Italy, To taint his nobler heart and brain With needless jealousy; And to become the geek and scorn O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came, Our parents, and us twain, That striking in our country's cause Fell bravely, and were slain; Our fealty, and Tenantius' right, With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath To Cymbeline perform'd: Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods, Why hast thou thus adjourn'd The graces for his merits due, Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope ; look out
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ;
help !

Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter ! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle : he throws a thunder bolt ; the Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region
low,

Offend our hearing : hush ! — How dare you
ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts !

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence : and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of
flowers :

Be not with mortal accidents oppress :

No care of yours it is, you know : 't is
ours.

Whom best I love, I cross : to make my
gift.

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content :

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :

His comforts thrive, his trials well are
spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married. Rise, and
fade ! —

He shall be lord of Lady Imogen, —

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine :

And so, away : no further with your din —
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine. —

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[Ascends.]
Sici. He came in thunder ; his celestial
breath

Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us : his ascension is

More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal
bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and dloys his
beak,

As when his god is pleas'd.

All.

Thanks, Jupiter !

Sici. The marble pavement closes ; he is
enter'd

His radiant roof. — Away ! and, to be
blest,

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[The Ghosts vanish.]
Post. *[Waking.]* Sleep, thou hast been a
grandsire, and begot

A father to me ; and thou hast created

A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn !)

Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were
born :

And so I am awake. — Poor wretches, that
depend

On greatness' favour, dream as I have
done ;

Wake, and find nothing. — But, alas, I
swerve :

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,

And yet are steep'd in favours : so am I,

That have this golden chance, and know not
why.

What fairies haunt this ground ! A look !
O rare one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment

Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects

So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,

As good as promise.

[Reads.] "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to

himself unknown, without seeking find, and

be embraced by a piece of tender air ; and

when from a stately cedar shall be lopped

branches, which, being dead many years, shall

after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and

freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his

miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in

peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as mad-
men

Tongue, and brain not ; either both, or
nothing :

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such

As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,

The action of my life is like it, which

I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather ; ready long
ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir : if you be
ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the
spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir ; but
the comfort is, you shall be called to no more
payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are
often the sadness of parting, as the procuring

of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor-and-creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows. 171

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaul. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow. 172

Gaul. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them. 173

Gaul. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles: bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.

Gaul. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. 174

[*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*]

Gaul. Unless a man would marry a gallow, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them, too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowes! I speak against my present profit, but my wish bath a preferment in 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:

He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so

Bel. I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing; Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him? 175

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are: report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen. Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,

Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees. Arise, my knights o' the battle: I create you

Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates. 176

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly

Greet you our victory? you look like Romans.

And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she? 177

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;

Which, being cruel to the world, concluded

Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd
you ; only

Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this ;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in
hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend !
Who is 't can read a woman !— Is there
more !

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did con-
fess, she had
For you a mortal mineral ; which, being
took,

Should by the minute feed on life, and lin-
g'ring
By inches waste you : in which time she pur-
pos'd,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'come you with her show ; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to
work

Her son into the adoption of the crown :
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected : so, so
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my
heart,
That thought her like her seeming : it had
been vicious,

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend
all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and
other Roman Prisoners, guarded ; POST-
RUMUS behind ; and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute :
that

The Britons have raz'd out, though with the
loss

Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have
made suit,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with
slaughter,

Of you their captives, which ourself have
granted :

So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the
day

Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool,
have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the
gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :

Augustus lives to think on't ; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat : my boy, a Briton born,

Let him be ransom'd : never master had
A page so kind, so dutious, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your
highness

Cannot deny : he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him,
sir,

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him :
His favour is familiar to me.

Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor
wherefore,

To say, live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ;
live,

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it ;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner, the
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good
lad,

And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack !

There's other work in hand.—I see a thing
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good
master,

Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,

He leaves me, scorns me : briefly die their
joys,

That place them on the truth of girls and
boys.—

Why stands he so perplex'd !

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak;

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me, Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please

To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart, And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page; I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Are. One said another Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad, Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not: forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure

He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. [Aside.] It is my mistress! Since she is living, let the time run on To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side: 150 Make thy demand aloud.—[To IACHIMO.]

Sir, step you forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely; Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it, Which is our honour, bitter torture shall Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside.] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say, How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villainy I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel;

Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd

'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter, For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits

Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,

Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed

The mansion where!) 't was at a feast (O, 'would

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus

(What should I say? he was too good to be Where ill men were, and was the best of all Amongst the rarest of good ones) sitting sadly,

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast

Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition, A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves woman for; besides that hook of wiving,

Fairness, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall, Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This

Posthumus (Most like a noble lord in love, and one That had a royal lover) took his hint;

And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (there-in

He was as calm as virtue,) he began His mistress' picture; which by his tongue

being made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his descrip-
tion

Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it
begins. 180

He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold : whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with
him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he
wore

Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle 190

Of Phœbus' wheel ; and might so safely, had
it

Been all the worth of 's car. Away to
Britain

Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd, 200
That I return'd with simular proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her brace-
let,

(O cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now, —

Post. [*Coming forward.*] Ay, so thou
dost, 210

Italian fiend !—Ah me ! most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poi-
son,

Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious : it is I

That all the abhorred things o' the earth
amend,

By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie ;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself, 220
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't :—the temple

Of virtue was she ; yet, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me ;
set

The dogs o' the street to bay me : every
villain

Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus ; and
Be villainy less than 't was ! O Imogen !
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ! hear, hear !

Post. Shall 's have a play of this ! Thou
scornful page,

There lie thy part. [*Striking her : she falls.*
Pis. O gentlemen ! help 220

Mine, and your mistress. — O, my Lord
Posthumus !

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help,
help !—

Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Post. How come these staggers on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistress !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to
strike me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress ?

Imo. O ! get thee from my sight ;

Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow,
hence !

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The time of Imogen !

Pis. Lady, 230

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by
me

A precious thing : I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still !

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest : " If
Pisanio

Have," said she, " given his mistress that
confection

Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What 's this, Cornelius !

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd
me 240

To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would
cease

The present power of life ; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again

Do their due functions.—Have you taken of
it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gai. This is, sure, Fidele. 261

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded
lady from you?

Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling.*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]
Though you did love this youth, I blame
ye not;

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen, 270
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O! she was naught; and long of her
it was,

That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pos. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord
Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth,
and swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's 281
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Mil-
ford;

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to
violate

My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gai. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods fend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my
lips

Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant
youth, 291
Deny't again.

Gai. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gai. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he
did me

Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke
me

With language that would make me spurn the
sea,

If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
must

Endure our law. Thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king.

This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—[*To the Guard.*] Let his
arms alone;

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid
for,

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far. 316

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours. •

Gai. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—By leave;
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was
call'd

Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man; 326
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence.
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's
my knee:

Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me
father,

And think they are my sons, are none of mine :

They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :

Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment

Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up ; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them : my breeding was, sir,

Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,

Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children

Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't ;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then : beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,

Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world.—

The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are
worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my
children :

If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius ;

This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus, 350
Your younger princely son : he, sir, was
lapp'd

In a most curious mantle, wrought by the
hand

Of his queen mother, which, for more pro-
tection,

I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star :
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.

It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O ! what, am I
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—Bless'd pray you
be, 351

That, after this strange starting from your
orbs,

You may reign in them now.—O Imogen !
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle
brothers !

Have we thus met ? O ! never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me
brother,

When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?
Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd ;
Continued so, until we thought he died. 352

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !
When shall I hear all through ? This fierce
abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how
liv'd you !

And when came you to serve our Roman
captive ?

How parted with your brothers ? how first
met them !

Why fled you from the court, and whither ?
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be
demanded, 353

And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long inter'gatories. So
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy : the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
[To BELARIUS.] Thou art my brother : so
we'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too ; and did
relieve me,

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful
too,

For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly
fought,
He would have well become'd this place, and
grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was
he,

Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [Kneeling.] I am down again ;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life,
'beseech you,

Which I so often owe ; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you, is to spare
you ;

The malice towards you, 'to forgive you.
Live,

And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law :
Pardon's the word to all.

Acc. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord
of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, me-
thought,

Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom : whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it : let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus !

Sooth. Here, my good lord
[*Coming forward.*]

Luc. Read and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] " Whenas a lion's whelp
shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embraced by a piece of tender
air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be
lopped branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old
stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus
end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
[*To CYMBELINE.*] The piece of tender air, thy
virtuous daughter,

Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier* : which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife ; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd
about

With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee ; and thy lopp'd branches
point

Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now
reviv'd,

To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and
hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do
tune

The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd ; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the
sun

So vanish'd : which foreshow'd our princely
eagle,

The imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their
nostrils

From our bless'd altars. Publish, we this
peace

To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through *Lod's* town
march :

And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease.
The bloody hands were wash'd, with such a
peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*

ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*

GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor.*

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } *Lords.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester.*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS,

CERES,

JUNO,

Spirits.

Nymphs,

Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain, severally.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Master. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare. Take in the topsail; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough! *10*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boson?

Boats. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not. *20*

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course. *[A cry within.]* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.
Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink? *40*

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, in-

solent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal.—'would, thou mightst lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us! —*We split, we split!* —*Farewell, my wife and children!* —*Farewell, brother!* —*We split, we split, we split!* —

Ant. Let's all sink wth the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death.

SCENE II.—The Island: before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere

It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and

The fraughting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected: No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,

There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm. I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me.—So

[*Lays down his mantle.*] Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art

So safely order'd, that there is no soul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair, Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd, And left me to a bootless inquisition, Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pro. The hour's now come, The very minute bids thee ope thine ear; Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not

Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can. *Pro.* By what? by any other house, or person?

Of anything the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off; And rather like a dream, than an assurance That my remembrance warrants. Had I not Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it,

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou
else

In the dark backward and abysm of time? so
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st
here,

How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve
year since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and

A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy
father

Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir

A princess;—no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from
thence?

Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd
thence;

But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please
you, further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd
Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time, so
Through all the signiorities it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so re-
puted

In dignity and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being trans-
ported,

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant
suits,

How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or
chang'd them,

Or else new form'd them: having both the
key

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he
was

The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,

And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou
attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir! I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind so
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false
brother

Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,

Like a good parent, did beget of him

A falsehood, in its contrary as great

As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,

A confidence sans bound. He being thus
lorded,

Not only with what my revenue yielded,

But what my power might else exact,—like
one,

Who having, unto truth, by telling of it, 100

Made such a sinner of his memory,

To credit his own lie,—he did believe

He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitu-
tion,

And executing the outward face of royalty,

With all prerogative: hence his ambition
growing,—

Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part
he play'd,

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal
royalties 110

He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) wi' the King of
Naples,

To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event;
then tell me

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy' 121
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tri-
bute,

Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: where-
on,

A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of dark-
ness,

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity !
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present
business
Which now's upon us ; without the which
this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

Pro. Well demanded, wench :
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they
durst not,

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business ; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they pre-
par'd

A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it, there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us : to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack ! what trouble
Was I then to you !

Pro. O, a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full
salt,
Under my burden groan'd ; which rais'd in
me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore ?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water,
that

A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us ; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much : so, of his
gentleness,

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. 'Would I might
But ever see that man !

Pro. Now I arise.—
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more
profit
Than other princess' can, that have more
time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't ! And
now, I pray you, sir,
For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm ?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon

A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more
questions.

Thou art inclin'd to sleep ; 't is a good dull-
ness,

And give it way :—I know thou canst not
choose.— [MIRANDA sleeps.

Come away, servant, come ! I am ready
now.

Approach, my Ariel : come !

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master ; grave sir, hail !
I come

To answer thy best pleasure ; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds : to thy strong bidding
task

Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade
thee ?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship ; now on the
beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement : sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame dis-
tinctly,

Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the
precursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momen-
tary

And sight-outrunning were not : the fire, and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Nep-
tune

Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble,

Yes, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason!

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the
vessel,

Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Fer-
dinand,

With hair upstaring (then like reeds, not
hair),

Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell
is empty,

And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st
me,

In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where
once

Thou call'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes; there she's
hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the
fleet

Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flete,
Bound sadly home for Naples.

Supposing that they saw the king's ship
wrack'd,

And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
*Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt
six and now

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost
give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast
promis'd,

Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,
serv'd

Without or grudge, or grumbings. Thou didst
promise

To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to
tread the ooze

Of the salt deep,

To run upon the sharp wind of the north,

To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,

When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast
thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and
envy,

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born?
speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast
been,

Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch,
Sycorax,

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,

Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing
she did,

They would not take her life. Is not this
true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
with child,

And here was left by the sailors: thou, my
slave

As thou report'st thyself, wast then her ser-
vant:

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhorred commands,

Refusing her grand hests, she did confine
thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,
 Into a cloven pine; within which rift
 Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
 A dozen years; within which space she died,
 And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy
 groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this
 island

(Save for the son which she did litter here,
 A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
 A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Devil thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
 Whom now I keep in service. Thou best
 know'st

What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the
 breasts

Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax ²⁰
 Could not again undo: it was mine art,
 When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made
 gaps

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend
 an oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
 I will be correspondent to command,
 And do my spriting gently.

Pro. Do so, and after two days
 I will discharge ti.

Ari. That's my noble master!
 What shall I do? say what! what shall I do?

Pro. Go, make thyself like a nymph o' the
 sea: be subject ³⁰

To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
 To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
 And hither come in't: go, hence, with
 diligence. [*Exit ARIEL.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept
 well;

Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
 Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off. Come on:
 We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
 Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir, ³⁰⁰
 I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as't is,
 We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
 Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
 That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
 Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say, there's other
 business for thee:

Come, thou tortoise! when!

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
 Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
 himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! ³²⁰

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother
 brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
 Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
 And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt
 have cramps,

Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up;
 urchins

Shall forth, at vast of night, that they may
 work

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
 As thick as honey-comb, each pinch more
 stinging

Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou
 camest first,

Thou strok'd'st me, and mad'st much of me;
 wouldst give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,

That burn by day and night: and then I
 lov'd thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place,
 and fertile.

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms ³⁴⁰
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king; and here

you sty me,
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me

The rest o' the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I

have us'd thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care; and

lodg'd thee
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to

violate

The honour of my child.

Cal. O oh! O oh!—would it had been
 done! ³⁶⁰

Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorr'd slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee
each hour
One thing or other : when thou didst not,
savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known ; but
thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which
good natures
Could not abide to be with : therefore wast
thou

Deserv'dly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language : and my
profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague
rid you

For learning me your language !

Pro. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou,
malice ?

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old
cramps ;
Fill all thy bones with aches ; make thee
roar,

That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee !—
[*Aside.*] I must obey : his art is of such
power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave ; hence ! [*Exit CALIBAN.*]

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing ; FERDINAND following him.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,—
The wild waves whist,—
Foot it featly here and there :
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark ! hark !

* *Burden. Bough, wough.*

The watch-dogs bark :

Burden. Bough, wough.

Hark, hark ! I hear

*The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dov.*

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' the
air, or the earth ?—

It sounds no more ;—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather : but 't is gone.—
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :*

[*Burden. Ding-dong.*]

Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
father.—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.—I hear it now above
me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye ad-
vance,

And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is 't ? a spirit ?
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form :—but 't is a spirit.

Pro. No, wench : it eats and sleeps, and
hath such senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou
seest,

Was in the wreck ; and but he's something
stain'd

With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou
might'st call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble

Pro. [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit !
I'll free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend !—Vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instructions
give,

How I may bear me here ; my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !
If you be maid, or no ?

Mira.
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this
speech,

Were I but where 't is spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard
thee!

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that
wonders

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear
me,

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples:
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, be-
held

The king, my father, wrack'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the
Duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter could control
thee,

If now 't were fit to do 't.—[*Aside.*] At the
first sight

They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[*To him.*] A
word, good sir;

I fear, you have done yourself some wrong:
a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently?
This

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O! if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make
you

The Queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir: one word more.—
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers:
but this swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [To him.] One word
more: I charge thee,

That thou attend me. Thou dost here
usurp

The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thy-
self

*Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.*

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in
such a temple;

If the ill-spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro. [To *FERRANDINO*.] Follow me.—

No wonder, sir;

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—
Come.

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and
husks

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till

Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Mira. O, dear father!

Make not too rash a trial of him, for

He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What! I say:

My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up,
traitor;

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy
ward,

For I can here disarm thee with this stick,

And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity.

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.

What!

An advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou think'st there is no more such shapes
as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish
wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,

And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections

Are then most humble: I have no ambition

To see a goodlier man.

Pro. [To *FERRANDINO*.] Come on; obey:

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,

And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.

My father's loss, the weakness which I
feel,

The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's
threats,

To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,

Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else of the earth

Let liberty make use of; space enough

Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works.—Come on.—

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[To *FERRANDINO*.]

Follow me.—

[To *ARIEL*.] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mica. Be of comfort : As mountain winds ; but then exactly do
 My father's of a better nature, sir, All points of my command.
 Thus he appears by speech : this is unwonted, *Adr.* To the syllable.
 Which now came from him. *Pro.* Come, follow.—Speak not for him.
Pro. Thou shalt be as free [Exeunt.

A C T I I.

SCENE I. —Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
 ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have
 cause
 (So have we all) of joy, for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of
 woe
 Is common : every day, some sailor's wife,
 The master of some merchant, and the mer-
 chant,
 Have just our theme of woe ; but for the
 miracle,
 I mean our preservation, few in millions
 Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir,
 weigh
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look ; he's winding up the watch of
 his wit : by-and-by it will strike. 13

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One :—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's
 offer'd,

Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed : you
 have spoken truer than you purposed. 21

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I
 meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his
 tongue !

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good
 wager, first begins to crow !

Seb. The old cock. 20

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done. The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match !

Adr. Though this island seem to be
 desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha ! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inacces-
 sible, —

Seb. Yet —

Adr. Yet —

Ant. He could not miss it. 40

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
 delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly
 delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most
 sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to
 life.

Ant. True ; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little. 50

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks !
 how green !

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No ; he doth but mistake the truth
 totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed
 almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are. 59

Gon. That our garments, being, as they
 were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstand-
 ing, their freshness, and glosses ; being
 rather new-dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak,
 would it not say, he lies ?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his re-
 port.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as
 fresh as when we put them on first in Afric,
 at the marriage of the king's fair daughter
 Claribel to the King of Tunis. 70

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper
 well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with
 such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since Widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow ? a pox o' that ! How came
 that widow in ? Widow Dido !

Seb. What if he had said, Widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage; not of Tunis.

Jon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, Widow Dido.

Ant. Oh! Widow Dido; ay, Widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against

The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,

My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,

Who is so far from Italy removed,

I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir

Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Frank. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and our'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd.

As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt, He came alive to land.

Alon.

No, no; he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,

But rather lose her to an African;

Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon.

Prythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself

Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have

lost your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them, of this business' making, Than we bring men to comfort them:

The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon.

My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,

When you should bring the plaster.

Seb.

Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,

When you are cloudy.

Seb.

Foul weather?

Ant.

Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb.

Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries

Execute all things, for no kind of traffic

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none: contract, succession,

Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;

No occupation, all men idle, all;

And women too, but innocent and pure;

No sovereignty:—

Seb. Yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce,

Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have ; but nature should bring
 forth,
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
 To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man ; all idle ; whores, and
 knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern,
 sir,

To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir ?

Alon. Pr'ythee ; no more : thou dost talk
 nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and
 did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,
 who are of such sensible and nimble lungs,
 that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling,
 am nothing to you : so you may continue, and
 laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given !

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle :
 you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if
 she would continue in it five weeks without
 changing.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible ; solemn music
 playing.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowl-
 ing.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will not ad-
 venture my discretion so weakly. Will you
 laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep but ALON., SEB., and ANT.*

Alon. What ! all so soon asleep ? I wish
 mine eyes

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts :
 I find,

They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
 Do not admit the heavy offer of it :
 It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
 It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
 Will guard your person while you take your
 rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses
 them !

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb.

Why

Doth it not then our eyelids sink ? I find not
 Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I : my spirits are nimble.
 They fell together all, as by consent ;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What
 might,

Worthy Sebastian — O ! what might — no
 more : —

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face.

What thou shouldst be. The occasion speaks
 thee, and

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What ! art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
 Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking,
 moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather ;
 wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly :

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom :
 you

Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do,
 Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O !

If you but knew, how you the purpose
 cherish,

Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping
 it,

You more invest it ! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run

By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb.

Pr'ythee, say on.
 The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
 A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,
 Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant.

Thus, sir,

Although this lord of weak remembrance,
 this,

(Who shall be of as little memory,

When he is earth'd) hath here almost per-
 suaded

(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade) the king, his son's
 alive,

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O! out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that
way, is

Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant
with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queen of Tunis; she that
dwells

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from
Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man if the moon's too slow) till new-
born chins

Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
again;

And by that destiny to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to
come,

In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this! -- How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of
Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!" -- Say, this were
death

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were
no worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule
Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can
prate

As amply and unnecessarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand
me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's
servants

Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience --

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that! if it were a
kibe,

'T would put me to my slipper; but I feel
not

This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be
they,

And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your
brother,

No better than the earth he lies upon,

If he were that which now he's like, that's
dead, --

Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
of it,

Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing
thus,

To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course: for all the
rest,

They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;

They'll tell the clock to any business that

We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend, shall
be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one
stroke

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou
pay'st,

And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O! but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me
forth

(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-y'd Conspiracy,

His time doth take,

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon.

Preserve the king.

Now, good angels,

[*They wake.*]

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing

Like bulls, or rather lions: did it not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Aut. O! 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,

To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar

Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming.

And that a strange one too, which did awake me.

I shak'd you, sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,

I saw their weapons drawn.—There was a noise,

That's verity: 't is best we stand upon our guard,

Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts, For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*]

Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have done:

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me, And yet I needs must curse; but they'll nor pinch

Fight me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,

Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but For every trifle are they set upon me:

Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter a me,

And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which

Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount Their prick at my foot-fall: sometime am I

All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues

Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now! lo!

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me, For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat:

Perchance, he will not mind me. 37

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by painfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man. When they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm; o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past. 41

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a shore.—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.

Well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

*The master, the scrubber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,*

*Loe'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;*

*For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a scilior, Go hang:* 43

*She lov'd not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
For a tailor might scratch her where-s'er she
did itch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee: I'll bring my wood home fuster.

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O! defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo:—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any of Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How can'st thou be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he see Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans scap'd.

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How can'st thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou can'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

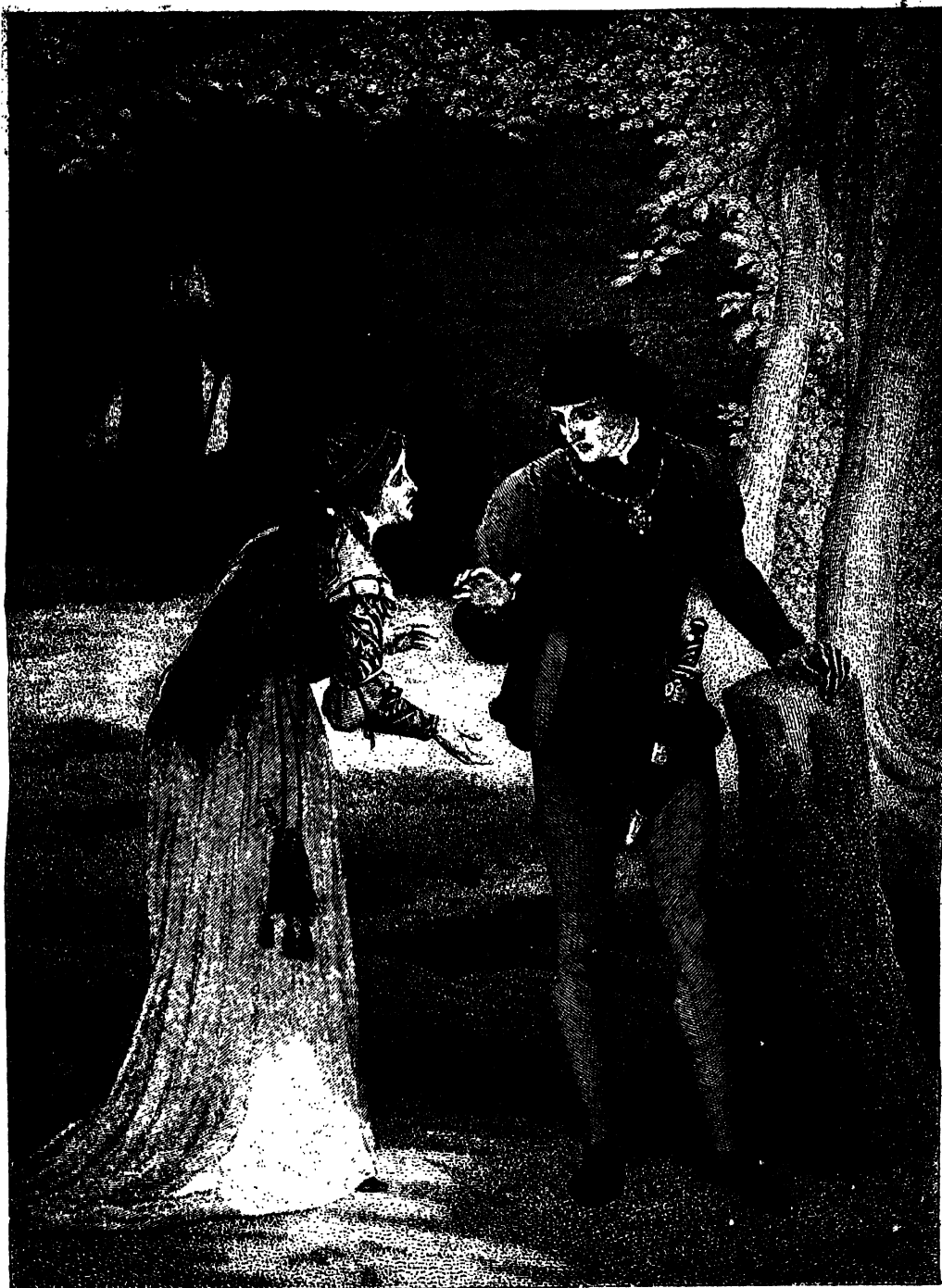
Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:

My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I fear'd of him!—a very weak monster.—The man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island,



J. D. WATSON, *Paint.*

C. MOTTRAM, *Sculpt.*

FERDINAND AND MIRANDA.

Miranda. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while.

'TEMPEST,' Act III., Scene I.

I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, I'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct how

To snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster, a drunken monster.

Cal. *No more dums I'll make for fish;*

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scruple trencher, nor wash dish;

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban

Has a new master—get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before PROSPERO'S Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures; O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;

Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira.

Alas, now, pray you,

Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,

'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself: he's safe for these three hours.

Fer.

O most dear mistress!

The sun will set, before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mira.

If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:

I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer.

No, precious creature:

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you ; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to
it,

And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm ! thou art infected :
This visitation shows it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 't is fresh morn-
ing with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech
you,

Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,

What is your name ?

Mira. Miranda—O my father !
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admird Miranda ?
Indeed the top of admiration ; worth
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a
lady

I have ey'd with best regard ; and many a
time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bond-
age

Brought my too diligent ear : for several
virtues

Have I lik'd several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil : but you, O you !
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
(One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I
seen

More that I may call men, than thou, good
friend,

And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty
(The jewel in my dower), I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can in-agination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's pre-
cepts

I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
(I would, not so !) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul
speak :

The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it : and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven ! O earth ! bear witness to
this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert

What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,

Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain
grace

On that which breeds between them !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare
not offer

What I desire to give ; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is
trifling,

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful
cunning !

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !

I am your wife, if you will marry me ;

If not, I 'll die your maid : to be your fellow

You may deny me ; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom : here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't : and
now farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand !

[*Exeunt FERD. and MIRA.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my
book ;

For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

*Enter CALIBAN with a bottle ; STEPHANO and
TRINCULO following.*

Ste. Tell not me :—when the butt is out,
we will drink water ; not a drop before :
therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-
monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree!—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it, I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:

I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more

in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[To CAL.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; From me he got it: if thy greatness will, Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him

Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing.

I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Strikes him.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,

Having first seized his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,

First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not

ACT III.

THE TEMPEST.

SCENE III.

One spirit to command : they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them),
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck
...ithal :

And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter ; he himself 100
Calls her a nonpareil : I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she ;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I
warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man : his
daughter and I will be king and queen ; (save
our graces !) and Trinculo and thyself shall be
viceroys. — Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo ?

Trin. Excellent. 111

Ste. Give me thy hand : I am sorry I beat
thee ; but, while thou livest, keep a good
tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be
sleep ;

Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry : I am full of
pleasure.

Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere ? 120

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do
reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let
us sing. [Sings.

*Flout 'em, and scout 'em ; and scout 'em,
and flout 'em ;
Thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and
pipe.*

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played
by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in
thy likeness : if thou beest a devil, take't
as thou list. 130

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts : I defy
thee. —

Mercy upon us.

Cal. Art thou afraid ?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid ; the isle is full of
noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime
voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, 140
Will make me sleep again : and then, in
dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and show
riches

Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to
me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by-and-by : I remember
the story.

Trin. The sound is going away : let's
follow it, and after do our work. 151

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. — I would,
I could see this taborer : he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow, Stephano.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE III. Another Part of the Island.

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no further,
sir ;

My old bones ache : here's a maze trod,
indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders ! By
your patience,

I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and
rest.

Even here I will put off my hope, and
keep it

No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea
mocks

Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him
go. 10

Ant. [*Aside to SEB.*] I'm right glad that
he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to ANT.*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to SEB.*] Let it be to-night ;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel,
they

Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to ANT.*] I say, to-night : no
more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange shapes bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the KING, &c., to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both; And what does else want credit, come to me, And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,

Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me

If I should say, I saw such islanders (For, certes, these are people of the island), Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note, Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of

Our human generation you shall find Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. [Aside.] Honest lord, Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse, Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing (Although they want the use of tongue) a kind

Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since They have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs,—

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys, Who would believe that there were mountaineers

Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,

Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, Although my last: no matter, since I feel The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny

(That hath to instrument this lower world, And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea Hath caus'd to belch up you, and, on this island

Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

And even with such-like valour men hang and drown

Their proper selves.

[Seeing ALON., SEB., &c., draw their swords.

You tools! I and my fellows Are ministers of fate: the elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs

Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One dowe that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your sword: are now too massy for your strengths,

And will not be uplift'd. But, remember, (For that's my business to you) that you three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it) Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,

Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, They have bereft; and do pronounce by me: Lingering perdition (worse than any death Can be at once) shall step by step attend You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

Upon your heads), is nothing, but heart's sorrow,

And a clear life ensuing.

C. Spring come to you, at the furthest,
In the very end of harvest !
Scarcity and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd, to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever :
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send
IRIS on employment.

Pro. Sweet, now, silence !
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
'There's something else to do. Hush, and be
mute,

Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the
wandering brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless
looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this green
land

Answer your summons : Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to
celebrate

A contract of true love : be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
Make holiday : your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they
join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ;
towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts
suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a
strange, hollow, and confused noise, they
heavily vanish.*

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul con-
spiracy

Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates, 150
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done.
—Avoid ;—no more.

Fer. This is strange : your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touched with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air : 155

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd :
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is
troubled :

Be not disturb'd with my infirmity. 160
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mira. We wish your peace.
[Exit.]

Pro. Come with a thought !—I thank thee.
—Ariel, come !

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented
Ceres,

I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave
these varlets ? 170

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with
drinking :

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd
their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd,
through

Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss,
and thorns, 180

Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left
them

I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul
lake

O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :
The trumpety in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

*Re-enter ARIEL, laden with glistening
apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.

*PROSPERO and ARIEL remain invisible. Enter
CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all
wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind
mole may not

Hear a foot fall ; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is
a harmless fairy, has done little better than
played the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster ?
If I should take a displeasure against you,
look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour
still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance : therefore,
speak softly ;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the
pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dis-
honour in that, monster, but an infinite
loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting :
yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be
o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest
thou here,

This is the mouth, o' the cell : no noise, and
enter :

Do that good mischief, which may make this
island

Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to
have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano ! O peer ! O
worthy Stephano ! look, what a wardrobe
here is for thee !

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool : it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster ! we know what
belongs to a frippery :—O King Stephano !

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo : by this
hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool ! what do
you mean,

To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's alone,
And do the murder first : if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with
pinches ;

Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line,
is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin
under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to
lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do : we steal by line and level,
an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest ; here's a
garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded,
while I am king of this country. "Steal by
line and level," is an excellent pass of pate ;
there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon
your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't : we shall lose
our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers : help to
bear this away, where my hogshead of wine
is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom. Go
to ; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers
Spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them
about. PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them
on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey !

Ari. Silver, there it goes, Silver !

Pro. Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there !
hark, hark !

[*CAL., STE., and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

With dry convulsions ; shorten up their
sinews

With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted
make them,

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark ! they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this
hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :

Shortly shall all my labours end, and
thou

Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little

Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time,
my lord,

You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,

How fares the king and 's followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;

*They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three dis-*
tracted,

And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, the good old lord,
Gonzalo:

His tears run down his beard, like winter's
drops

From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly
works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feel-
ing

Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou
art?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck
to the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being
penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go, release them,

Ariel.

My charms I'll break, their senses I'll re-
store,

And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing
lakes, and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly
him,

When he comes back; you demi-puppets,
that

By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets
make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid

(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-
dimm'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling

thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promon-

tory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd
up

The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd

Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses, that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn music.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a
frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SE-*

BASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, at-

*tended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they
all enter the circle which PROSPERO had*

*made, and there stand charmed; which
PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There
stand,

For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves

apace;

As the morning steals upon the night,
Making the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo!

My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh
and blood,

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with
Sebastian

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most
strong),

Would here have kill'd your king; I do for-
give thee,

Unnatural though thou art.—Their under-
standing

Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,

That now lie full and muddy. Not one of
them,

That yet looks on me, or would know me.—
Ariel,

Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[Exit ARIEL.]

I will discase me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan.—Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire
PROSPERO.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I:

In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now

*Under the blossom that hangs off the
bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I
shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so,
so.—

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches; the master, and the boat-
swain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place,

And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and
amazement

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. The wronged Duke of Milan,
For more assurance that a living power
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thee.
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Where's thou best, or how
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know:
pulse

Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I see
thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which
I fear, a madness held me. This must ere

(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat

Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how shall
Prospero

Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor
cannot

Be measur'd, or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'll not swear.
Pro. You do yet taste

Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let
you

Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends
all.—

[Aside to SEB. and ANT.] But you, my brace
of lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon
you,

And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside.] The devil speaks in him.
Pro. No.—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call
brother

Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require

My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:

How thou hast met us here, who three hours
since

Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have
lost

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft
grace

For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, support-
able

To make the dear loss, have I means much
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in
Naples,

The king and queen there! that they were, I
wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed

Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive,
these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoever you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for
certain,

That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd,
was landed,

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few atten-
dants,

And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers
FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you
should wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are
merciful:

I have curs'd them without cause.

[FERD. kneels to ALON.]

Alon. Now, all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new
world,

That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou
wast at play?

Your old'st acquaintance cannot be three
hours:

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am here.

But O! how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness.

Pro. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down,
you gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that
his issue

Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his
dukedom,

In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. [To FERD. and MIR.] Give me your
hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. 'Be it so: Amen.

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boats-
wain amazedly following.*

O look, sir! look, sir! here is more of us.
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news? ²³⁰
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely foudl'd
 Our king, and company: the next, our ship,
 Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
 Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
 We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to PRO.*] Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went.
Pro. [*Aside to ARI.*] My tricky spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
 From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
 And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
 Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
 Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
 Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.
Ari. [*Aside to PRO.*] Was't well done!
Pro. [*Aside to ARI.*] Bravely, my diligence!
 Thou shalt be free. ²⁴¹
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
 And there is in this business more than nature
 Was ever conduct of: some oracle
 Must rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my liege,
 Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business: at pick'd
 leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
 (Which to you shall seem probable) of every
 These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
 And think of each thing well.—[*Aside to ARI.*] Come hither, spirit:

Set Caliban and his companions free;
 Untie the spell. [*Exit ARIEL.*] How fares
 my gracious sir?
 There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.
Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.
Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and
 let no man take care for himself, for all is but
 fortune.—Coragio! bully-monster, coragio!
Trin. If these be true spies which I wear
 in my head, here's a goodly sight. ²⁵⁰
Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits,
 indeed.
 How fine my master is! I am afraid
 He will chastise me.
Seb. Ha, ha!
 What things are these, my Lord Antonio?
 Will money buy them?
Ant. Very like: one of them
 Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pro. Mark but the badges of these men,
 my lords,
 Then say, if they be true.—This misshapen
 knave,
 His mother was a witch; and one so strong
 That could control the moon, make flows and
 ebbs, ²⁷⁰
 And deal in her command, without her power.
 These three have robb'd me; and this demi-
 devil
 (For he's a bastard one) had plotted with
 them
 To take my life: two of these fellows you
 Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
 Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken
 butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he
 wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where
 should they
 Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd 'em?
 How cam'st thou in this pickle? ²⁸¹
Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I
 saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out
 of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?
Ste. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano,
 but a cramp.
Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. [*Pointing to CAL.*] This is a strange
 thing as e'er I look'd on. ²⁹⁰
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his
 manners

As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell ;
Take with you your companions : as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise
hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-doubt-
less

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool !

Pro. Go to ; away !

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage
where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL., STE., and TRIN.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your
train,

To my poor cell, where you shall take your
rest

For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll
waste

With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall
make it

Go quick away ; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnised ;—
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro.

I'll deliver all ;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge ; then to the elements !
Be free, and fare thou well !—Please you,
draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own ;
Which is most faint : now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell ;
But release me from my bands,

With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.

CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

EARL OF SURREY.

Lord Chamberlain.

Lord Chancellor.

GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

LORD ABERGAVENNY.

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Garber King-at-Arms.

DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Serjeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.

Porter, and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry.

ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour.

An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows;

Women attending upon the Queen;

Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes.

Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE--Chiefly in LONDON and WESTMINSTER; once, at KIMBOLTON.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things
now,

That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and
woe,

Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity,
here

May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to
see

Only a show or two, and so agree 10
The play may pass, if they be still and
willing,

I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,

Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we
bring, 20

To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think, ye
see

The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them
great,

And follow'd with the general throng, and
sweat

Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30
And if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arle:
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they
clung

In their embracement, as they grew to-
gether;

Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now
married

To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow
they

Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages
were

As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost swear to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this
masque

Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing
night

Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'T was said, they saw but one, and no dis-
cerner

Durst wag his tongue in censure. When
these suns

(For so they phrase them) by their heralds
challeng'd

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fa-
bulous story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. O! you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was
royal:

To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view, the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good dis-
cretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie
is freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to
these ends;

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose
grace

Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither
allied

To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which
buys

A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him: let some
graver eye

Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has
he that?



Engraved by C. ROBERTS.

Drawn by SOLOMON HART, R.A.

• WOLSEY AND BUCKINGHAM.

Wolsey. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

"HENRY VIII.," *Act I., Scene I.*

(*From the Dressing in the Tyrrell Collection.*)

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck.

Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon
him,

Without the privity o' the king, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up
the file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers.

Aber.

I do know

Kinmen of mine, three at the least, that
have

By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck.

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors
on them

For this great journey. What did this
vanity,

But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor.

Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not
values

The cost that did conclude it.

Buck.

Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor.

Which is budded out;

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath
attach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber.

Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor.

Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and pur-
chas'd

At a superfluous rate.

Buck.

Why, all this business

Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor.

Like it your grace,

The state takes notice of the private differ-
ence

Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes to-
wards you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency

Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not

A minister in his power. You know his
nature,

That he's revengeful; and, I know, his
sword

Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and may be
said,

It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes
that rock,

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne be-
fore him,) certain of the Guard, and two
Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in
his passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM,
and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of
disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor?
ha!

Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd,
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; there-
fore, best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's
book

Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor.

What! are you chaf'd?

Ask God for temperance; that's the ap-
pliance only,

Which your disease requires.

Buck.

I read in 's looks

Matter against me; and his eye revil'd

Me, as his object: at this instant

He bores me with some trick. He's gone
to the king:

I 'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor.

Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler ques-
tion

What 't is you go about. To climb steep
hills

Requires slow pace at first: anger is like

A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his
way,

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself

As you would to your friend.

Buck.

I 'll to the king;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down

This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor.

Be advis'd ;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot ¹⁴⁰
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run
o'er,

In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be
advis'd :

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along ¹⁵⁰
By your prescription ; but this top-proud
fellow,

Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions, by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say 't, and make
my vouch as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief, ¹⁶⁰
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king, our
master,

To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a
glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor.

Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This
cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratified, ¹⁷⁰
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much
end,

As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-
cardinal

Has done this, and 't is well ; for worthy
Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this fol-
lows,

(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview betwixt ¹⁸⁰

England and France might, through their
amity,

Breed him some prejudice ; for from this
league

Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,—

Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the em-
peror

Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd : but when the way was
made,

And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus
desir'd :—

That he would please to alter the king's
course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
know ¹⁹⁰

(As soon he shall by me), that thus the car-
dinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor.

I am sorry

To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck.

No, not a syllable :

I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a Serjeant-at-Arms before
him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant : execute it.

Sery.

Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I ²⁰⁰
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck.

Lo you, my lord,

The net has fall'n upon me : I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran.

I am sorry

To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business, present. 'Tis his highness'
pleasure,

You shall to the Tower.

Buck.

It will help me nothing,

To plead mine innocence ; for that die is on
me,

Which makes my whitest part black. The
will of Heaven

Be done in this and all things.—I obey.—²¹⁰
O ! my Lord Aberg'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—

[*To ABERGAVENNY.*] The king

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you
know

How 'he determines further.

Aber.

As the duke said,

The will of Heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the
bodies

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I
hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O ! Nicholas Hopkins ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false : the o'er-great
cardinal

Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd
already :

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, fare-
well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Council-chamber.

Coriæti. Enter KING HENRY, Cardinal
WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir
THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants.
The KING enters leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart
of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the
level

Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying " Room for the Queen : "
Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of
NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The
KING riseth from his state, takes her up,
kisses, and places her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel : I
am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—
Half your suit

Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor

The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your sub-
jects

Are in great grievance. There have been
commissions

Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd
the heart

Of all their loyalties : wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches

Most bitterly on you, as putter-on

Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil ! even
he escapes not

Language unmannerly ; yea, such which
breaks

The side of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear, for upon these taxations,

The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off

The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger

And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in up-
roar,

And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation !
Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord car-
dinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation ?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught

Pertains to the state ; and front but in that
file

Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others ; but you
frame

Things, that are known alike, which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exac-
tions,

Whereof my sovereign would have note, they
are

Most pestilent to the hearing ; and to bear
them,

The back is sacrifice to the load. They
say

They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction !

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects'
grief

Comes through commissions, which compel
from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes
bold mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them: their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come
to pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your high-
ness

Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I
am

Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither
know

My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough
brake

That virtue must go through. We must not
stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd
at,

We should take root here, where we sit, or
sit

State-statutes only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from
fear;

Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.

We must not rend our subjects from our laws,

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of
each?

A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus
hack'd,

The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters,
with

Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [To the Secretary.] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of
Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare
speaker,

To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great
teachers,

And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet
see,

When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once cor-
rupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more
ugly

Than ever they were fair. This man so com-
plete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we,

Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute, he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
hear

(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit re-
late what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day

It would infect his speech, that if the king Should without issue die, he'll carry it so To make the sceptre his. These very words I've heard him utter to his son-in-law, Lord Abergarny, to whom by oath he menac'd Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note This dangerous conception in this point. Not friended by his wish, to your high person His will is most malignant; and it stretches Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal, Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on. How grounded he his title to the crown, Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him

At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkies.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar, His confessor: who fed him every minute With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,

The duke being at the Rose, within the parish Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoners Concerning the French journey? I replied, Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious, To the king's danger. Presently the duke Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,

'T would prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk: "that oft," says he, "Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment: Whom after, under the confession's seal, He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke, My chaplain to no creature living, but To me, should utter, with demure confidence This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive

To gain the love of the commonalty: the duke Shall govern England."

Q. Kath. If I know you well, You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office

On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed,

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,

And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed; Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.— Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth. I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions

The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,

It was much like to do. He answer'd, "Tush! It can do me no damage:" adding further, That had the king in his last sickness fail'd, The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha! There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich, After your highness had reprov'd the duke About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember Of such a time: being my sworn servant, The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence?

Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,

As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee: what say'st?

Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor

Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo His father, by as much as a performance Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
 He sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
 Call him to present trial : if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 't is his ; if none,
 Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night !
 He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible, the spells of France
 should juggle
 Men into such strange mysteries ?

Sands. New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our
 English

Have got by the late voyage is but merely
 A fit or two o' the face ; but they are shrewd
 ones,

For when they hold 'em, you would swear
 directly,

Their very noses had been counsellors
 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame
 ones : one would take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
 And springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death ! my lord,
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
 That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

How now !

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell ?

Lov. Faith, my lord,
 I hear of none, but the new proclamation
 That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is 't for ?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd
 gallants,
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and
 tailors.

Cham. I am glad 't is there : now, I would
 pray our monsieurs
 To think an English courtier may be wise,
 And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
 (For so run the conditions) leave those rem-
 nants

Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
 With all their honourable points of ignorance
 Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks ;
 Abusing better men than they can be,
 Out of a foreign wisdom ; renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis and tall
 ings,
 Short blister'd breeches, and those types of
 travel,

And understand again like honest men ;
 Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take
 it,

They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd
 at.

Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their
 diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities !

Lov. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly
 whoresons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies ;
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em ! I am glad
 they're going,

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now,
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-
 song,

And have an hour of hearing ; and, by 'r lady,
 Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands :
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord ;
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
 Whither were you a-going ?

Lov. To the cardinal's.
 Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O ! 't is true :
 This night he makes a supper, and a great
 one,

To many lords and ladies ; there will be
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous
 mind indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us :
 His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
 He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord ; has wherewithal :
 in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill
 doctrine :

Men of his way should be most liberal ;
 They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
 But few now give so great ones. My barge
 stays ;

Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir
 Thomas,

I shall be late else ; which I would not be,
I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
this night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Presence-chamber in York
Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for
the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests ;
then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords,
Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests, at one
door ; at another door, enter Sir HENRY
GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his
grace
Salutes ye all : this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he
hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad : he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good
welcome
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord ! you are tardy ;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guild-
ford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of
these

Should find a running banquet ere they
rested,

I think would better please 'em : by my
life,

They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O ! that your lordship were but now
confessor

To one or two of these.

Sands. I would, I were ;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy ?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford
it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ?

Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of
this :

His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not
freeze ;

Two women plac'd together makes cold
weather :—

My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them
waking ;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave,
sweet ladies :

[*Sits himself between ANNE BULLEN
and another Lady.*]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O ! very mad, exceeding mad ; in
love too ;

But he would bite none : just as I do
now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen, as
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended,
and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests : that
noble lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my
welcome ;

And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*]

Sands. Your grace is noble :
Let me have such a bowl may hold my
thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands, as
I am beholding to you : cheer your neigh-
bours.—

Ladies, you are not merry :—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then, we shall
have 'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your lordship ; and pledge it,
madam,

For 't is to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk
anon. [*Drum and trumpets within ;
chambers discharged.*]

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice,
 And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear
 not;
 By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
 For so they seem: they've left their barge,
 and landed;
 And hither make, as great ambassadors
 From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
 Go, give them welcome; you can speak the
 French tongue:

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
 Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
 Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend
 him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise,
 and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll
 mend it.
 A good digestion to you all; and, once
 more,
 I shower a welcome on ye.—Welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING, and others, as
 Masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered
 by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass
 directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully
 salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus
 they pray'd

To tell your grace:—that, having heard by
 fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly
 This night to meet here, they could do no
 less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
 But leave their flocks; and, under your fair
 conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
 An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
 They have done my poor house grace; for
 which I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their
 pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The KING
 takes ANNE BULLEN.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd.
 O beauty!

Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:

There should be one amongst them by
 person,
 More worthy this place than myself; to
 whom,

If I but knew him, with my love and duty
 I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
 There is, indeed; which they would have your
 grace

Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll
 make

My royal choice.

K. Hen. [*Unmasking.*] Ye have found
 him, cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly; you do well,
 lord:

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you,
 cardinal,

I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
 Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's
 that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas
 Bullen's daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness'
 women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.
 —Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,
 And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!
 Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet
 ready

I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
 In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—
 Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry,
 Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen
 healths

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
 To lead 'em once again; and then let's
 dream

Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock
 it. [*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]



A. HOPKINS, *Pinxt.*

G. GREATHACH, *Sculpt.*

KING HENRY VIII AND ANNE BULLEN.

King. Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.

"KING HENRY VIII.," *Act I., Scene IV.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?
 2 *Gent.* O!—God save you.
 I am to the hall, to hear what shall become
 Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
 1 *Gent.* I'll save you
 That labour, sir. All's now done, but the
 ceremony
 Of bringing back the prisoner.
 2 *Gent.* Were you there?
 1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
 2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.
 1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
 2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
 1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd
 upon it.
 2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.
 1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
 2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
 1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great
 duke
 Came to the bar; where to his accusations
 He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
 The king's attorney, on the contrary,
 Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, con-
 fessions
 Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd
 To have brought, *videlicet*, to his face:
 At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John
 Car,
 Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.
 2 *Gent.* That was he
 That fed him with his prophecies?
 1 *Gent.* The same.
 All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
 Would have, hung from him, but, indeed, he
 could not:
 And so his peers, upon this evidence,
 Have found him guilty of high treason.
 Much
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
 2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear
 himself?
 1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the
 bar, to hear
 His knell rung out, his judgment, he was
 stirr'd
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,

And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
 But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
 In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
 2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.
 1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;
 He was never so womanish; the cause
 He may a little grieve at.
 2 *Gent.* Certainly,
 The cardinal is the end of this.
 1 *Gent.* 'T is likely,
 By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainer,
 Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste
 too,
 Lest he should help his father.
 2 *Gent.* That trick of state
 Was a deep envious one.
 1 *Gent.* At his return,
 No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
 And generally; whoever the king favours,
 The cardinal instantly will find employment,
 And far enough from court too.
 2 *Gent.* All the commons
 Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as
 much
 They love and dote on; call him bounteous
 Buckingham,
 The mirror of all courtesy—
 1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
 And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.
Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common people.
 2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.
 Buck. All good people,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose
 me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die: yet, Heaven
 bear witness,
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
 The law I bear no malice for my death,
 It has done upon the premises but justice;
 But those that sought it I could wish more
 Christians:
 Be what they will; I heartily forgive them.
 Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,

a Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.

For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies

More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,

As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with :
no black envy

Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace ;

And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers

Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be !
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;

Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,

Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,

The duke is coming : see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,

Let it alone : my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,

And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it ;

And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,

Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,

Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me

A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most :

A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,

This from a dying man receive as certain :
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,

Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,

Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,

Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive me !

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

1 *Gent.* O ! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,

I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.*

If the duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe ; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.*

Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require

A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident :
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katherine ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not ;
For when the king once heard it, out of
anger

He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now ; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the
cardinal,

Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a
scruple,

That will undo her : to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark :
but is it not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The
cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'T is woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lord-
ship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw
well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They
were young, and handsome, and of the best
breed in the north. When they were ready
to set out for London, a man of my lord
cardinal's, by commission and main power,
took them from me ; with this reason,—his
master would be served before a subject, if
not before the king ; which stopped our
mouths, sir."

I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have
them :

He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd ?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause ?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his
brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No ; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of for-
tune,

Turns what he list. The king will know him
one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do : he'll never know
himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his busi-
ness,

And with what zeal ! for now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's
great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul ; and there
scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his
marriage :

And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her,

That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;

Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of
her,

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king : and is not this course
pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel !
'T is most true,

These news are everywhere ; every tongue
speaks them,

And every true heart weeps for't. All, that
dare

Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one
day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,

Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him; there's my
creed.

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please: his curses and his bless-
ings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe
in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And with some other business put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much
upon him.—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me elsewhere: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*NORFOLK opens a folding door. The KING
is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks: sure, he is much
afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha!

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare
you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all
offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this
way

Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold. Go
to; I'll make ye know your times of
business.

Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O!
my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—[*To CAM-
PEIUS.*] You're welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it.—[*To WOLSEY.*] My good lord,
have great care

I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*] We
are busy: go.

Nor. [*Aside to SUFFOLK.*] This priest has
no pride in him!

Suf. [*Aside to NORFOLK.*] Not to speak of
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to SUFFOLK.*] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to NORFOLK.*] I another.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.

Who can be angry now? what envy reach
you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to
her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks, as
I mean the learned ones, in Christian king-
doms,

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of
judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Cam-
peius,

Whom once more I present unto your high-
ness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I
bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their
loves:

They have sent me such a man I would have
wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission, by whose virtue
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my
lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their
servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall
be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where's
Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always
lov'd her

So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have;
and my favour

To him that does best: God forbid else.
Cardinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secre-
tary:

I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit WOLSEY.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand ; much joy and
favour to you :

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has
rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. 150

[They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one Doc-
tor Pace

in this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion
spread then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you en-
vied him,

And, fearing he would rise, he was so vir-
tuous,

Kept him a foreign man still ; which so
griev'd him,

That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !
That is Christian care enough : for living
murmurers

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, 151
For he would needs be virtuous : that good
fellow,

If I command him, follows my appoint-
ment :

*I will have none so near else. Learn this,
brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the
queen. *[Exit GARDINER.]*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars :
There ye shall meet about this weighty busi-
ness,—

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd :—O my lord ! 150
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, con-
science,—

O ! 't is a tender place, and I must leave her.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the
QUEEN'S Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an Old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither :—here's the
pang that pinches :

His highness having liv'd so long with her,
and she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing.—O ! now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the
which

To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this pro-
cess,

To give her the avaunt ! it is a pity 10
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be
temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady !
She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content, 20
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't ; and so would
you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty :
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which 30
gifts

(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth.—You would
not be a queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under
heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange : a three-pence bow'd
would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck
off a little : 30

Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ;
 nay, before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
 Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say
 again,
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
 Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once
 more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess,
 You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and displayed the
 effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do
 me wrong :
 I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
 For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You
 charge me.
 That I have blown this coal : I do deny it.
 The king is present : if it be known to him,
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood ; yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to
 Remove these thoughts from you : the which
 before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speak-
 ing
 And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and
 humble-mouth'd :
 You sign your place and calling, in full seem-
 ing,
 With meekness and humility ; but your
 heart
 Is crann'd with arrogancy, spleen, and
 pride.
 You have, by fortune and his highness' fa-
 vours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are
 mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your
 words,

Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell
 you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual ; that again
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, ¹²⁰
 And to be judg'd by him.
[She curtsies to the KING, and offers to depart.
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by it : 't is not well.
 She's going away.
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come
 into the court.
Griffith. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it ? pray
 you, keep your way :
 When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord
 help
 They vex me past my patience.—Pray you,
 pass on :
 I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more, ¹³⁰
 Upon this business, my appearance make
 In any of their courts.
[Exeunt QUEEN and her Attendants.
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :
 That man i' the world who shall report he
 has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
 (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like govern-
 ment,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee
 out,) ¹⁴⁰
 The queen of earthly queens.—She's noble
 born ;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and
 bound,
 There must I be unloos'd, although not
 there
 At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness,¹⁵⁰ or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on 't ? or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for
 such
 A royal lady, spake one the least word, that
 might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of
these ¹⁶⁰

The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business;
never

Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd,
oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my
honour,

I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd
me to 't:

I will be bold with time, and your atten-
tion:—

Then, mark the inducement. Thus it came;
—give heed to 't.

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, ¹⁷⁰
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French am-
bassador,

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dow-
ager, ¹⁸⁰

Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to
tremble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such
way,

That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought,

I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had
Comman'ded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male

• issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly
after

This world had air'd them. Hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my kin
dom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world,
should not

Be gladdened in 't by me. Then follows,
that

I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood
in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in

The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer ²⁰⁰
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are

Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which

I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,

And doctors learn'd. First, I began in pri-
vate

With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remem-
ber

How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin.

Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd
yourself to say ²¹⁰

How far you satisfi'd me.

Lin.

So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen.

I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court; ²²⁰
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go
on;

For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny
points

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,

And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,

Katharine our queen, before the primeat
creature

That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam.

So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fit-
ness ²³¹

That we adjourn this court till further
day:

Meanwhile must be an earnest motion

Made to the queen, to call back her appeal

She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. [Aside.] I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cran-
mer

Prythee, return : with thy approach, I know
My comfort comes along. — Break up the
court :
I say, set on.
[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Palace at Bridewell. A
Room in the QUEEN'S Apartment.

The QUEEN, and her Women, at Work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul
grows sad with troubles ;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst.
Leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing.
To his music, plants, and flowers
Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.
Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art :
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now ?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two
great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me ?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Erit Gentleman.*] What can
be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from
favour ?

I do not like their coming, now I think
on't.

They should be good men, their affairs as
righteous ;

But all hoods make not monks

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness !

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of
a housewife ;

I would be all, against the worst may hap-
pen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend
lords ?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my con-
science,

Deserves a corner : 'would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw
them,

Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,
regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin :
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in ;
A strange tongue makes my cause more
strange, suspicious ;

Pray, speak in English. Here are some will
thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress'
sako :

Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord
cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady, so
I am sorry, my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,

To taint that honour every good tongue
blesses,

Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady ; but to know

How you stand mindell in the weighty dif-
ference

Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Deaf and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late cen-
sure

Both of his truth and him (which was too
far,)—

Offers, as I do, is a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [Aside.] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good
wills,

Ye speak like honest men; (pray God, ye
prove so!)

But how to make you suddenly an answer, ⁷⁰
In such a point of weight, so near mine
honour,

(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,

In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows,

looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel

The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.

Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless. ⁸⁰

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love
with these fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think,

lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness'
pleasure,

(Though he be grown so desperate to be
honest,)

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my
friends,

They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not
here: ⁹⁰

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's
protection;

He's loving, and most gracious: 't will be
much

Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For ~~at~~ the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,
—my ruin.

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men
I thought ye, ¹⁰⁰

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear
ye.

Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this
your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?

I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warn'd ye:

Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest
at once ¹¹⁰

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe
upon ye,

And all such false professors! Would ye
have me

(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates
me?

Alas! has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords, ¹²⁰

And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen

To me, above this wretchedness? all your
studies

Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me
speak myself,

Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true
one?

A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?

Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next Heaven?

obey'd him? ¹³⁰

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?

And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,

One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his
pleasure,

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good
we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself
so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title ¹⁴⁰

Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Vol.

Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this
English earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !

Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows
your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—

[*To her Women.*] Alas ! poor wenches, where
are now your fortunes ?

Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no
pity,

No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and
flourish'd,

I'll hang my head, and perish.

Vol.

If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are
honest,

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we,
good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our
places,

The way of our profession is against it :

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow
them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance by this
carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You
wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears : a noble
spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
loves you ;

Beware, you lose it not : for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords : and,
pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly.

You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty :

He has my heart yet, and shall have my
prayers,

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend
fathers ;

Bestow your counsels on me ; she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King's
Apartment.

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke
SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and a
Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your com-
plaints,

And force them with a constancy, the
cardinal

Cannot stand under them : if you omit

The offer of this time, I cannot promise,

But that you shall sustain more new dis-
graces,

With these you bear already.

Sur.

I am joyful

To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf.

Which of the peers

Have uncondemn'd gone by him, or at least so
Strangely neglected ? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself ?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.

What he deserves of you and me, I know ;

What we can do to him, (though now the
time

Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor.

O ! fear him not ;

His spell in that is out : the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur.

Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor.

Believe it, this is true.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur.

How came

His practices to light ?

Suf.

Most strangely.

Sur.

O ! how ! how !

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the Pope mis-
carried,



H. C. SELOUS, *Pinxt.*

G. GRATHBACH, *Sculpt.*

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Wolsey. This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.

Norfolk. He is vex'd at something.

"HENRY VIII.," *Act III., Scene II.*

And came to the eye o' the king ; wherein
was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his
holiness

To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for if
It did take place, " I do," quoth he, " per-
ceive,

My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne
Bullen."

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how
he coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his
physic

After his patient's death : the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my
lord ;

Nor. I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My Amen to 't !

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coro-
nation :

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from
her

Will fall some blessing to this land, which
shall

In it be memoris'd.

Sur. But, will the king

Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?

The Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, Amen ! •

Suf. No, no :

There be moe wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal
Crimpeus

Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled,
and

Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you, 60
The king cried, ha ! at this.

• *Cham.* Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha ! louder !

Nor. But, my lord,

When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions ; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,

Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has ; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'T is so.

The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe ; he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd it o' th' inside of the paper ?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.—

[*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry
her.—

Anne Bullen ? No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for
him :

There's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of
Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a
knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's
queen !—

This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff
it ;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her
virtuous,

And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung
up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 't were something that would
fret the string,

The master-cord of his heart !

Enter the King, reading a schedule ; and
LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he
accumulated

To his own portion ! and what expense by the
hour

Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name
of thrift,

Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
stood here observing him. Some strange
commotion 112

Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight,
Springs out into fast gait ; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange
postures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be :
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse, 121

As I requir'd ; and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household,
which

I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will :
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think 130
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings : but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers LOVELL,
who goes to WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me
Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the
inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which

You were now running o'er : you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. *Sir,*

For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal
Must give my tenance to.

K. Hen. You have said well

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke
together,

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying !

K. Hen. 'T is well said again
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father
lov'd you ;

He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you : since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not
alone

Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. *[Aside.]* What should this mean ?

Sur. *[Aside.]* The Lord increase this
business ! 161

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell
me,

If what I now pronounce you have found
true ;

And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say
you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal
graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than
could

My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours : my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
Yet fil'd with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they
pointed

To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to Heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd :
 A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustrated. The honour of it
 Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd
 honour, more
 On you than any ; so your hand, and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of
 duty,
 As 't were in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own : that am, have, and will
 be—
 (Though all the world should crack their duty
 to you,
 And throw it from their soul ; though perils
 did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them,
 and
 Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er
 this :
 And, after, this ; and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

[*Exit KING, frowning upon Cardinal
 WOLSEY : the Nobles throng after him,
 smiling, and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean ?
 What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd
 it ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed
 lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd
 him,

Then makes him nothing. I must read this
 paper ;

I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so :
 This paper has undone me !—'T is the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn
 together

For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the
 Papedom,

And see my friends in Rome. O negligence !
 Fit for a fool to fall by. What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king ! Is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?

I know 't will stir him strongly : yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this ?—"To
 the Pope !"

The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my
 greatness ;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK,
 the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Cham-
 berlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal ;
 who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands, and to confine yourself
 To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay :
 Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot
 carry

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth
 expressly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words,
 to do it,

(I mean your malice,) know, officious lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what course metal ye are moulded,—envy.
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin !
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
 You have Christian warrant for them, and,
 no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
 You ask with such a violence, the king
 (Mine, and your master) with his own hand
 gave me ;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Tied it by letters-patents. Now, who 'll take
 it ?

Sur. The king that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :
 Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals

(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland, 260
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou
gav'st him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy
pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lords, I should tell
you, 270

You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou
shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My
lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow! If we live thus
tamely,

To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the Pope, against the king; your
goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most
notorious.—

My Lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues 290
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen),
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the
articles

Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise
this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the
king's hand;

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise, 300
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty,
cardinal,

You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir.
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my
head. Have at you.

First, that without the king's assent or
knowledge 310

You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome,
or else

To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the
king

To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission 320
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allow-
ance,

A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have
caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's
coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable
substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own
conscience,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious, 330
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to
see him

So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further
pleasure is,—

Because all those things, you have done of late

By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *premunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;

To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

Not. And so we'll leave you to your meditations,

How to live better. For your stubborn answer,

About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.

So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely

His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me, and now has left me

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:

I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched

Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again—

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,

I am fall'n indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour.
O! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I, have: I am able now, methinks,

(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol.

God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol.

That's somewhat sudden;

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,

Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom.

Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited on
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me,

Cromwell;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have
told him

What and how true thou art: he will advance
thee.

Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good
Cromwell,

Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his
lord.—

The king shall have my service; but my
prayers,

for ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a
tear
in all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd
me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me,
Cromwell:

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no
mention

Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught
thee,

Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of
glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise
in;

A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd
it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man
then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that
hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear
not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy
country's,

Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And—Pry'thee lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call my own. O Cromwell,
Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do
dwell. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You're well met once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here,
and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'T is all my business. At our last
encounter,

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'T is very true: but that time
offer'd sorrow;

This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'T is well: the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal
minds,

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever
forward

In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that
contains,

That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the Duke of
Norfolk,

He to be earl marshal. You may read the
rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir : had I not known those customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper. But, I beseech you, what's become of

Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other learned and reverend fathers of his order, held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off from Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd not :

And, to be short, for not-appearance, and 20
The king's late scruple, by the main assent Of all these learned men she was divorc'd, And the late marriage made of none effect : Since which she was remov'd to Kimbolton, Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady !—[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound : stand close, the queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. *Two Judges.*

2. *Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.*

3. *Choristers, singing.* [*Music.*

4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then, Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*

5. *Marquess DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold; on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*

6. *Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*

7. *A Canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned with pearls, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of LONDON and WINCHESTER.*

8. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.*

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—

Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset :

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be 40

The Duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same ; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

[*Looking on the QUEEN.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ; Our king has all the Indies in his arms, And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons, Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all, are near her. 60

I take it, she that carries up the train Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;

And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey ; where a finger

Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

A distance from her ; while her grace sat down

To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,

In a rich chair of state, opposing freely 70

The beauty of her person to the people.

Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up ; and had their

faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost.
Such joy

I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams so
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man
living

Could say, "This is my wife," there ; all
were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd ?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with
modest paces
Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and
saint-like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury so
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such ornaments

Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the
choir,

With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back
again

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that
is past ;

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost : so
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it ;
But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the
queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one,
of Winchester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary ;
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Arch-
bishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that : so

However, yet there's no great breach ; when
it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink
from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem with the king, and
truly

A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master of the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my
guests :

Something I can command. As I walk
thither,

I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick ; led between GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace ?

Kath. O Griffith ! sick to death :
My legs, like laden branches, bow to the
earth,

Willing to leave their burden. Reach a
chair :—

So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

*Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou
ledd'st me,*

That the great child of honour, Cardinal
Wolsey,

Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but, I think, your
grace,

Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how
he died :

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, so
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam ;
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him for-
ward,

As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to
Leicester ;
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend
abbot,

With all his covent, honourably receiv'd him :

To whom he gave these words,—“O father abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !”

So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Persu'd him still ; and three nights after
this,

About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in
peace.

Kath. So may he rest : his faults lie gently
on him !

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by sugges-
tion

Tied all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was
never,

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their vir-
tues

We write in water. May it please your
highness

To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his
cradle.

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer : *

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for
him

Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing
God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other
herald,

No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made
me,

With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with
him !—

Patience, be near me still, and set me
lower :

I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Grif-
fith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn music.*

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit
down quiet,

For fear we wake her :—softly, gentle Pa-
tience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one
after another, six Personages, clad in white
robes, wearing on their heads garlands of
bays, and golden visards on their faces ;
branches of bays, or palm, in their hands.
They first conge unto her, then dance ; and,
at certain changes, the first two hold a spare
garland over her head ; at which the other
four make reverent curtsies : then, the two
that held the garland deliver the same to the
other next two, who observe the same order
in their changes, and holding the garland
over her head. Which done, they deliver
the same garland to the last two, who likewise
observe the same order : at which, (as it
were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep
signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands
to heaven. And so in their dancing they
vanish, carrying the garland with them.
The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are
ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind
ye ?

Grif. Madam. we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a
blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I
feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, as-
suredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*]

Pat. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she
looks,

And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted great-
ness,

To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness'
pardon;

My haste made me unmannerly. There is
staying

A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but
this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the em-
peror,

My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord!
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I
pray you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the
next,

The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by
me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes
too late;

'T is like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd
me;

But now I am past all comforts here, but
prayers.

How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom. — Patience, is that
letter,

I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to de-
liver

This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his
goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young
daughter:—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breed-
ing,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well,—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd
him,

Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor
petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:

Of which there is not one, I dare avow
(And now I should not lie), but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall
have them.

The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from
me;—

That they may have their wages duly paid
them,

And something over to remember me by:
If Heaven had pleas'd to have given me
longer life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me

In all humility unto his highness :

Say, his long trouble now is passing

Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,

For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,

My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;

Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour : strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know

I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like

A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of WINCHESTER, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night,

Sir Thomas :

Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord ?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at
primero

With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's
the matter ?

It seems you are in haste : an if there be
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs
that walk

(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's
in labour,

They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find

Good time, and live : but for the stock, Sir
Thomas,

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen ; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas : you are a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and
she,

Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for
Cromwell,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further
sir,

Stands in the gap and trade of more prefer-
ments,

With which the time will lead him. The
archbishop

Is the king's hand and tongue ; and who dare
speak

One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ven-
tur'd

To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this
day,

Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)

A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they
moved
Have broken with the king ; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great
grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mis-
chiefs

Our reasons laid before him,) hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be converted. He's a rank weed, Sir
Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your
affairs

I hinder you too long : good night, Sir
Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest
your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*

*As Lovell is going out, enter the KING and
the Duke of SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-
night :

My mind 's not on 't ; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before. .

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the
news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your
highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou ? ha !
To pray for her ? what ! is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her suf-
ferance made

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden,
and

With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
Your highness with an heir !

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles :
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remem-
ber

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me
alone ;

For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit SUFFOLK.*

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows ?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord
archbishop,

As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha ! Canterbury !

Den. Ay, my good lord. *

K. Hen. 'Tis true : where is he, Denny ?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit Denny.*

Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the
bishop spake :

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*

Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.

What !— [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*

Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he
thus ?

'Tis his aspect of terror : all 's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord ? You do de-
sire to know

Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty

To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together.
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give
me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.

I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being
consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us : where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must
take

Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower : you a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my
chaff

And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
in thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand
up:
—these, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
what manner of man are you? My lord, I
look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have taken some pains to bring to-
gether
Yourself and your accusers; and to have
heard you,
Without endurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on, is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh
not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the
whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their
practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question
carries

The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as cor-
rupt

To swear against you? such things have been
done.

You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. When you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? (Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail than we give
way to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit
you,

The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good
man weeps:

He's honest, on mine honour. God's best
mother!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit CRANMER.*]

—He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean
you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings
that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now,
good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like
you,

As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell!

Re enter LOVELL.

Lov.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll
to the queen. [*Exit.*]

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light,
I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Lobby before the Council-
chamber.

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c.,
attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet
the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd
me

To make great haste. All fast? what means
this? Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran.

Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,

I came this way so happily: the king Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'T is Butts, The king's physician. As he pass'd along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me. 'Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace!

For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me, (God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)

To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me

Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor, 'Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS, at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,

Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'T is he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another?

'T is well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them

(At least good manners), as not thus to suffer A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

The Council-chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places him-

self at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side, CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor.

Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[*CRANMER approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: but we all are men,

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions, Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,

Out of our easiness and childish pity

To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic: and what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint

Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely, and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray Heaven, the king may never find a heart

With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,

That in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,

And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,

We will be short with you: 'T is his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah! my good Lord of Winchester,
I thank you;

You are always my good friend: if your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful. I see your end:
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,

By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,

However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then* thus for you, my lord:—it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner,

There to remain, till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower

Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:

By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by Heaven! I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,

'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'T is now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with
him ?

'Would I were fairly out on't !

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have
at ye !

*Enter the KING, frowning on them ; he takes
his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we
bound to Heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that in all obedience makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to
strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden
commendations,
Bishop of Winchester ; but know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my pre-
sence :

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the
spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to
win me ;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
[To CRANMER.] Good man, sit down. Now
let me see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at
thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee
not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some under-
standing
And wisdom of my council ; but I find
none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title),
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you
are ?

Why, what a shame was this ! Did my
commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power, as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,

More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your
grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was
purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his
trial,

And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect
him :

Take him and use him well ; he's worthy of
it.

I will say thus much for him : if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace
him :

Be friends, for shame, my lords !—My Lord
of Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants
baptism,

You must be god-father, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory

In such an honour ! how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to
you ?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare
your spoons. You shall have
Two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess
of Norfolk,

And Lady Marquess Dorset : will these please
you ?

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge
you,

Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man ! those joyful tears
show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, " Do my Lord of
Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for
ever."—

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue!—Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? ¹⁰

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible,

Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,

To scatter them, as 't is to make them sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir. ²⁰

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

To mow them down before me; but if I spared any,

That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again; And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do? ³⁰

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, god-father, and all together. ³⁷

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign

in's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out: Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely. ⁵⁸

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!

They grow still, too, from all parts they are coming,

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:

There is a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have ⁷¹

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,

When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a-pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,

If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads

Clap round fines for neglect. You are lazy knaves;

And here ye lie, baiting of bombards, when Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound; ⁸¹

c. They 're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way
out

To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two
months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,
send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to
the high and mighty princess of England,
Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace,
and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[*The KING kisses the Child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect
thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been
too prodigal.

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I
utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them
truth.

[This royal infant,—Heaven still move about
her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises:
Upon this land a thousand thousand bless-
ings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness. She
shall be.

(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely
graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall
nurse her;

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel
her:

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: her own shall
bless her;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good
grows with her.

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and
sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neigh-
bours.

God shall be truly known; and those about
her

From her shall read the perfect ways of
honour,

And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood.

Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as
when

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,

As great in admiration as herself:
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,

When heaven shall call her from this cloud
of darkness,

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she
was,

And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love,
truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to
him:

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall
shine,

His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall
flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his
branches

To all the plains about him. Our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of
England,

An aged princess; many days shall see
her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must
die—

She must, the saints must have her—yet a
virgin;

A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop!

Thou hast made me now a man: never,
before

This happy child, did I get anything.

This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,

That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire

To see what this child does, and praise my
Maker.—

I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor.

And your good brethren, I am much behold-
ing:

I have received much honour by your pre-
sence,

And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the
way, lords:

Ye must all see the queen, and she must
thank ye;

She will be sick else. This day, no man
think

H'as business at his house, for all shall stay:

This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their
ease,

And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,

We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is
clear,

They'll say, 't is naught: others, to hear the
city

Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—“That's
witty”

Which we have not done neither: that, I
fear,

All the expected good we're like to hear

For this play, at this time, is only in

The merciful construction of good women;

For such a one we shew'd them. If they
smile,

And say, 't will do, I know, within a while

All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,

If they hold, when their ladies bid them clasp

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

+DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
 PIRITHOUS, *an Athenian General.*
 ARTESIUS, *an Athenian Captain.*
 PALAMON, } *Nephews to Creon, King of*
 ARCITE, } *Thebes.*
 VALERIUS, *a Theban Nobleman.*
Six Knights.
Herald.
Gaoler.
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughters.
Doctor.
 Brother }
 Friends } *to the Gaoler.*

Gentlemen.
 GERROLD, *a Schoolmaster.*

HIPPOLYTA, *an Amazon, Bride to Theseus.*
 EMILIA, *her Sister.*

Three Queens.
Gaoler's Daughter.
Waiting-women to Emilia.
Countrymen, Messengers, a man personating
Hymen, Boy, Executioner, Guard, and
Attendants. Country wenches, and
women personating Nymphs.

SCENE—ATHENS and the Neighbourhood, except in part of the First Act, where it is THEBES and the Neighbourhood.

PROLOGUE

Flourish.

New plays and maidenheads are near akin ;
 Much follow'd both, for both much money
 g'ien,
 If they stand sound and well : and a good
 play,
 Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-
 day,
 And shake to lose his honour, is like her
 That after holy tie and first night's stir,
 Yet still is modesty, and still retains
 More of the maid to sight than husband's
 pains.
 We pray our play may be so ; for I'm sure
 It has a noble breeder and a pure, ¹⁰
 A learned, and a poet never went
 More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent :
 Chaucer, of all admir'd, the story gives ;
 There constant to eternity it lives.
 If we let fall the nobleness of this,
 And the first sound this child hear be a
 hiss,
 How will it shake the bones of that good
 man,
 And make him cry from under ground, " O,
 fan

From me the witless chaff of such a writer
 That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works
 makes lighter
 Than Robin Hood ! " This is the fear we
 bring ;
 For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
 And too ambitious, to aspire to him,
 Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
 In this deep water. Do but you hold out
 †Your helping hands, and we shall tack
 about,
 And something do to save us : you shall
 hear
 Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
 Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet
 sleep !
 Content to you !—If this play do not keep :
 A little dull time from us, we perceive
 Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.
 [Flourish.]

NOTE.—The editor of this text has marked with an obelus (†) any noteworthy departure from the reading of the original text (Qo. 1634). This does not, except in a few important cases, refer to changes of punctuation, as old editions are of very small authority in such a matter. Metrical re-arrangements have not been indicated.

SCENE I.—Athens. *Palace of Theseus.*

Enter Hymen with a torch burning; a Priest in a white robe, before, singing and strewn with flowers; after Hymen, a Nymph, crowned and dressed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then THESEUS, between two other Nymphs with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then HIPPOLYTA, the bride, led by PIRITHOUS, and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her, EMILIA, holding up her train; ARTESIUS and Attendants.

SONG. [Music.]

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue.
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daives smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger
With her bells dim.
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,
Larks' heels trim.

†All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [Strewing flowers.
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
†Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
†The boding raven, nor crouching hoar
Nor chattering pie,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, and wearing imperial crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of THESEUS; the second falls down at the foot of HIPPOLYTA; the third before EMILIA.

1 Queen. For pity's sake and true gentility's,
Hear, and respect me!
2 Queen. For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear, and respect me!

Queen. Now, for the love of him whom I have both mark'd and lov'd, beseech your bed, and for the sake of these virgins, be advocate for us; our advocates! This good deed shall not pass out of the book of trophies. All you are set down there.

Thes. Good lady, rest.

Hip.

Emi.

What woman I may stand that's mistress'd Does bind me to her.

Thes. What's your request to deliver you for all.

1 Queen. We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before

†The wrath of cruel Creon; who endure the beaks of ravens, talons of the kites, And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes:

He will not suffer us to burn their bones, To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, duke! Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword

That does good turns to the world; give us the bones

Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them; And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note

That for our crowned heads we have no roof Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's, And vault to everything!

Thes.

Pray you, kneel not: I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd

Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard the fortunes

Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting

As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em. King Capanëus was your lord: the day

That he should marry you, at such a season as

As now it is with me, I met your groom By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,

Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses. Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath

Was then nor thrash'd nor blasted; Fortune at you

Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman—

Then weaker than your eyes—laid by his
club;

†He tumbled down upon his knees; he
And swore his sinews thaw'd. O, grief and
time!

Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

1 *Queen*. O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your man-
hood;

Whereto he'll infuse power, and piece you
forth

Our undertaker!

Thes. O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellerose use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—
Troubled I am. [*Turns away.*]

2 *Queen*. Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythed hawk's foot; that, with thy arm
as strong

As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord—
Born to uphold religion in that honour
First Nature gave it in—shrank thee into
The bound, that o'erflowing, at once sub-
dub'd

Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equal to that poise sternness with

†Who now know, hast much more power on
him

Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his
strength

And his love too, who is a servant for
†The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth
scorch,

Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't is a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend me a knee;

But on the ground for us no longer time
That a dove's motion when the head's
pluck'd off;

Tell him if he i' the blood-siz'd field lay swoln,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the
moon,

What you would do!

Hip. Poor lady, say no more:
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and nev'r yet
Went I so willing, way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him con-
sider;

I'll speak anon.

3 *Queen*. [*To Emilia*.] O, my petition was
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,

Melts into drops; so warmly wanting

My heart with tears, I melt.

Your grief is written in your cheek;
3 *Queen*.

You cannot read it there; these are my
tears,

Like wrinkled pebbles in a glass.
You may behold that. Lady, lady, woe
He that with all the tapers know
Must know the centre too; he that will
For a fish's minnow, let him lead me
To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me
Extremity, that sharpens sorrow with
Telling me a fool.

Hip. Pray you, say nothing, pray you
Who cannot feel nor see the heart, being in
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you
were

The ground-piece of some painter, I would
buy you

To instruct me gainst a capital grief indeed—
Such heart-piercing demonstration it—but alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reason, gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it as some pity;
Though it were made of stones, pray have
good comfort.

Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not out
a jot

O' the sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen*. O, this exhibition
†Will longer last, and be more costly than
Your supplicants' war! Remember that your
fame

Knolls in th' ear o' the world: what you do
quickly

Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditation; your first
meditating

More than their actions; but—O Jove!—
your actions,

†Soon as they move, as asprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke,
think

What beds our alain kings have!

2 *Queen*. What griefs our beds
That our dear lords have none!

3 *Queen*. None fit for the death
†Those that with cords, knives, drums, and
capitance,

Weary of this world's light, have to them-
selves

Been death's most horrid agent, and
grace

Affords them dust and shadow.
1 *Queen*.

These shall live the shining sun,
And great kings when living.

It is true;
I will give you comfort,
I will visit dead lords graves: the which
I will do the same work with Creon.

And that work
I shall to the doing:
I will take form; the heats are gone
And the sorrow;

And his sweat must recompense itself
In his own sweat; now he is secure,
And we stand before your puissance,
Showing our holy begging in our eyes,
And his petition clear.

Now you may take him
With his victory.

And his army full
Of peace and sloth.

Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out fit to this enterprise
And stand for this proceeding, and the num-

ber
For such a business; forth and levy
The choicest instruments; whilst we despatch
The grand act of our life, this daring deed
Is done in wedlock.

Dowagers, take hands;
And to widows to our woes; delay
And sends us to a fainting hope.

Farewell!

We come unseasonably; but
When could grief

Be forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st
To time

Best sollicitation?

Why, good ladies,
In my service, whereto I am going,
More than any war; it more imports me
To do all the actions that I have forgone,
Which I can cope.

The more proclaiming
Which shall be neglected: when her arms,
Which look Jove from a synod, shall
The shining moonlight corslet thee, O,

When
The shining cherries shall their sweetness

On
The tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of kings or blubber'd queens? what

Are
Thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st
Being able

Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou
Couch

With her, every hour in 't will
Be more of thee for a hundred, and

These shall remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!

Though much unlike [Kneeling.
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their
suffer

That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about,
and hang

Your shield before your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.

All Queens. [To EMILIA.] O, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.

Emi. If you grant not [Kneeling.
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray, stand up:
I am entreating of myself to do

That which you kneel to have me.—Pirithous,
Lead on the bride: get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration.—Queens,

Follow your soldier.—[To ARTESIUS.] As
before, hence you,

And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd.—Since that our theme is
haste,

I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
[Kisses HIPPOLYTA.

Sweet, keep it as my token.—Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.—[Exit ARTESIUS.
Farewell, my beauteous sister.—Pirithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't.

Pir. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.

Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be return-
ing

Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray
you,

Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all.

1 Queen. Thus dost thou still make good
The tongue o' the world.

2 Queen. And earn'st a deity
Equal with Mars.



"Mamma, shall I have beautiful long hair like you when I grow up?"
"Certainly, my dear, if you use 'Edward's Harlene'."

EDWARDS'

HARLENETM FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT
Hair Producer & Restorer

The Very Finest Dressing, Specially Prepared and Perfumed, Fragrant and Refreshing.

A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

"HARLENE"

PRODUCES LUXURIANT HAIR, PREVENTS IT FALLING OFF OR TURNING GREY.



Unequalled for Promoting
the Growth of the Beard
and Moustache.

THE WORLD RENOWNED
REMEDY

FOR

BALDNESS.

For Curing Weak and Thin
Eyelashes; Preserving, Strengthening,
and Rendering the Hair
beautifully soft;



For Removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for RESTORING GREY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOUR,

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL.

Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid of any metallic or other injurious ingredients.

WHY NEGLECT YOUR CHILDREN'S HAIR?

Edwards' "Harlene" Preserves, Strengthens, and Invigorates It.

Prevents and Cures all species of Scurf, Keeps the Scalp Clean, and Allays all Irritation.

Stopped the Hair Falling.

Miss Cooney, Basin View, Fair Hill, Galway, Ireland, is much pleased with the "Harlene", and has recommended it to her friends. It has quite stopped the falling of her hair. Please be prompt in sending present order.

Proved it Herself.

59, Elgin-crescent, Notting Hill.

Dear Sir, — I am delighted to add my testimony to the wonderful efficacy of your hair tonic. I never could have credited the effects of "Harlene" had I not myself proved them. — I am, yours truly,
Katherine Ramsey.

P. S. — You may publish this, and I will always recommend it if applied to.

Quite Bald.

12, Grove-street, Retford.

Dear Sir, — I have great pleasure in stating that your "Harlene" is the best I have ever used. I have tried several other so-called restorers, but to no purpose. I was quite bald on the top of my head, but, thanks to your wonderful "Harlene", I have a good head of hair now after six weeks' use. You may include this with your other testimonials. — Yours respectfully, Arthur Blanchard.

Very Good.

44, Third avenue, Queen's Park.

Dear Sir, — Mr. Holcombe has recommended me to use the "Harlene." I had some from him for a trial, and I think it is very good. I have recommended it to my friends. Enclosed Postal Orders for 14s. 6d. Please forward to Mrs. Kendall as above.

1s., 2s. 6d., and (triple 2s. 6d. size) 4s. 6d. per Bottle, from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World; or sent direct on receipt of Postal Orders.

EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95 AND 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W. C.

3 *Queen.* If not above him ; for
Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours ; they themselves, some
say,

Grown under such a mastery.

Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do ; being sensually subdu'd,
We lose our humane title. Good cheer,
ladies !

Now turn we towards your comforts.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Thebes. The Court of the
Palace.

Enter PALAMON and ARCITE.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than
blood,

And our prime cousin, yet unhardened in
The crimes of nature ; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in 't, before we
further

Sully our gloss of youth :

And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence ; for not to swim

I th' aid o' the current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving ; and to follow
The common stream, 't would bring us to an
eddy

Where we should turn or drown ; if labour
through,

Our gain but life and weakness.

Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example : what strange
ruins,

Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes ! scars and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends honour and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not ; and
now flurled

By peace, for whom he fought ! Who, then,
shall offer

To Mars's so-scorn'd altar ? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno
would

Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might
purge

For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.

Arc. Are you not out ?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes ? You did
begin

*As if you met decays of many kinds :
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But the unconsider'd soldier ?

Pal. Yes ; I pity
Decays where'er I find them ; but such moans
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

Arc. 'T is not this

I did begin to speak of ; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes : I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing ; where every evil

Hath a good colour ; where every seeming
good's

A certain evil ; where not to be even jump
As they are here, were to be strangers, and
†Such things to be, mere monsters.

Pal. 'T is in our power—

Unless we fear that apes can tutor's—to
Be masters of our manners : what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith ? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd, say'd too,
Speaking it truly ! why am I bound

By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long until

The follow'd make pursuit ? or let me know
Why mine own barber is unblest, with him
My poor chin too, for 't is not scissard just
To such a favourite's glass ? what canon is
there

That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle 't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul ? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor
slight sores

Need not a plantain ; that which rips my
bosom,

Almost, to th' heart, 's—

Arc. Our Uncle Creon.

Pal. He,

A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Make heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd
†Beyond its power there's nothing ; almost
puts

Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
†Volatile chance ; who only attributes

The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act ; commands men
service,

†And what they win in 't, boot and glory ;
one

That fears not to do harm : good, dares not :
let

The blood of mine that's sibbe to him be
suck'd

From me with leeches ; let them break and
fall

Off me with that corruption !

Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing
share

Of his loud infamy ; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient ; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer :
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heavenly justice : widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have
not

Due audience of the gods.—Valerius !

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you ; yet be leaden-
footed,
Till his great rage be off him : Phœbus when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd
against

The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.

Pal. Small winds shake him !
But what's the matter ?

Val. Theseus—who where he threats ap-
pals—hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes ; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach :
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us : yet what man
Thirds his own worth—the case is each of
ours—

When that his action's dregg'd with mind
assur'd

'T is bad he goes about ?

Pal. Leave that unseason'd ;
Our services stand now for Thebes, not
Creon :

Yet, to be neutral to him were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose ; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arc. So we must.—
Is't said this war's afoot ? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition ?

Val. 'T is in motion ;
Th' intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.

Pal. Let's to the king ; who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health ; which were not
spent,

Rather laid out for purchase : but, alas !
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what
will

The fall o' the stroke do damage ?

Arc. Let th' event
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves ; and let us fol-
low

The becking of our chance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—†Before the Gates of Athens.

Enter PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, and EMILIA.

Pir. No further !

Hip. Sir, farewell : repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question ; yet I wish
him

Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be,
†To dare ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him ;
Store never hurts good governors.

Pir. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious
maid,

Those best affections that the heavens infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep en-
thron'd

In your dear heart !

Emi. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother ; for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit ; and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our
hearts

Are in his army, in his tent.

Hip. In 's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to
sea,

Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or
women

That have sod their infants in—and after eat
them—

The brine they wept at killing 'em : then, if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war ! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*

Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend ! since his depart, his
sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd
slightly

His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider ; but 30
†Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so differing twins. Have you ob-
serv'd him

Since our great lord departed

Hip. With much labour ;
And I did love him for 't. They two have
cabin'd

†In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
†Peril and want contending ; they have skiff'd
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I the least of these was dreadful ; and they
have

Fought out together, where death's self was
lodg'd ; 10

Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot
of love

Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.

Emi. Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a play-
fellow ; 50

You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave of
the moon—

Which then look'd pale at parting—when
our count

†Was each eleven.

†*Hip.* 'T was Flavina.

Emi. Yes.

You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love :
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely
season'd,

More buckled with strong judgment, and
their needs

The one or th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love ; but I,
And she I sigh and spoke of, were things in-
nocent, 60

Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another : what she lik'd
Was then of me approv'd ; what not, con-
demn'd,

No more arraignment ; the flower that I
would pluck

And put between my breasts, O—then but
beginning

To swell about the blossom—she would long

'Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phoenix-
like, 70

They died in perfume ; on my head no toy
But was her pattern ; her affections—pretty,
†Though happily her careless wear—I fol-
low

For my most serious decking ; had mine
ear

†Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd
one

From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn,—
rather dwell on,—

And sing it in her slumbers : this rehearsal—

†Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment's bastard—has this
end, 80

That the true love 'twixt maid and maid
may be

†More than in sex dividual.

Hip. You're out of breath ;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.

Emi. I'm sure I shall not.

Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point—
Though in 't I know thou dost believe thy-
self—

Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But, sure, my
sister, 90

If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the
arm

Of the all-noble Theseus ; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance
That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.

Emi. I am not
Against your faith ; yet I continue mine.

[*Cornets. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—†A Field before Thebes.

A battle struck within ; then a retreat ;
flourish. †Then enter THESEUS (victor),
Herald, and Attendants. The three Queens
meet THESEUS, and fall on their faces before
him.

1 Queen. To thee no star be dark !

2 Queen. Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever !

3 Queen. All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry Amen to 't !

Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the
mounted heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who
err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find
out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour
them
With treble ceremony : rather than a gap
†Should be in their dear rites, we would
supply 't.
But those we will depute which shall invest ¹⁰
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our hasty does leave imperfect. So, adieu,
And heaven's good eyes look on you !

[*Exeunt Queens.*]

†PALAMON and ARCITE borne in on hearses.

What are those ?

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be
judg'd.
By their appointment ; some of Thebes have
told 's
They're sisters' children, nephews to the
king.

Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in
the war—

†Like to a pair of lions smear'd with prey—
Make lanes in troops aghast : I fix'd my
note

Constantly on them ; for they were a mark ²⁰
†Worth a god's view. What was 't that
prisoner told me

When I inquir'd their names ?

†*Herald.* We 'lieve, they're called
Arcite and Palamon.

Thes. 'Tis right ; those, those.
They are not dead ?

Herald. Nor in a state of life : had they
been taken

When their last hurts were given, 't was
possible

They might have been recover'd ; yet they
breathe,

And have the name of men.

Thes. Then like men use 'em :
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others : all our surgeons ³⁰
Convent in their behoof ; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste : their lives con-
cern 's

Much more than Thebes is worth : rather
than have 'em

Freed of this plight, and in their morning
state,

Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead ;

But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have

Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em
speedily
From our kind air,—to them unkind,—and
minister

What man to man may do ; for our sake,
more :

†Since I have known frights, fury, friends'
behests, ⁴⁰

†Love's provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,

Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,

†Hath set a mark—which nature could not
reach to

Without some imposition, — sickness in
will,

Or wrestling strength in reason. For our
love,

And great Apollo's mercy, all our best

Their best skill tender !—Lead into the
city ;

Where, having bound things scatter'd, we
will post

†To Athens 'fore our army.

[*Flourish. Exeunt ; Attendants carrying
PALAMON and ARCITE.*]

SCENE V.—†Another Part of the Same, more
remote from Thebes.

*Enter the Queens with the hearses of their
Knights, in a funeral solemnity, &c.*

SONG.

*Urns and odours bring away !
Vapours, sighs, darken the day !*

*Our dole more deadly looks than dying ;
Balm, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours through the wild air flying !*

*Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-ey'd pleasure's foes !
We convent naught else but woes :
We convent, &c.* ¹⁰

†3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your
household's grave :
Joy seize on you again ! Peace sleep with
him !

2 *Queen.* And this to yours.

1 *Queen.* Yours this way. Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure
end.

3 *Queen.* This world's a city full of stray-
ing streets,
And death's the market-place, where each
one meets.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

A C T I I.

SCENE I.—†Athens. A Garden, with a Castle in the background.

Enter Gaoler and Wooer.

Gaoler. I may depart with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas! the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would †I were really that I am delivered to be. Marry, what I have—he it what it will—I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death. 12

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.

Gaoler. Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? when that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes. 20

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Gaoler. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, upon the old business; but no more of that now: so soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it: i' the meantime, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 't were pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: the prison itself is proud of 'em; and they have all the world in their chamber. 31

Gaoler. They are famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a greise above the reach of report.

Gaoler. I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at. 41

Gaoler. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling

Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyred as 't were i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted. 51

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Gaoler. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they: what the reason of it is, I know not.

Enter PALAMON and ARCITE, above.

Look, yonder they are! that's Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

Gaoler. Go to! leave your pointing: they would not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. —†The Same.

†*Enter PALAMON and ARCITE, above.*

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery, And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners

I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it; And to that destiny have patiently Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. O, cousin Arcite, Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?

Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more

Must we behold those comforts: never see The hardy youths strive for the games of honour, 10

Hung with the painted favours of their ladies, Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,

And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us

Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the
garlands,

Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. O,
never

Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords
now,—

†Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore,—
†Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate
us;

These hands shall never draw 'em out like
lightning,

To blast whole armies, more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we
are,

And here the graces of our youths must
wither,

Like a too-timely spring; here age must find
us,

And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,

Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand
Cupids,

Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know
us,

No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach
'em

Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
"Remember what your fathers were, and
conquer!"

The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banish-
ments,

And in their songs curse ever-blinded
Fortune,

Till she for shame see what a wrong she has
done

To youth and nature: this is all our world; 40
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our
woes;

The vine shall grow, but we shall never see
it;

Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban
hounds,

That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we holla; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts: all valiant
uses—

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The food and nourishment of noble minds—
In us two here shall perish; we shall die—
Which is the curse of honour—lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please, to hold here a brave
patience,

And the enjoying of our griefs together. 40
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our
fortunes
Were twinn'd together: 't is most true, two
souls

Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
The gail of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not, say they
could:

A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.
Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this
place,

That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanc-
tuary,

To keep us from corruption of worse men;
We're young, and yet desire the ways of
honour;

That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy
blessing

Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours! and here being thus to-
gether,

We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting 40
New births of love; we're father, friends, ac-
quaintance:

We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little
patience,

We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits
seek us;

The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men 40
Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken,
cousin,

Where you should never know it, and so
perish

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Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods : a thousand chances,
• Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You've made me—
I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton
With my captivity : what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere !
'T is like a beast, methinks : I find the court
here,

I'm sure, a more content ; and all those
pleasures 100

That woo the wills of men to vanity
I see through now ; and am sufficient
To tell the world 't is but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with
him.

What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones ? Cousin
Arcite,

Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more ?

Arc. I'd hear you still.

Pal. Ye shall. 111
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite ?

Arc. Sure, there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friend-
ship

Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot ;
And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

Enter EMILIA and her Woman below.

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures
in't.

What flower is this ?

Wo. 'T is call'd Narcissus, madam.

Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a
fool 120

To love himself : were there not maids
enough ?

Arc. Pray, forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted ?

Wo. They could not be to one so fair.

Emi. Thou wouldst not.

Wo. I think I should not, madam.

Emi. That's a good wench !
But take heed to your kindness though !

Wo. Why, madam ?

Emi. Men are mad things.

Arc. Will ye go forward, cousin ?

Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in
silk, wench ?

Wo. Yes.

Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em ; and of
these ;

This is a pretty colour : will 't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench ?

Wo. Dainty, madam. 130

Arc. Cousin, cousin ! how do you, sir ?
why, Palamon !

Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

Arc. Why, what's the matter, man ?

Pal. Behold, and wonder !
By heaven, she is a goddess !

Arc. Ha !

Pal. Do reverence ;
She is a goddess, Arcite !

Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks, a rose is best.

Wo. Why, gentle madam ?

Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid :
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes ! when the north
comes near her, 140

Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.

Wo. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it : a maid,

If she have any honour, would be loath
To take example by her.

Emi. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She's wondrous fair !

Pal. She's all the beauty extant !

Emi. The sun grows high ; let's walk in.
Keep these flowers ;

We'll see how near art can come near their
colours,

I'm wondrous merry-hearted ; I could laugh
now. 151

Wo. I could lie down, I'm sure.

Emi. And take one with you ?

Wo. That's as we bargain, madam.

Emi. Well, agree then.

[*Exeunt EMILIA and Woman.*]

Pal. What think you of 'this beauty ?

Arc. 'T is a rare one.

Pal. Is 't but a rare one ?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himself,
and love her ?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done ; I
have,
Beshrew mine eyes for 't ! Now I feel my
shackles.

Pal. You love her, then ?

Arc. Who would not ?

Pal. And desire her ?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing.

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not, as you do, to worship her,
As she is heavenly and a blessed goddess;
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her:

So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all! who shall deny me?

Pal. I, that first saw her; I, that took
possession

First with mine eye of all those beauties in
her

Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovest her, 170
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!

Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my mine lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon!

I say again, I love; and, in loving her, main-
tain

I am as worthy and as free a lover, 180
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living
That is a man's son.

Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why
are you mov'd thus?

Let me deal coldly with you: am not I
†Part of your blood, part of your soul?
you've told me

That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend
shall suffer? 190

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why, then, would you deal so cun-
ningly,

So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think
me

Unworthy of her sight?

Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?

Pal.

Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom: else, if thou pursu'st
her,

Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain.

Arc.

You are mad.

Pal.

I must be,
Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee,
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arc.

Fie, sir!

You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.

Pal.

O, that now, that now
Thy false self and thy friend had but this
fortune, 210

To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands! I'd quickly
teach thee

What't were to filch affection from another!
Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse:

Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!

Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not;
thou art feeble:

Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,
And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Pal. No more! the keeper's coming: I
shall live 221

To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

Arc.

Do!

Enter Gaoler.

Gaoler. By your leave, gentlemen.

Pal. Now, honest keeper?

Gaoler. Lord Arcite, you must presently to
the duke:

The cause I know not yet.

Arc.

I'm ready, keeper.

Gaoler. Prince Palamon, I must awhile
bereave you

Of your fair cousin's company.

Pal.

And me too,
Even when you please, of life.

[*Exeunt Gaoler and ARCITE.*

Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his false-
hood! 231

Why should a friend be treacherous? if that
Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one.—Blessed garden,
And fruit and flowers more blessed, that still
blossom

As her bright eyes shine on ye ! Would I
 were,
 For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
 Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock !
 How I would spread, and fling my wanton
 arms 210
 In at her window ! I would bring her fruit
 Fit for the gods to feed on ; youth and
 pleasure,
 Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her ;
 And if she be not heavenly, I would make
 her
 So near the gods in nature, they should fear
 her ;
 And then I'm sure she would love me.

Re-enter Gaoler.

How now, keeper !

Where's Arcite ?

Gaoler. Banish'd. Prince Pirithous
 Obtain'd his liberty ; but never more,
 Upon his oath and life, must be set foot
 Upon this kingdom.

Pal. [Aside.] He's a blessed man ! 220
 He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
 The bold young men that, when he bids 'em
 charge,

Fall on like fire : Arcite shall have a fortune,
 If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
 Yet in the field to strike a battle for her ;
 And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward :
 How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
 If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways !
 Were I at liberty, I would do things
 Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
 This blushing virgin, should take manhood to
 her, 231

And seek to ravish me.

Gaoler. My lord, for you
 I have this charge too—

Pal. To discharge my life ?

Gaoler. No ; but from this place to remove
 your lordship

The windows are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em
 That are so envious to me ! Pr'ythee, kill me.

Gaoler. And hang for't afterward ?

Pal. By this good light,
 Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.

Gaoler. Why, my lord ?

Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news
 continually,

Thou art not worthy life. I will not go. 270

Gaoler. Iudeed, you must, my lord.

Pal. May I see the garden ?

Gaoler. No.

Pal. Then I'm resolved I will not go.

Gaoler. I must

Constrain you, then ; and, for you're dangerous,
 I'll clap more irons on you.

Pal. Do, good keeper :

I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep ;

I'll make ye a new morris. Must I go ?

Gaoler. There is no remedy.

Pal. [Aside.] Farewell, kind window ;
 May rude wind never hurt thee !—O my lady,
 If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was, 280
 Dream how I suffer !—Come, now bury me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—†The Country near Athens.

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom ? 't is a benefit,
 A mercy, I must thank 'em for ; but banish'd
 The free enjoying of that face I die for,
 O, 't was a studied punishment, a death
 Beyond imagination ! such a vengeance,
 That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
 Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
 Thou hast the start now ; thou shalt stay, and
 see

Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst
 thy window.

And let in life into thee ; thou shalt feed 30
 Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
 That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall—
 Good gods, what happiness has Palamon !
 Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her ;
 And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
 I know she's his ; he has a tongue will tame
 Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton.

Come what can come,
 The worst is death ; I will not leave the
 kingdom :

I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
 And no redress there : If I go, he has her. 30
 †I am resolv'd : another shape shall make me,
 Or end my fortunes ; either way, I'm happy :
 I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

*Enter four Country-people, and one with a
 garland before them.*

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's
 certain.

2 *Coun.* And I'll be there.

3 *Coun.* And I.

4 *Coun.* Why, then, have with ye, boys !
 't is but a chiding :

Let the plough play to-day ; I'll tickle 't out
 Of the jades' tails to-morrow.

1 *Coun.* I am sure
 To have my wife as jealous as a turkey : 30
 But that's all one : I'll go through, let her
 mumble.

2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard to-morrow night,
and stoa her,
And all's made up again.

3 *Coun.* Ay, do but put
A feskue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold against the Maying?

4 *Coun.* Hold!
What should ail 'us?

3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.

2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd
†Under green tree; and ye know what
wenches, ha!

But will the dainty domine, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye
know.

3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail:
go to!

The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must
dance too.

4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?

2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i' the breech on us: and here I'll
be,

And there I'll be, for our town, and here
again,

And there again: ha, boys, heigh for the
weavers!

1 *Coun.* This must be done i' the woods.

4 *Coun.* O, pardon me!

†2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of
learning says so;

Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: he's excellent
i' the woods;

Bring him to the plains, his learning makes
no cry.

3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every
man to's tackle!

And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any
means,

Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,

And God knows what may come on 't.

4 *Coun.* Content: the sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and
hold!

Arc. By your leaves, honest friends; pray
you, whither go you?

4 *Coun.* Whither! why, what a question's
that!

Arc. Yes, 't is a question
To me that know not.

3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.

2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know
it not?

Arc.

Not far, sir.

Are there such games to-day?

1 *Coun.* Yes, marry, are there;
And such as you never saw: the duke himself
Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they?

2 *Coun.* Wrestling and running.—'T is a
pretty fellow.

3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?

Arc. Not yet, sir,

4 *Coun.* Well, sir,
Take your own time.—Come, boys.

1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance trick o' the hip;
Mark how his body's made for 't.

2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd though,
If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
He wrestle? he roast eggs! Come, let's be
gone, lads. *[Exeunt Countrymen.]*

Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity

†I durst not wish for. Well I could have
wrestled,

The best men call'd it excellent; and run

Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,

Curling the wealthy ears, nev'r flew. I'll
venture,

And in some poor disguise be there: who
knows

Whether my brows may not be girt with
garlands,

And happiness prefer me to a place

Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—†Athens. A Room in the
Prison.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman?
't is odds

He never will affect me: I am base,

My father the mean keeper of his prison,

And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,

To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!

What pushes are we wenches driven to,

When fifteen once has found us! First, I
saw him;

I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;

He has as much to please a woman in—

If he please to bestow it so—as ever

These eyes yet look'd on: next I pitied him;

And so would any young wench, o' my con-
science,

That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead

To a young handsome man: then I lov'd him,

Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him;

And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;

But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
 Lord, what a coil he keeps ! To hear him
 Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is !
 And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer
 spoken 20

Was never gentleman : when I come in
 To bring him water in a morning, first
 He bows his noble body, then salutes me
 thus,

“ Fair, gentle maid, good morrow : may thy
 goodness

Get thee a happy husband ! ” Once he kiss’d
 me ;

I lov’d my lips the better ten days after :
 Would he would do so every day ! He
 grieves much,

And me as much to see his misery :
 What should I do, to make him know I love
 him ?

For I would fain enjoy him : say I ventur’d
 To set him free ? what says the law, then ?
 Thus much 31

For law, or kindred ! I will do it ;
 And this night or to-morrow he shall love me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—†An Open Place in Athens.

A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.
Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS,
EMILIA ; ARCTE, as a Countryman,
wearing a garland ; and Country-people.

Thes. You have done worthily ; I have
 not seen,
 Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews :
 What’e’r you are, you run the best, and
 wrestle,
 That these times can allow.

Arc. I’m proud to please you.

Thes. What country bred you ?

Arc. This ; but far off, prince.

Thes. Are you a gentleman ?

Arc. My father said so ;
 And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thes. Are you his heir ?

Arc. His youngest, sir.

Thes. Your father,
 Sure, is a happy sire, then. What proves you ?

Arc. A little of all noble qualities : 10
 I could have kept a hawk, and well have
 holli’d

To a deep cry of dogs ; I dare not praise
 My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew
 me

Would say it was my best piece ; last and
 greatest,

I would be thought a soldier. •

Thes. You are perfect.

• *Pir.* Upon my soul, a proper man !

Emi. He is so.

Pir. How do you like him, lady ?

Hip. I admire him :

I have not seen so young a man so noble—

If he say true,—of his sort.

Emi. Believe,

His mother was a wondrous handsome
 woman ; 20

His face methinks goes that way.

Hip. But his body

And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.

Pir. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden
 sun,

Breaks through his baser garments !

Hip. He’s well got, sure.

Thes. What made you seek this place,
 sir ?

Arc. Noble Theseus,

To purchase a name, and do my ablest service
 To such a well-found wonder as thy worth ;
 For only in thy court, of all the world,
 Dwells fair-ey’d Honour.

Pir. All his words are worthy.

Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your
 travel, 30

Nor shall you lose your wish.—Pirithous,
 Dispose of this fair gentleman.

Pir. Thanks, Theseus.—

What’e’r you are, you’re mine ; and I shall
 give you

To a most noble service,—to this lady,

This bright young virgin : pray, observe her
 goodness :

You’ve honour’d her fair birthday with your
 virtues,

And, as your due, you’re hers ; kiss her fair
 hand, sir.

Arc. Sir, you’re a noble giver.—[*To EMILIA.*]

Dearest beauty,

Thus let me seal my vow’d faith [*Kisses her*
hand] : when your servant—

Your most unworthy creature—but offends
 you, 40

Command him die, he shall.

Emi. That were too cruel.

† If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see it :
 You’re mine : and somewhat better than
 your rank I’ll use you.

Pir. I’ll see you furnish’d : and because
 you say

You are a horseman, I must needs entreat
 you

This afternoon to ride ; but ’t is a rough one.

Arc. I like him better, prince ; I shall not,
 then,

Freeze in my saddle.

Thes. Sweet, you must be ready,—
And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and
all,—

To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance ⁵³
To flowery May, in Dian's wood.—Wait well,
sir,

Upon your mistress.—Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.

Emi. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses.—Take your choice ;
and what

You want at any time, let me but know it :
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.

Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,—
Disgrace and blows.

Thes. Go, lead the way : you've won it ;
It shall be so : you shall receive all dues ⁵⁴
Fit for the honour you have won ; 't were
wrong else. -

Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a ser-
vant,

That, if I were a woman, would be master :
But you are wise.

Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—†Athens. Before the Prison.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes and all the
devils roar,

He is at liberty : I've ventur'd for him ;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence : I have sent him, where a
cedar,

Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane,
Fast by a brook ; and there he shall keep
close,

Till I provide him files and food ; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,

What a stout-hearted child thou art ! My
father

Durst better have endur'd cold iron than
done it.

I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety ; I have made him know it :
I care not : I am desperate ; if the law

Find me, and then condemn me for 't, some
wenches,

Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my
ding

And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose is my way too : sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here :

If he do, maids will not so easily ⁵⁵
Trust men again : and yet he has not thank'd
me

For what I've done ; no, not so much as
kiss'd me ;

And that, methinks, is not so well ; nor
scarcely

Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,

When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him : let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly ;
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently ⁵⁶

Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes
up,

†And where there is a patch of ground I'll
venture,

So he be with me : by him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoo-
bub

Will be all o'er the prison : I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell,
father !

Get many more such prisoners and such
daughters,

And shortly you may keep yourself. Now
to him ! [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—†A Forest near Athens.

•
*Corsets in sundry places ; noises and hollaing,
as of people a-Maying. Enter ARCITE.*

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolyta ; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians
pay it

To th' heart of ceremony. O Queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter

Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden !
yea,

We challenge to the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers ; thou, O
jewel •

O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise
 bless'd a place
 †With thy sole presence! In thy rumina-
 tion
 That I, poor man, might eftsoons come
 between,
 And chop on some cold thought! thrice-
 blessed chance,
 To drop on such a mistress, expectation
 Most guiltless on't. Tell me, O Lady
 Fortun

*Next after Emily my sovereign,—how far
 I may be proud! She takes strong note of
 me,
 Hath made me near her, and this beauteous
 morn,*

The prim'st of all the year, presents me with
 A brace of horses; two such steeds might
 well

Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
 That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
 Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
 Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
 So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
 And therein wretched, although free: but if
 Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me,
 and that

I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, O coz,
 What passion would enclose thee!

*Enter PALAMON out of a bush, with his shackles:
 he bends his fist at ARCITE.*

Pal. Traitor kinsman
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these
 signs

Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
 But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
 I, and the justice of my love, would make
 thee

A confess'd traitor! O thou most perfidious
 †That ever gently look'd! the void'st of
 honour

That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
 That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her
 thine?

I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
 Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
 A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
 Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a
 sword,

And these house-clogs away,—

Arc. Dear cousin Palamon,—

Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language
 such

As thou hast show'd me feat!

Arc. Not finding in
 The circuit of my breast any gross stuff

To form me like your blazon, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer: 't is your passion
 That thus mistakes; the which, to you being
 enemy,

Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
 I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er

You skip them in me; and with them, fair
 coz,

I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray, be
 pleas'd

To show in generous terms your griefs, since
 that

Your question's with your equal, who pro-
 fesses

To clear his own way with the mind and
 sword

Of a true gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well
 advertis'd

How much I dare: you've seen me use my
 sword

Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
 You would not hear me doubted, but your
 silence

Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
 I've seen you move in such a place, which
 well

Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
 A good knight and a bold: but the whole
 week's not fair,

If any day it rain. Their valiant temper
 Men lose when they incline to treachery;
 And then they fight like compell'd bears,
 would fly

Were they not tied.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
 Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
 His car which now disdains you.

Pal. Come up to me:
 Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword,
 Though it be rusty, and the charity

Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
 A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
 That Emily is thine, I will forgive

The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
 If then thou carry't; and brave souls in
 shades,

That have died manly, which will seek of me
 Some news from earth, they shall get none
 but this,

That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content,
 Again betake you to your hawthorn-house:
 With counsel of the night, I will be here
 With wholesome viands; these impediments
 Will I file off; you shall have garments, and

Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison ; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but,

" Arcite,
I am in plight," there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.

Pal. O you heavens, dares any
So noble bear a guilty business ? none⁹⁰
But only Arcite ; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet Palamon,—

Pal. I do embrace you and your offer : for
Your offer do 't I only, sir ; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on 't.

[*Wind horns of cornets.*

Arc. You hear the horns :

†Enter your musite, lest this match between's
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand ;
farewell :

I'll bring you every needful thing : I pray you,
Take comfort, and be strong.

Pal. Pray, hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow : most
certain¹⁰¹

You love me not : be rough with me, and
pour

This oil out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff ; my
stomach

Not reconcil'd by reason.

Arc. Plainly spoken !

Yet pardon me hard language : when I spur
My horse, I chide him not ; content and
anger

In me have but one face. [*Wind horns.*

Hark, sir ! they call

The scatter'd to the banquet : you must guess
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance¹¹⁰
Cannot please heaven ; and I know your office
Unjustly is achiev'd.

†*Arc.* I've a good title,
I am persuaded : this question, sick between's,
My bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word :
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress ;
For, note you, mine she is,—

Arc. Nay, then,—

Pal. Nay, pray you,—

You talk of feeding me to breed me strength ;
You're going now to look upon a sun¹²⁰
That strengthens what it looks on ; there you
have

A vantage o'er me : but enjoy it till

I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—†Another Part of the Forest. •

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

†*Daugh.* He has mistook the brake I
meant ; is gone

After his fancy. 'T is now well-nigh morn-
ing ;

No matter : would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' the world !—Hark ! 't is
a wolf :

In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one
thing,

I care for nothing, and that's Palamon :

I reckon not if the wolves would jaw me, so

He had this file. What if I holla'd for him ?

I cannot holla : if I whooped, what then ?

If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,¹⁰

And do him but that service. I have heard

Strange howls this live-long night : why
may 't not be

They have made prey of him ? he has no
weapons ;

He cannot run ; the jingling of his gyves

Might call fell things to listen, who have in
them

A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can

Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down

He's torn to pieces ; they howl'd many to-
gether,

†And then they fed on him : so much for
that !

Be bold to ring the bell ; how stand I,
then ?²⁰

All's charr'd when he is gone. No, no,
I lie ;

My father's to be hang'd for his escape ;

Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much

As to deny my act ; but that I would not,

Should I try death by dozens.—I am mop'd :

†Food took I none these two days,—

Sipp'd some water ; I've not clos'd mine
eyes,

†Save when my lips scour'd off their brine.
Alas,

Dissolve, my life ! let not my sense unsettle.
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang my-
self !³⁰

O state of nature, fail together in me,

Since thy best props are warp'd !—So, which
way now ?

The best way is the next way to a grave :

Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,

The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the
screeching owl

Calls in the dawn ! all offices are done,

Save what I fail in : but the point is this,

An end, and that is all.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—†The same Part of the Forest
as in Scene I.

Enter ARCITE, with meat, wine, files, &c.

Arc. I should be near the place.—Ho, Cousin Palamon!

Enter PALAMON.

Pal. Arcite?

Arc. The same: I've brought you food and files.

Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.

Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.

Arc. That's no matter:

We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;

You shall not die thus beastly: here, sir, drink;

I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

Arc. I might;

But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good, now,

No more of these vain parleys: let us not,

Having our ancient reputation with us,

Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health! †*[Drinks.*

Pal. Do.

Arc. Pray, sit down, then; and let me entreat you,

By all the honesty and honour in you,

No mention of this woman! 't will disturb us;

We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you. *[Drinks.*

Arc. Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood, man.

Do not you feel it thaw you?

Pal. Stay; I'll tell you

After a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not;

The duke has more, coz. Eat now.

Pal. Yes. *[Eats.*

Arc. I'm glad

You have so good a stomach.

Pal. I am gladder

I have so good meat to 't.

Arc. Is 't not mad lodging

Here in the wild woods, cousin?

Pal. Yes, for them

That have wild consciences.

Arc. How tastes your victuals?

Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.

Pal. Not much:

But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.

What is this?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. 'T is a lusty meat.

Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches

We've known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;

Do you remember her?

Arc. After you, coz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

Arc. She did so: well, sir?

Pal. And I have heard some call him

Arcite; and—

Arc. Out with it, faith!

Pal. She met him in an arbour:

What did she there, coz? play o' the virginals?

Arc. Something she did, sir.

Pal. Made her groan a month for 't; Or two, or three, or ten.

Arc. The marshal's sister

Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty brown wench 't is: there was a time

When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,

And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—

Heigh-ho!

Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool, Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again, That sigh was breath'd for Emily: base cousin, Dar'st thou break first?

Arc. You're wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth,

There's nothing in thee honest.

Arc. Then I'll leave you:

You are a beast now.

Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.

Arc. There's all things needful,—files, and shirts, and perfumes:

I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring

That that shall quiet all.

Pal. A sword and armour?

Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell:

Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.

Pal. Sirrah,—

Arc. I'll hear no more. *[Exit.*

Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for 't. *[Exit.*

SCENE IV.—†Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Gaoles's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,

The little stars, and all that look like aglets :
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon !
Alas, no ! he's in heaven.—Where am I
now ?—

Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship ; how't
tumbles !

And there's a rock lies watching under water ;
Now, now, it beats upon it ; now, now, now,
There's a leak sprung, a sound one ; how
they cry !

†Spoon her before the wind, you'll lose all
else ;

†Up with a course or two, and tack about,
boys :

Good night, good night ; ye're gone.—I'm
very hungry :

Would I could find a fine frog ! he would tell
me

News from all parts o' the world ; then would
I make

A careck of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning : I'll say never a word.

[Sings.

*For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my
knee ;*

*And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below
mine e'e :*

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

*He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him through the world that is
so wide :*

Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against ! I shall sleep like
a top else.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter GERROLD, four Countrymen as Morris-
dancers, another as the Bavian, five Wenches,
and a Taborer.

Ger. Fie, fie !

What tediousity and disensanity
Is here among ye ! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon

ye,

And do you still cry "Where," and "How,"
and "Wherefore ?"

†You most course freeze capacities, ye June
judgments,

Have I said "Thus let be," and "There let be,"
And "Then let be," and no man understand
me ?

Proh Deum, medius solius, ye are all dunces !
For why here stand I ; here the duke comes ;
there are you,

Close in the thicket ; the duke appears ; I
meet him,

And unto him I utter learned things
And many figures ; he hears, and nods, and
hums,

And then cries "Rare !" and I go forward ;
at length

I fling my cap up ; mark there ! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,

Break comely out before him, like true lovers
Cast yourselves in a body decently,

And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys.
1 Coun. And sweetly we will do it, Master
Gerrold.

2 Coun. Draw up the company. Where's
the taborer ?

3 Coun. Why, Timothy !

Tab. Here, my mad boys ; have at ye !
Ger. But I say where's their women ?

4 Coun. Here's Friz and Maudlin.

2 Coun. And little Luce with the white
legs, and bouncing Barbary.

1 Coun. And freckled Nell, that never
fail'd her master.

Ger. Where be your ribands, maids ? swim
with your bodies,

And carry it sweetly and deliverly ;

And now and then a favour and a frisk. 30
Nell. Let us alone, sir.

Ger. Where's the rest o' the music ?

3 Coun. Dispers'd as you commanded.

Ger. Couple, then,

And see what's wanting. Where's the
Bavian ?

My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies ; and be sure

You tumble with audacity and manhood ;
And when you bark, do it with judgment.

Bav. Yes, sir.

Ger. *Quo usque tandem ?* here's a woman
wanting.

4 Coun. We may go whistle ; all the fat's
i' the fire.

Ger. We have,

As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile ;

We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

2 Coun. This is that scornful piece, that
scurvy hilding,

That gave her promise faithfully she would

Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter :

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-
skin ;

Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell,
c Arcas,
 She swore, by wine and bread, she would not
 break.

Ger. An eel and woman,
 A learned poet says, unless by the tail ⁵⁰
 And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
 In manners this was false position.

1 Coun. A fire ill take her! does she
 flinch now?

3 Coun. What
 Shall we determine, sir?

Ger. Nothing;
 Our business is become a nullity,
 Yea, and a woful and a piteous nullity.

4 Coun. Now, when the credit of our town
 lay on it,
 Now to be frampal, now to piss o' the nettle!
 Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit
 thee! ⁶⁰

Enter Gowler's Daughter, and sings.

†*The George, holla! came from the south,
 From the coast of Barbary-a;
 And there he met with brave gallants of war,
 By one, by two, by three-a.*

*Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
 And whither now are you bound-a!
 O, let me have your company
 †Till I come to the Sound-a!*

*There was three fools fell out about an howlet:
 The one said it was an owl; ⁷⁰
 The other he said nay;
 The third he said it was a hawk,
 And her bells were cut away.*

3 Coun. There's a dainty mad woman,
 master,
 Come i' the nick; as mad as a March hare:
 If we can get her dance, we're made again;
 I warrant her she'll do the rarest gambols.

1 Coun. A mad woman! we are made,
 boys.

Ger. And are you mad, good woman?

Daugh. I'd be sorry else.
 Give me your hand.

Ger. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
 You are a fool. Tell ten. I've pos'd him.
 Buzz! ⁸⁰

Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you
 do,

Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we
 dance, ho?

I know you; you're a tinker; sirrah tinker,
 Stop no more holes but what you should.

Ger.

A tinker, damsel!

Daugh.

Or a conjurer:
 Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Qui passa o' the bells and bones.

Ger.

Go, take her,
 And fluently persuade her to a peace; ⁹⁰
Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—
 Strike up, and lead her in.

2 Coun.

Come, lass, let's trip it.

Daugh. I'll lead.

3 Coun. Do, do. [*Horns winded within.*]

Ger. Persuasively and cunningly; away,
 boys!

I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
 And mark your cue.

[*Exeunt all except GERROLD.*]

Pallas inspire me!

*Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA,
 EMILIA, ARCITE, and Train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.

Ger. Stay and edify.

Thes. What have we here?

Pir. Some country sport, upon my life, sir.

†*Thes.* Well, sir, go forward; we will
 edify. ¹⁰⁰

Ladies, sit down: we'll stay it.

Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! All hail,
 sweet ladies!

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime
 made is.

We are a few of those collected here,
 That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
 And, to say verity and not to fable,
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable.

Or company, or, by a figure, choris, ¹¹⁰
 That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.

And I, that am the rectifier of all,
 By title *pardagogus*, that let fall
 The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
 Do here present this machine, or this frame:
 And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal
 fame

From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,
 Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,
 And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and
 straight ¹²⁰

Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight—
Is—now comes in, which being glud together
 Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came
 hether,

The body of our sport, of no small study.

I first appear, though rude and raw and
 muddy,

To speak, before thy noble grace, this tenner;

At whose great feet I offer up my penner :
The next, the Lord of May and Lady
bright,
The Chambermaid and Servingman, by
night

That seek out silent hanging : then mine
Host

And his fat spouse, that welcomes to their
cost

The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'n-
ing :

Then the beast-eating Clown, and next the
Fool,

The Bavian, with long tail and eke long
tool ;

Cum multis aliis that make a dance :

Say " Ay," and all shall presently advance.

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine.

Pir. Produce.

†*Ger.* Intrate, *fili;* come forth, and foot it.

*Re-enter the School, the Bavian, five Wenches,
and the Taborer, with the Gualer's Daughter,
and others. They dance a morris.*

Ladies, if we have been merry,

†And have pleas'd ye with a derry,

And a derry, and a down,

Say the schoolmaster's no clown.

Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,

And have done as good boys should do,

Give us but a tree or twain

For a Maypole, and again,

Ere another year run out,

We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, domine.—How does
my sweetheart ?

Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.

Emi. 'T was an excellent dance ; and for a
preface,

I never heard a better.

Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you.—

One see 'em all rewarded.

Pir. And here's something
†*(Gives money.)*

To paint your pole withal.

Thes. Now to our sports again.

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand
long,

And thy dogs be swift and strong !

May they kill him without lets,

And the ladies eat his dowsets !

[*Exeunt THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIP-*

POLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE, and

Train. Horns winded as they go
out.

Come, we're all made. *Dii Deteque omnes !*

Ye have danc'd rarely, wenches. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—The same Part of the Forest as
in Scene III.

Enter PALAMON from the bush.

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his
faill :

To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armours : if he fail,
He's neither man nor soldier. When he left
me,

I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants : I thank thee,

Arcite,

Thou'rt yet a fair foe ; and I feel myself

With this refreshing, able once again

To outdure danger. To delay it longer

Would make the world think, when it comes
to hearing,

That I lay fattening like a swine, to fight,

And not a soldier : therefore, this blest
morning

Shall be the last ; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with ; 't is justice :

So, love and fortune for me !

Enter ARCITE, with armours and swords.

O, good morrow.

Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman.

Pal. I have put you

To too much pains, sir.

Arc. That too much, fair cousin,

Is but a debt to honour and my duty.

Pal. Would you were so in all, sir ! I could
wish ye

As kind a kinsman as you force me find

A beneficial foe, that my embraces

Might thank ye, not my blows.

Arc. I shall think either,

Well done, a noble recompense.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you
show

More than a mistress to me : no more anger,
As you love anything that's honourable :

We were not bred to talk, man ; when we're
arm'd,

And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from

us ;

And then to whom the birthright of this
beauty

Truly pertains—without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,

Fitter for girls and school-boys—will be seen,
And quickly, yours or mine. Will't please

you arm, sir ?

Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
 And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll
 stay, cousin,
 And every day discourse you into health,
 As I am spar'd: your person I am friends
 with;
 And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,⁴⁰
 Though I had died; but, loving such a lady,
 And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
 That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill
 thee:
 I'm well and lusty; choose your arms.
Arc. Choose you, sir.
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou
 do it
 To make me spare thee?
Arc. If you think so, cousin,
 You are deceiv'd: for, as I am a soldier,
 I will not spare you.
Pal. That's well said.
Arc. You'll find it.
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
 With all the justice of affection,⁵¹
 I'll pay thee soundly. This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine, then.
 I'll arm you first.
 [*Proceeds to put on PALAMON'S armour.*]
Pal. Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,
 Where gott'st thou this good armour?
Arc. 'T is the duke's;
 And, to say true, I stole 't. Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
 But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle 't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I per-
 ceive
 You'd fain be at that fight.
Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust
 the buckle⁶¹
 Through far enough.
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now.
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets though: those
 are o' the least;
 Prythee, take mine, good cousin.
Pal. Thank you, Arcite.
 How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you
 kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.

Arc. Do, and spare not.
 I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir.
 Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
 Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but
 lighter.⁷¹
Arc. That was a very good one; and that
 day,
 I well remember, you outdid me, cousin;
 I never saw such valour: when you charg'd
 Upon the left wing of the enemy,
 I spur'd hard to come up, and under me
 I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
 A bright bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
 Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,
 Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
 I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;⁸¹
 You're modest, cousin.
Arc. When I saw you charge first,
 Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
 Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew
 The lightning of your valour. Stay a little:
 Is not this piece too straight?
Arc. No, no; 't is well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but
 my sword;
 A bruise would be dishonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off, then.
Arc. Take my sword; I hold it better.
Pal. I thank ye. No, keep it; your life
 lies on it:⁹⁰
 Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
 For all my hopes. My cause and honour
 guard me!
Arc. And me my love!
 [*They bow several ways; then advance,
 and stand.*]
 Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more. Thou art
 mine aunt's son,
 And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
 In me thine, and in thee mine: my sword
 Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,
 The gods and I forgive thee: if there be
 A place prepar'd for those that sleep in
 honour,
 I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
 Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble
 hand.¹⁰¹
Arc. Herc, Palamon: this hand shall never
 more
 Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee

Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward ;

For none but such dare die in these just trials.
Once more, farewell, my cousin.

Pal. Farewell, Arcite.

[*They fight. Horns winded within : they stand.*]

Arc. Lo, cousin, lo ! our folly has undone us.

Pal. Why ?

Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you ;

If we be found, we're wretched ; O, retire, 110
+For honour's sake and safety, presently
Into your bush again, sir ; we shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen, you perish instantly
For breaking prison ; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt : then all the world will
scorn us,

And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, cousin,
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial : 120
I know your cunning and I know your cause :
He that faints now, shame take him ! Put
thyself

Upon thy present guard,—

Arc. You are not mad ?

Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this
hour

Mine own ; and what to come shall threaten
me,

I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak
cousin,

I love Emilia ; and in that I'll bury

Thee, and all crosses else.

Arc. Then, come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die, as discourse or sleep. only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends. 131
Have at thy life !

Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite.

[*They fight. Horns winded within.*]

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA,
PIRITHOUS, and Train.*

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious
traitors

Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights
appointed,

Without my leave, and officers of arms ?
By Castor, both shall die.

Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus :
We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness : I am Palamon,

That cannot love thee, he that broke thy
prison ; 140

Think well what that deserves : and this is
Arcite ;

A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falsor ne'er seem'd friend : this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd : this is he contemns
thee

And what thou dar'st do ; and in this disguise,
†Against thy own edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia ;
Whose servant—if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to—justly
I am ; and, which is more, dares think her
his. 150

This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer : if thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,

Say " Fight again ! " and thou shalt see me,
Theseus,

Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy :
Then take my life ; I'll woo thee to 't.

Pir. O heaven,

What more than man is this !

Thes. I've sworn.

Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus : 't is to me
A thing as soon to die as thee to say it, 160
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls
me traitor,

Let me say thus much : if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirm it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this cousin that denies it,
So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command
me 170

Stay here to love her ; and, if she say
" traitor,"

I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O
Theseus,

If unto neither thou show mercy ; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us ;
As thou art valiant : for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his
memory,

Let's die together, at one instant, duke ;

Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have
her. 180

Thes. I grant your wish ; for, to say true,
your cousin

Has ten times more offended, for I gave him

More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his.—None here speak
for 'em ;

For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hip. Alas, the pity !—Now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied : that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost cousins.

Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin ;
The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em :
Yet that I will be woman and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll
get mercy.

Help me, dear sister : in a deed so virtuous
The powers of all women will be with us.—
Most royal brother,— [*They kneel.*

Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage,—

Emi. By your own spotless honour,—

Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you
gave me,—

Emi. By that you would have pity in
another,

By your own virtues infinite,—

Hip. By valour, 200
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd
you,—

Thes. These are strange conjurings.

Pir. Nay, then, I'll in too :— [*Kneels.*
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet
lady,—

Emi. By that you would have trembled to
deny

A blushing maid,—

Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all
women,

Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus,—

Pir. To crown all this, by your most noble
soul,

Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first. 210

Hip. Next, hear my prayers.

Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir.

Pir. For mercy.

Hip. Mercy.

Emi. Mercy on these princes.

Thes. Ye make my faith reel : say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you
place it ?

Emi. Upon their lives ; but with their
banishments.

Thes. You're a right woman, sister ; you
have pity,

But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment : can these two live,

And have the agony of love about 'em, 220
And not kill one another ? every day
They'd fight about you ; hourly bring your
honour

In public question with their swords. Be
wise, then,

And here forget 'em ; it concerns your credit
And my oath equally ; I've said they die :
Better they fall by the law than one another.
Bow not my honour.

Emi. O my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your
anger ;

Your reason will not hold it : if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must
perish. 230

Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love ;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

Thes. What is it, sister ?

Pir. Urge it home, brave lady.

Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any-
thing

Fit for my modest suit and your free grant-
ing :

I tie you to your word now ; if ye fall in't,
†Think how you main your honour,—
For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion,—how their
lives 240

†Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion !
Shall anything that loves me perish for me ?
That were a cruel wisdom : do men proyne
The straight young boughs that blush with
thousand blossoms,

Because they may be rotten ? O Duke
Theseus,

The goodly mothers that have groan'd for
these,

And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my
beauty,

And in their funeral songs for these two
cousins

Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me, 250
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
For heaven's sake save their lives, and
banish 'em.

Thes. On what conditions ?

Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers.
To one another.

Pal. I'll be cut to pieces
Before I take this oath : forget I love her ?
O all ye gods, despise me, then. Thy banish-
ment

I not mislike, so we may fairly carry 270
Our swords and cause along ; else, never
trifle,

But take our lives, duke : I must love, and
will ;

And for that love must and dare kill this
cousin,

On any piece the earth has.

Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions ?

Pal. He's a villain, then.

Pir. These are men !

Arc. No, never, duke ; 't is worse to me
than begging.

To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her, 270
Make death a devil.

Thes. What may be done ? for now I feel
compassion.

Pir. Let it not fall again, sir.

Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are
you

Content to take the other to your hus-
band ?

They cannot both enjoy you : they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of : look upon 'em,
And, if you can love, end this difference ;
I give consent.—Are you content too,
princes ? 280

Pal. } With all our souls.

Arc. }
Thes. He that she refuses

Must die, then.

Pal. } Any death thou canst invent, duke.

Arc. }
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with
favour,

And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will
wed me,

And soldiers sing my epitaph.

Thes. Make choice, then.

Emi. I cannot, sir ; they're both too ex-
cellent :

For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em ?

Thes. Thus I ordain it ;

And, by mine honour, once again it stands, 300
Or both shall die.—You shall both to your
country ;

And each, within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this
place,

In which I'll plant a pyramid ; and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the
pillar,

He shall enjoy her ; th' other lose his head,
And all his friends ; nor shall he grudge to
fall,

Nor think he dies with interest in this lady. 310
Will this content ye ?

Pal. Yes.—Here, cousin Arcite,
I'm friends again till that hour.

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thes. Are you content, sister ?

Emi. Yes ; I must, sir ;

Else both miscarry.

Thes. Come, shake hands again, then ;
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this
quarrel

Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your
course.

Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.

Thes. Come, I'll give ye

Now usage like to princes and to friends.

When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here ;

Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Gaoler and first Friend.

Gaoler. Hear, you no more ? was nothing
said of me

• Concerning the escape of Palamon ?

Good sir, remember.

1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard ;

For I came home before the business
Was fully ended : yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons ; for Hippolyta

And fair-ey'd Emily upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he
should follow 10

His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies ; and to second them,
That truly noble Prince Pirithous,
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well : neither heard I one ques-
tion

Of your name or his scape.

Gaoler. Pray heaven, it hold so !

Enter second Friend.

2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man : I bring you news,

Good news.

Gaoler. They're welcome.

2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he escap'd, which was
your daughter's, 20
Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the
prisoner—

Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness—
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.

Gaoler. Ye're a good man,
And ever bring good news.

1 *Friend.* How was it ended?

2 *Friend.* Why, as it should be; they that
never begg'd

But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly
granted :

The prisoners have their lives.

1 *Friend.* I knew 't would be so.

2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions,
which you'll hear of 29

At better time.

Gaoler. I hope they're good.

2 *Friend.* They're honourable :
How good they'll prove, I know not.

1 *Friend.* 'T will be known.

Enter Wooer.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter?

Gaoler. Why do you ask?

Wooer. O, sir, when did you see her?

2 *Friend.* How he looks!

Gaoler. This morning.

Wooer. Was she well? was she in health,
sir?

When did she sleep

1 *Friend.* These are strange questions.

Gaoler. I do not think she was very well;
for, now

You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool, 40
An innocent; and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?

Wooer. Nothing but my pity :
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.

Gaoler. Well, sir?

1 *Friend.* Not right?

2 *Friend.* Not well?

Wooer. No, sir; not well :
'T is too true, she is mad.

1 *Friend.* It cannot be.

Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.

Gaoler. I half suspected

†What you have told me; the gods comfort
her!

Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape, 51
Or both.

Wooer. 'T is likely.

Gaoler. But why all this haste, sir?

Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late
was angling

In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and
sedges,

As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'T was one that sung, and, by the smallness
of it,

A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet per-
ceiv'd not 60

Who made the sound, the rushes and the
reeds

Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down,
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.

Gaoler. Pray, go on, sir.

Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only
I heard her

Repeat this often, "Palamon is gone,
Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out to-morrow."

1 *Friend.* Pretty soul!

Wooer. "His shackles will betray him,
he'll be taken; 70

And what shall I do then? I'll bring a
bevy,

A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I
do,

With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask
roses,

And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of
you, sir;

That you must lose your head to-morrow
morning,

And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome. Then
she sung

Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow;" and
between

Ever was, "Palamon, fair Palamon,"

And "Palamon was a tall young man." The
place

Was knee-deep where she sat ; her careless
tresses

†A wreath of bulrush rounded ; about her
stuck

Thousand fresh water-flowers of several
colours ;

That methought she appear'd like the fair
nymph •

That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she
made

Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies,—“ Thus our true love's
tied,”

“ This you may loose, not me,” and many a
one ;

And then she wept, and sung again, and
sigh'd,

And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd
her hand.

2 *Friend*. Alas, what pity 't is !

Wooser. I made in to her :

She sav'd me, and straight sought the flood ; I
sav'd her,

And set her safe to land : when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe
me,

She left me far behind her. Three or four
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em 109
I knew to be your brother ; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away : I left them
with her,

And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

Enter Gaoler's Brother, Daughter, and others.

Daugh. [*Sings*.]

May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine song ?

Broth. O, a very fine one !

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Broth. I think you can.

Daugh. Yes, truly, can I ; I can sing “ The
Broom,”

And “ Bonny Robin.” Are not you a tailor ?

Broth. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown ?

Broth. I'll bring't to-morrow.

Daugh. Do, very rarely ; I must be abroad
else,

To call the maids and pay the minstrels ;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-
light ;

'T will never thrive else. [*Sings*.

O fair, O sweet, &c.

Broth. You must even take it patiently.

Gaoler. 'T is true.

Daugh. Good even, good men. Pray, did
you ever hear

Of one young Palamon ?

Gaoler. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman ?

Gaoler. 'T is love !

Broth. By no mean cross her ; she is then
distemper'd

†Far worse than now she shows.

1 *Friend*. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he so ? You have a sister ?

1 *Friend*. Yes, 121

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell
her so,

For a trick that I know : y' had best look to
her,

For, if she see him once, she's gone ; she's
done,

And undone in an hour. All the young
maids

Of our town are in love with him : but I
laugh at 'em,

And let 'em all alone ; is't not a wise course ?

1 *Friend*. Yes.

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now
with child by him,

There must be four ; yet I keep close for all
this, 130

Close as a cockle ; and all these must be
boys,—

He has the trick on't ; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,

And sing the wars of Theseus.

2 *Friend*. This is strange.

Daugh. As ever you heard : but say
nothing.

1 *Friend*. No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the
dukedom to him ;

I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to despatch ; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.

Gaoler. She's lost, 140

Past all cure.

Broth. Heaven forbid, man !

Daugh. Come hither ; you're a wise man.

1 *Friend*. Does she know him ?

2 *Friend*. No ; would she did !

Daugh. You're master of a ship ?

Gaoler. Yes.

Daugh. Where's your compass ?

Gaoler. Here.

Daugh. Set it to the north ;
And now direct your course to the wood,
where Palamon

Lies longing for me ; for the tackling

Let me alone : come, weigh, my hearts,
cheerly !

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 't is up, the wind
is fair:
Top the bowling; out with the main-sail:
Where's your whistle, master?
Broth. Let's get her in. 120
Gaoler. Up to the top, boy!
Broth. Where's the pilot?
1 Friend. Here.
Dough. What kenn'st thou?
2 Friend. A fair wood.
Dough. Bear for it, master:
†Tack about! [*Sings.*]

When Cynthia with her borrow'd light, &c.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—†Athens. A Room in the Palace.

Enter EMILIA with two pictures.

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up,
that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll
choose,
And end their strife: two such young hand-
some men
Shall never fall for me: their weeping
mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good heaven,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise
Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those
beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her 10
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an
eye,—

Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself
sits smiling!—

Just such another, wanton Ganymede
†Set Jove a-fire with, and enforce'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy and set him by him,
A shining constellation: what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-cy'd Juno's, but far
sweeter, 20
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and
honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings,
and sing

To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow:
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy

'As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile;—
Yet these that we count errors, may become
him:

Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me;
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my
knees

I ask thy pardon, Palamon; thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these the eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that com-
mand

And threaten Love; and what young maid
dare cross 'em? 40

What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! O Love, this
only

From this hour is complexion. Lie there,
Arcite;

Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body. I am sotted,
Utterly lost; my virgin's faith has fled me,
For, if my brother but even now had ask'd
me

Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—
Stand both together.—Now, come, ask me,
brother;— 50

Alas, I know not!—Ask me now, sweet
sister;—

I may go look!—What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gauds of equal sweet-
ness,

Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

†*Enter a Gentleman.*

How now, sir!

Gent. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are
come.

Emi. To end the quarrel?

Gent. Yes.

Emi. Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes, and my chastity 60
Be made the altar where the lives of lovers—
Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy—must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, and
Attendants.*

Thes. Bring 'em in
Quickly by any means; I long to see 'em.—

Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights : now, my
fair sister,
You must love one of them.

Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Thes. Who saw 'em ?

Pir. I a while.

Gent. And I. 70

Enter Messenger.

Thes. From whence come you, sir ?

Mess. From the knights.

Thes. Pray, speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.

Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
Than these they've brought—if we judge by
th' outside—

I never saw nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince,—
His very looks so say him ; his complexion
Nearer a brown than black ; stern, and yet
noble,

Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of
dangers ;

†The circles of his eyes show fire within
him,

And as a heated lion so he looks ;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and
shining

Like ravens' wings ; his shoulders broad and
strong ;

Arm'd long and round ; and on his thigh a
sword

Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
To seal his will with ; better, o' my
conscience,

Was never soldier's friend.

Thes. Thou 'st well describ'd him.

Pir. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.

Thes. Pray, speak him, friend.

Pir. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater ; for his show 82
Has all the ornament of honour in 't :
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he
spoke of,

But of a face far sweeter ; his complexion
Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy ; he has felt,
'Without doubt, what he fights for, and so
after

To make this cause his own ; in 's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes ;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour,
Not tainted with extremes, runs through his
body,

And guides his arm to brave things ; fear he
cannot,

He shows no such soft temper ; his head's
yellow,

†Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick-twin'd, like
ivy-tods,

Not to undo with thunder ; in his face

The livery of the warlike maid appears, '

Pure red and white, for yet no beard has
blest him ;

And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,

†As if she ever meant to court his valour ;

His nose stands high, a character of honour,

His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies. in

Emi. Must these men die too ?

Pir. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet ; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and
clean ;

He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold ;
His age some five-and-twenty.

Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any ; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Pir. O, he that's freckle-fac'd !

Mess. The same, my lord : 120
Are they not sweet ones ?

Pir. Yes, they're well.

Mess. Methinks.
Being so few and well-dispos'd, they show
Great and fine art in nature. He's white-
hair'd,

Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour

Next to an aborne ; tough and nimble-set,

Which shows an active soul ; his arms are
brawny,

Lin'd with strong sinews ; to the shoulder-
piece

Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never
fainting

Under the weight of arms ; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger ; he's gray-cy'd,

Which yields compassion where he conquers ;
sharp 122

To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his : he does no
wrongs,

Nor takes none ; he's round-fac'd, and when
he smiles

He shows a lover, when he frowns, a soldier ;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,

And in it stuck the favour of his lady ;

His age some six-and-thirty ; in his hand

He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with
silver. 140

Thes. Are they all thus ?

Pir. They're all the sons of honour.

Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em.—

Lady, you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,

But not the cause, my lord: they would show

Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms:

'T is pity Love should be so tyrannous.—

O my soft-hearted sister, what think you?

Weep not, till they weep blood, wench: it must be.

Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty.

—Honour'd friend,

To you I give the field; pray, order it 150

Fitting the persons that must use it.

Pir. Yes, sir.

Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay

Their fame has fir'd me so—till they appear.

Good friend, be royal.

Pir. There shall want no bravery.

Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins,

Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—†Athens. A Room in the Prison.

Enter Gaoler, Woer, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?

Gaoler. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.—Look, where she comes; you shall perceive her behaviour.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *Down-a, down-a*: and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's school-master: he's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here! poor soul!

Gaoler. Even thus all day long. 17

Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of. You must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits—as there's a sight now!—we maids

that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then—

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further. 28

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the blessed. Alas, 't is a sore life they have i' th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! O, they have shrewd measure! Take heed: if one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coils! 30

Daugh. Lords and courtiers that have got maids with child, they are in this place; they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart, and there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth, a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle: believe me, one would marry a leprous witch to be rid on't, I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'T is not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy. 50

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call tit good sport: one cries, "O, this smoke!" th' other, "This fire!" one cries, "O, that ever I did it behind the arras!" and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house. [*Sings.*]

I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.

[*Exit.*]

Gaoler. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to. 60

Gaoler. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Gaoler. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fix'd her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Woer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms. 68

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distemper'd the other senses: they may return and settle again to execute their

preordained faculties ; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do : confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon ; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love ; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon ; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskins of her madness : sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison ; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense ; all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing : desire to eat

with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour : learn what maids have been her companions and play-feres ; and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her into their former law and regiment : I have seen it approved, how many times I know not ; but to make the number more I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution ; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort.

104
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—†Athens. Three Altars prepared, and inscribed severally, to MARS, VENUS, and DIANA.

A flourish. Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, and Attendants.

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods

Tender their holy prayers : let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling
incense

To those above us : let no due be wanting :
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Pir. Sir, they enter.

A flourish of cornets. Enter PALAMON, ARSITE, and their Knights.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted
enemies,

You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames be-
tween ye,

Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-
like

Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn
bodies :

Your hire is more than mortal ; so your help
be !

And, as the gods regard ye, fight with jus-
tice :

I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Pir. Honour crown the worthiest !

[*Exeunt THESEUS and his Train.*]

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot
finish

Till one of us expire : think you but thus,
That, were there aught in me which strove
to show

Mine enemy in this business, were't one
eye

Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender ; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself : then from this
gather

How I should tender you.

Arc.

I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our
kindred,

Out of my memory ; and 't the selfsame place
To seat something I would confound : so
hoist we

The sails, that must these vessels port even
where

The heavenly lymliter pleases.

Pal.

You speak well. *∞*
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin :
This I shall never do again.

Arc.

One farewell !

Pal. Why, let it be so : farewell, coz !

Arc.

Farewell, sir !

[*They embrace.—Exeunt PALAMON and his
Knights.*]

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in
you

Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehen-
sion

Which still is farther off it, go with me
Before the god of our profession : there
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too, 40
Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails : you know my
prize

Must be dragg'd out of blood ; force and
great feat

Must put my garland on, where she sticks
The queen of flowers ; our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a ces-
tron

Brimm'd with the blood of men ; give me
your aid,

And bend your spirits towards him.

*[They advance to the altar of MARS, and
fall on their faces ; then kneel.]*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast
turn'd

†Green Neptune into purple ; whose ap-
proach 50

Comets prewarn ; whose havoc in vast field
Unearth'd skulls proclaim ; whose breath
blows down

The teeming Ceres' foyzon ; who dost pluck

†With hand armipotent from forth blue
clouds

The mason'd turrets ; that both mak'st and
break'st

The stony girths of cities ; me thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this
day

With military skill, that to thy laud

I may advance my streamer, and by thee

Be styl'd the lord o' the day ;—give me,
great Mars, 60

Some token of thy pleasure.

*[Here they fall on their faces as formerly,
and there is heard clanging of armour,
with a short thunder, as the burst of
a battle, whereupon they all rise and
bow to the altar.]*

O great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with
blood

The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the
world

O' the pluresie of people ; I do take

Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name

To my design march boldly.—Let us go.

[Exeunt.]

• *Re-enter PALAMON and his Knights.*

Pal. Our stars must glisten with new
fire, or be

To-day extinct ; our argument is love, 70

Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives

Victory too : then blend your spirits with
mine,

You, whose free nobleness dō make my cause

Your personal hazard : to the goddess Venus

Commend we our proceeding, and implore

Her power unto our party.

*[They advance to the altar of VENUS, and
fall on their faces ; then kneel.]*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast
power

To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,

And weep unto a girl ; that hast the might

Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's
drum,

And turn th' alarm to whispers ; that canst
make

A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure
him

Before Apollo ; that may'st force the king

To be his subject's vassal, and induce

Stale gravity to dance ; the poul'd bach'lor—
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bon-
fires,

Have skipt thy flame— at seventy thou canst
catch,

And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse
throat,

Abuse young lays of love : what godlike
power

Hast thou not power upon ? to Phœbus
thou 80

Add'st flames, hotter than his ; the heavenly
fires

Did scorch his mortal son, thine him : the
huntress

All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh : take to thy grace

Me, thy vow'd soldier, who do bear thy
yoke

As 't were a wreath of roses, yet is heavier

Than lead itself, stings more than nettles : I
Have never been foul mouth'd against thy
law ;

Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none,—
would not,

Had I kenn'd all that were ; I never prac-
tis'd 100

Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits ; I never at great feasts

Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did ; I have been

harsh

To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd
them,
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 't were they wrong'd: I knew a
man

Of eighty winters,—this I told them,—who
A lass of fourteen bridged; 't was thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp 110
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what
was life

In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
†Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no com-
panion;

To those that boast, and have not, a defier; 120
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft sweet god-
dess,

Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

[*Here music is heard, and doves are seen to
flutter: they fall again upon their faces,
then on their knees.*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st 130
In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee
thanks

For this fair token; which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business.—Let us rise,
And bow before the goddess: time comes on.

†[*They bow; then exeunt.*

*Still music of records. Enter EMILIA in white,
her hair about her shoulders, and wearing
a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up
her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one
before her carrying a silver hind, in which
is conveyed incense and sweet odours,
which being set upon the altar of DIANA,
†her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to
it; then they curtsy and kneel.*

Emi. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and con-
stant queen,

Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female
knights 140

Allow'st no more blood than will make a
blush,

Which is their order's robe; I here, thy
priest,

Am humbled 'fore thine altar: O, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye—which never yet
Beheld thing maculate—look on thy virgin;
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
Which nev'r heard scurril term, into whose
port

Nev'r entered wanton sound—to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear. This is my last
Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited, 150

But maiden-hearted: a husband I have
'pointed,

But do not know him; out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success; but I
†Am guiltless of election: of mine eyes

Were I to lose one,—they are equal
precious,—

I could doom neither; that which perish'd
shou'd

Go to 't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest
queen,

He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in 't, let him

Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may 160
Continue in my band.

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar,
and in the place ascends a rose-tree,
having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar

With sacred act advances; but one rose!

If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound

Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin
flower,

Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden trawing of instru-
ments, and the rose falls from the tree,
which vanishes under the altar.*

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends.—O
mistress, 170

Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery.—I hope she's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious.

[*They curtsy, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in the Prison.

*Enter Doctor, Gaoler, and Wooer in the habit
of PALAMON.*

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any
good upon her?

Wooper. O, very much ; the maids that kept
her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon ;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd
kiss her :

I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done : twenty times
had been far better ;
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooper. Then she told me
She'd watch with me to-night, for well she
knew

What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do so ; 10
And when your fit comes, fit her home, and
presently.

Wooper. She would have me sing.

Doctor. You did so !

Wooper. No.

Doctor. 'Twas very ill done, then ;
You should observe her every way.

Wooper. Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way !

Doctor. That's all one, if ye make a noise :
If she entreat again, do anything ;
Lie with her, if she ask you.

Gauler. Ho, there, doctor !

Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.

Gauler. But first, by your leave,
I'th way of honesty.

Doctor. That's but a niceness ;
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty : 21
Cure her first this way ; then, if she'll be
honest,

She has the path before her.

Gauler. Thank ye, doctor.

Doctor. Pray, bring her in,
And let's see how she is.

Gauler. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her : but, doctor,
Methinks you are i'th wrong still. [Exit.

Doctor. Go, go ;
You fathers are fine fools : her honesty !
An we should give her physic till we find
that—

Wooper. Why, do you think she is not honest,
sir ?

Doctor. How old is she ?

Wooper. She's eighteen.

Doctor. She may be ;
But that's all one, 't is nothing to our
purpose :

Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh— you have me ?

†Wooper. Yes, very well, sir.

Doctor. Please her appetite,

And do it home ; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.

Wooper. I am of your mind, doctor.

†Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes :
pray, humour her. 40

Re-enter Gauler, with Daughter and Maid.

Gauler. Come ; your love Palamon stays
for you, child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience ;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound
to him.

Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me ?

Gauler. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him ?

Gauler. He's a very fair one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance ?

Gauler. No.

Daugh. I have often :
He dances very finely, very comely ;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him ;
He turns ye like a top.

Gauler. That's fine indeed. 50

Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile
an hour,

And that will founder the best hobby-horse,
If I have any skill, in all the parish ;
†And gallops to the tune of "Light o' Love :"
What think you of this horse ?

Gauler. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.

Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.

Gauler. Can he write and read too ?

Daugh. A very fair hand ; and casts himself
th' accounts

Of all his hay and provender ; that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You
know 60

The chestnut mare the duke has ?

Gauler. Very well.

Daugh. She's horribly in love with him,
poor beast ;

But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

Gauler. What dowry has she ?

Daugh. Some two hundred bottles,
And twenty strike of oats ; but he'll ne'er
have her :

He lisps in 's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare ; he'll be the death of her.

Doctor. What stuff she utters !

Gauler. Make curtsy ; here your clove
comes.

Wooper. Pretty soul, 70

How do ye ? That's a fine maid ; there's
a curtsy !

Daugh. Yours to command, i'th way of
honesty. 70

How far is 't now to th' end o' the world, my masters?

Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.

Daugh. Will you go with me?

Wooser. What shall we do there, wench?

Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:

What is there else to do?

Wooser. I am content,

If we shall keep our wedding there.

Daugh. 'Tis true;

For there, I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will
venture

To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish:
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' the business.
Are not you Palamon?

Wooser. Do not you know me?

Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I
have nothing

But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.

Wooser. That's all one; I will have you.

Daugh. Will you surely?

Wooser. Yes, by this fair hand, will I.

Daugh. We'll to bed, then.

Wooser. Even when you will. [*Kisses her.*]

Daugh. O, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.

Wooser. Why do you rub my kiss off?

Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely 'gainst the
wedding.

Is not this your cousin Arcite?

Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.

Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?

Doctor. Yes, without doubt.

Daugh. Do you think so too?

Gaoler. Yes.

Daugh. We shall have many children.—

Lord, how y' are grown!

My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,
Now he's at liberty: alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat and ill
lodging;

But I'll kiss him up again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. What do you here? you'll lose the
noblest sight

That ever was seen.

Gaoler. Are they i' the field?

Mess. They are: You bear a charge there too.

Gaoler. I'll away straight.—
I must even leave you here.

Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the sight.

Gaoler. How did you like her?

Doctor. I'll warrant you, within these three
or four days

I'll make her right again.— You must not
from her,

But still preserve her in this way.

Wooser. I will.

Doctor. Let's get her in.

Wooser. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.

Daugh. And shall we kiss too?

Wooser. A hundred times.

Daugh. And twenty?

Wooser. Ay, and twenty.

Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?

Doctor. Take her offer.

Wooser. Yes, marry, will we.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.

Wooser. I will not, sweet.

Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Part of the Forest near
Athenis, and near the Place appointed for
the Combat.

Flourish. Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA,
EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, and Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.

Pir. Will you lose this sight?

Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more
like

+A bell than blade: I will stay here,—

It is enough my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which
there is

No deafing, but to hear,—not taint mine
eye

With dread sights it may shun.

Pir. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.

Thes. O, she must:

She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
+Which sometime show well, pencill'd: nature
now

Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be
present:

You are the victor's meed, the price and
garland

To crown the question's title.

Emi. Pardon me;

If I were there, I'd wink.

Thes. You must be there;

This trial is as 't were i' the night, and you
The only star to shine.

Emi. I am extinct :

There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever
was

The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a
murder

Set off whereto she's guilty.

Hip. You must go.

Emi. In faith, I will not.

Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye : know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.

Emi. Sir, pardon me ;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.

Thes. Well, well, then, at your pleasure :
Those that remain with you could wish their
office

To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewell, sister :
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time : he whom the
gods

Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot.

[*Exeunt all except EMILIA and some of
the Attendants.*]

Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd ; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath ; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect ; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns
on ;

Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts ; long time his
eye

Will dwell upon his object ; melancholy
Becomes him nobly ; so does Arcite's mirth ;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness merry ; those darker humours
that

†Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.

[*Cornets : and trumpets sound as to a
charge, within.*]

Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof ! Arcite may win
me

And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to

The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance ! If I were by, so
I might do hurt ; for they would glance their
eyes

Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
Which crav'd that very time : it is much
better .

I am not there ; O, better never born
Than minister to such harm.

[*Cornets ; and a great cry of "A Palamon !" within.*]

What is the chance ?

I Serv. The cry's "A Palamon !"

Emi. Then he has won. 'T was ever likely :
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I pry'thce,
run

And tell me how it goes.

[*Shouts ; cornets : and cry of "A Palamon !" within.*]

I Serv. Still "Palamon !"

Emi. Run and inquire. [*Exit first Servant.*]
Poor servant, thou hast lost :
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left : why so, I know not ;
†I had no end in 't else ; chance would have
it so :

On the sinister side the heart lies ; Palamon
Had the best-boding chance.

[*Another cry, and shout, and cornets, within.*]
This burst of clamour
Is sure the end o' the combat.

Re-enter first Servant.

I Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's
body

Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry so
Was general "A Palamon !" but anon
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tytlers at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one -- O, why ? there were no
woman

Worth so compos'd a man : their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, values shortness
To any lady breathing.

[*Cornets : and cry of "Arcite,
Arcite !" within.*]

More exulting ?

"Palamon" still ?

I Serv. Nay, now the sound is "Arcite." so

Emi. I pry'thce, lay attention to the cry ;
Set both thine ears to the business.

[*Cornets : and a great shout, and
cry of "Arcite, victory !" within.*]

1 *Serv.* The cry is
 "Arcite!" and "victory!" Hark: "Arcite,
 victory!"

The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
 By the wind-instruments.

Emi. Half-sights saw
 That Arcite was no babe: God's lid, his rich-
 ness,
 And costliness of spirit look'd through him;
 it could

No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
 Than humble banks can go to law with waters
 That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
 Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew
 not

Why I did think so: our reasons are not
 prophets,
 When oft our fancies are. They're coming
 off:

Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets within.*]

*Re-enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS,
 with ARSITE as victor, Attendants, &c.*

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
 Yet quaking and unsettled.—Fairest Emily,
 The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
 Have given you this knight: he is a good one
 As ever struck at head. Give me your hands:
 Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
 A love that grows as you decay.

Arc. Emily, ¹¹¹
 To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
 Save what is bought; and yet I purchase
 cheaply,
 As I do rate your value.

Thes. O lov'd sister,
 He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
 Did spur a noble steed: surely, the gods
 Would have him die a bach'lor, lest his race
 Should show i' the world too godlike: his be-
 haviour

So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
 To him a sow of lead: if I could praise ¹²⁰
 Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your
 Arcite

Did not lose by 't; for he that was thus good
 Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
 Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the
 night

With their contentious throats, now one the
 higher,

And the other, then again the first,
 And by-and-by out-breasted, that the sense
 Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
 Good space between these kinsmen; till
 heavens did

Make hardly one the winner.—Wear the gar-
 land ¹³¹

With joy that you have won.—For the sub-
 du'd,

Give them our present justice, since I know
 Their lives but pinch 'em: let it here be done.
 The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,
 Right joyful, with some sorrow.—Arm your
 prize;

I know you will not lose her.—*Hippolyta*,
 I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
 The which it will deliver.

Emi. Is this winning?
 O all you heavenly powers, where is your
 mercy! ¹³²

But that your wills have said it must be so,
 And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
 This miserable prince, that cuts away
 A life more worthy from him than all women,
 I should and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
 That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
 That two must needs be blind for 't!

Thes. So it is.
 [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same; a Block prepared.

*Enter PALAMON and his Knights pinioned,
 Goler, Executioner, &c., and Guard.*

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath
 outliv'

The love o' the people; yea, i' the selfsame
 state
 Stands many a father with his child: some
 comfort

We have by so considering; we expire,
 And not without men's pity; to live, still
 Have their good wishes; we prevent
 The loathsome misery of age, beguile
 The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
 For gray approachers; we come towards the
 gods,

Young and unwapper'd, not halting under
 crimes ¹⁴⁰

Many and stale; that, sure, shall please the
 gods

Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
 For we are more clear spirits. My dear kins-
 men,

Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid
 down,

You've sold 'em too too cheap.

1 *Knight.* What ending could be
 Of more content? O'er us the victors have
 Fortune, whose title is as momentary
 As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
 They not o'erweigh us.

2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;

And with our patience anger tottering Fortune,
Who, at her certain'st, reels.

3 *Knight.* Come ; who begins ?

Pal. Even he that led you to this banquet
shall

Taste to you all.—Ah, ha, my friend, my
friend !

Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once ;
You 'll see 't done now for ever : pray, how
does she ?

I heard she was not well ; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Gauler. Sir, she's well restor'd,

And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on 't ; 't is the latest thing
I shall be glad of ; pr'ythee, tell her so ;
Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,
Tender her this. [*Gives purse.*]

1 *Knight.* Nay, let's be offerers all.

2 *Knight.* Is it a maid !

Pal. Verily, I think so ;

A right good creature, more to me deserving
That I can 'quite or speak of.

All the Knights. Commend us to her.

[*Giving their purses.*]

Gauler. The gods requite you all, and make
her thankful !

Pal. Adieu ; and let my life be now as
short

As my leave-taking.

1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin.

All the Knights. We 'll follow cheerfully.

[*PALAMON lays his head on the block. A
great noise, and cry of "Run, save,
hold!" within.*]

Enter Messenger in haste.

Mess. Hold, hold ! O, hold, hold, hold !

Enter PIRITHOUS in haste.

Pir. Hold, hold ! it is a cursed haste you
made,

If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I've said is false ? How do things
fare ?

Pir. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings
ear

[*PALAMON rises.*]

† That are most dearly sweet and bitter.

Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream ?

Pir. List, then. Your cousin
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him,—a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will

say

61

Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note ; which super-
stition

Here finds allowance,—on this horse is Arcite
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the cal-
kins

Did rather tell than trample ; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if 't pleas'd his
rider

To put pride in him : as he thus went count-
ing

The flinty pavement, dancing as 't were to the
music

His own hoofs made, for, as they say, from
iron

Came music's origin,—what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,

Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made
I comment not ; the hot horse, hot as fire,

Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes
on end,

Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage ; pig-like he whines

At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys ; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadry, to dis-seat

His lord that kept it bravely : when naught
serv'd,

When neither curb would crack, girth break,
nor differing plunges

Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs

[] on end he stands,
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang : his victor's
wreath

Even then fell off his head ; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full
poise

Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living ;
But such a vessel 't is that floats but for
The surge that next approaches : he much
desires

To have some speech with you. Lo, he ap-
pears.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARSITE
in a chair.*

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance !
The gods are mighty. Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words ; I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy
hand :

61

Farewell ; I've told my last hour. I was false,
 Yet never treacherous : forgive me, cousin.
 One kiss from fair Emilia. [*Kisses her.*] --'T is done :
 Take her. I die. [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium !
Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince ; blessed souls be with thee !
 Thou art a right good man ; and, while I live,
 This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour.
Thes. In this place first you fought ; even very here
 I sunder'd you : acknowledge to the gods
 †Your thanks that you are living.
 His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
 He did it well ; your day is lengthen'd, and
 The blissful dew of heaven does arrowze you :
 The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
 And given you your love ; our master Mars
 Hath vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
 The grace of the contention : so the deities
 Have show'd due justice.---Bear this hence.
Pal. O cousin,
 That we should things desire, which do cost us
 The loss of our desire ! that naught could buy
 Dear love but loss of dear love !
Thes. Never fortune

Did play a subtler game : the conquer'd triumphs.
 The victor has the loss ; yet in the passage
 The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
 Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
 Did lie in you ; for you first saw her, and
 Even then proclaim'd your fancy ; he restor'd her,
 As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
 To send him hence forgiven : the gods my justice
 Take from my hand, and they themselves become
 The executioners. Lead your lady off ;
 And call your lovers from the stage of death,
 Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
 Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
 The funeral of Arcite ; in whose end
 The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
 And smile with Palamon ; for whom an hour,
 But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry
 As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad
 As for him sorry. --O you heavenly charmers,
 What things you make of us ! For what we lack
 †We laugh, for what we have are sorry ; still
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
 For that which is, and with you leave dispute
 That are above our question.--- Let's go off,
 And bear us like the time.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the play ;
 But, as it is with school-boys, cannot say
 I'm cruel fearful. Pray, yet stay a while
 And let me look upon ye. No man smile ?
 Then it goes hard, I see. He that has
 Lov'd a young handsome wench, then, show
 his face,---
 'T is strange if none be here,--and, if he will
 Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
 Our market. 'T is in vain, I see, to stay ye :

Have at the worst can come, then ! Now
 what say ye !
 And yet mistake me not ; I am not bold ;
 We have no such cause. If the tale we've told
 For 't is no other any way content ye,--
 For to that honest purpose it was meant ye,--
 We have our end ; and ye shall have ere long,
 I dare say, many a better, to prolong
 Your old loves to us. We and all our might
 Rest at your service : gentlemen, good night.
 [*Flourish.*]

EDWARD III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD THE THIRD, *King of England.*
 EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*
 EARL OF WARWICK.
 EARL OF DERBY.
 EARL OF SALISBURY.
 LORD AUDLEY.
 LORD PERCY.
 LODOWICK, *Edward's Confidant.*
 SIR WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.
 SIR JOHN COPLAND.
Two Esquires, and a Herald, English.
 ROBERT, *styling himself Earl, of Artois.*
 EARL OF MONTFORT.
 GORIN DE GRAY.
 JOHN, *King of France.*
 CHARLES, } *His Sons.*
 PHILIP, }

DUKE OF LORRAIN.
 VILLIERS, *a French Lord.*
King of Bohemia, } *Aids to King John.*
A Polish Captain, }
Two Citizens of Calais.
A Captain, and a poor Inhabitant, of the same.
Another Captain; a Mariner.
Three Heralds, and four other Frenchmen.
 DAVID, *King of Scotland.*
 EARL DOUGLAS.
Two Messengers, Scotch.
 PHILIPPA, *Edward's Queen.*
 COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.
A French Woman.
Lords, and divers other Attendants; Heralds,
Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—Dispersed; in ENGLAND, FLANDERS, and FRANCE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, attended;
 PRINCE OF WALES, WARWICK, DERBY,
 AUDLEY, ARTOIS, *and others.*

Edw. Robert of Artois, banish'd though
 thou be
 From France, thy native country, yet with
 us
 Thou shalt retain as great a signiory;
 For we create thee Earl of Richmond here.
 And now go forwards with our pedigree;
 Who next succeeded Philip Le Beau?

Art. Three sons of his; which all, succes-
 sively,
 Did sit upon their father's regal throne;
 Yet died, and left no issue of their loins.

Edw. But was my mother sister unto
 those?

Art. She was, my lord; and only Isabelle
 Was all the daughters that this Philip had:
 Whom afterward your father took to wife;
 And, from the fragrant garden of her womb,
 Your gracious self, the flower of Europe's
 hope,
 Derived is inheritor to France.

But note the rancour of rebellious minds.
 When thus the lineage of Le Beau was out,
 The French obscur'd your mother's privilege;
 And, though she were the next of blood, pro-
 claim'd²⁰
 John, of the house of Valois, now their king:
 The reason was, they say, the realm of
 France,
 Replete with princes of great parentage,
 Ought not admit a governor to rule,
 Except he be descended of the male;
 And that's the special ground of their con-
 tempt,
 Wherewith they study to exclude your grace:
 But they shall find that forged ground of
 theirs
 To be but dusty heaps of brittle sand.
 Perhaps, it will be thought a heinous thing,
 That I, a Frenchman, should discover this:
 But Heaven I call to record of my vows;
 It is not hate, nor any private wrong,
 But love unto my country, and the right,
 Provokes my tongue thus lavish in report:
 You are the lineal watchman of our peace,
 And John of Valois indirectly climbs:
 What then should subjects, but embrace their
 king?

And wherein may our duty more be seen,
 Than, striving to rebate a tyrant's pride,
 Place the true shepherd of our common-wealth?

Edw. This counsel, Artois, like to fruitful showers,

Hath added growth unto my dignity:
 And, by the fiery vigour of thy words,
 Hot courage is engender'd in my breast,
 Which heretofore was rak'd in ignorance;
 But now doth mount with golden wings of fame,

And will approve fair Isabelle's descent
 Able to yoke their stubborn necks with steel
 That spurn against my sovereignty in France.—

[*Cornet within.*

A messenger?—Lord Audley, know from whence.

[*Exit AUDLEY, and returns.*

Aud. The Duke of Lorraine, having cross'd the seas,

Entreats he may have conference with your highness.

Edw. Admit him, lords, that we may hear the news.—

[*Exeunt Lords.* KING takes his state.

Re-enter Lords, with LORRAIN, attended.

Say, Duke of Lorraine, wherefore art thou come?

Lor. The most renowned prince, King John of France,

Doth greet thee, Edward: and by me commands,

That, for so much, as by his liberal gift
 The Guyenne dukedom is entail'd to thee,
 Thou do him lowly homage for the same:—

And, for that purpose, here I summon thee,
 Repair to France within these forty days,
 That there, according as the custom is,
 Thou may'st be sworn true liegeman to the king;

Or, else, thy title in that province dies,
 And he himself will repossess the place.

Edw. See, how occasion laughs me in the face!
 No sooner minded to prepare for France,
 But, straight, I am invited; nay, with threats,

Upon a penalty, enjoin'd to come:—

'T were but a foolish pakt, to say him nay.—
 Lorraine, return this answer to thy lord:

I mean to visit him, as he requests;
 But how not servilely dispos'd to bend;
 But like a conqueror, to make him bow:
 His lame unpolish'd shifts are come to light;
 And truth hath pull'd the visard from his face,

That set a gloss upon his arrogance.

Dare he command a fealty in me?

Tell him, the crown, that he usurps, is mine;
 And where he sets his foot, he ought to kneel:

'T is not a petty dukedom that I claim,
 But all the whole dominions of the realm;
 Which if with grudging he refuse to yield,
 I'll take away those borrow'd plumes of his,
 And send him naked to the wilderness.

Lor. Then, Edward, here, in sight of all thy lords,

I do pronounce defiance to thy face.

Prince. Defiance, Frenchman? we rebound it back,

Even to the bottom of thy master's throat:—
 And,—he it spoke with reverence of the king

My gracious father, and these other lords,—
 I hold thy message but as scurrilous;

And him, that sent thee, like the lazy drone,
 Crept up by stealth unto the eagle's nest;
 From whence we'll shake him with so rough a storm,

As others shall be warn'd by his harm.

War. Bid him leave off the lion's case he wears;

Lest, meeting with the lion in the field,
 He chance to tear him piecemeal for his pride.

Art. The soundest counsel I can give his grace,

Is, to surrender ere he be constrain'd:

A voluntary mischief hath less scorn,
 Than when reproach with violence is borne.

Lor. Degenerate traitor, viper to the place
 Where thou wast foster'd in thine infancy,

[*Drawing his sword.*
 Bear'st thou a part in this conspiracy?

Edw. Lorraine, behold the sharpness of this steel:—

[*Drawing his.*
 Fervent desire, that sits against my heart,
 Is far more thorny-pricking than this blade;
 That, with the nightingale, I shall be scar'd,
 As oft as I dispose myself to rest,

Until my colours be display'd in France:
 This is thy final answer; so be gone.

Lor. It is not that, nor any English brave
 Afflicts me so, as doth his poison'd view

That is most false, should most of all be true
 [*Exeunt LORRAIN, and Train.*

Edw. Now, lords, our fleeting bark is under sail:

Our gage is thrown; and war is soon begun,
 But not so quickly brought unto an end.

Enter Sir WILLIAM MOUNTAGUE.

But wherefore comes Sir William Mountague?

How stands the league between the Scot and us?

Mount. Crack'd and dissever'd, my renown'd lord.

The treacherous king no sooner was inform'd
Of your withdrawing of our army back,
But straight, forgetting of his former oath,
He made invasion on the bordering towns :
Berwick is won ; Newcastle spoil'd and lost ;
And now the tyrant hath begirt with siege
The castle of Roxborough, where enclos'd 130
The Countess Salisbury is like to perish.

Edw. That is thy daughter, Warwick, is it not ;

Whose husband hath in Bretagne serv'd long,

About the planting of Lord Montfort there ?

War. It is, my lord.

Edw. Ignoble David ! hast thou none to grieve,

But silly ladies, with thy threat'ning arms ?
But I will make you shrink your snail's horns.—

First, therefore, Audley, this shall be thy charge ; 135

Go levy footmen for our wars in France :—

And, Ned, take muster of our men at arms :

In every shire elect a several band

Let them be soldiers of a lusty spirit,

Such as dread nothing but dishonour's blot :

Be wary therefore ; since we do commence

A famous war, and with so mighty a nation.—

Derby, be thou ambassador for us

Unto our father-in-law, the Earl of Hainault :

Make him acquainted with our enterprise ;

And likewise will him, with our own allies,

That are in Flanders, to solicit too 140

The Emperor of Almaigne in our name.—

Myself, whilst you are jointly thus employ'd,

Will, with these forces that I have at hand,

March, and once more repulse the trait'rous

Scots.

But, sirs, be resolute ; we shall have wars

On every side :—and, Ned, thou must begin

Now to forget thy study and thy books,

And ure thy shoulders to an armour's weight.

Prince. As cheerful sounding to my youthful spleen. 145

This tumult is of war's increasing broils,

As, at the coronation of a king,

The joyful clamours of the people are,

When, " Ave, Cæsar !" they pronounce aloud ;

Within this school of honour I shall learn,

Either to sacrifice my foes to death,

Or in a rightful quarrel spend my breath.

Then cheerfully forward, each a several way ;

In great affairs 't is naught to use delay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Roxborough. Before the Castle.

Enter Countess of SALISBURY, and certain of her People, upon the Walls.

Count. Alas, how much in vain my poor eyes gaze

For succour that my sovereign should send !

Ah, cousin Mountague, I fear, thou want'st,

The lively spirit sharply to solicit

With vehement suit the king in my behalf :

Thou dost not tell him, what a grief it is

To be the scornful captive to a Scot ;

Either to be woo'd with broad untuned oaths,

Or forc'd by rough insulting barbarism :

Thou dost not tell him, if he here prevail, 150

How much they will deride us in the north ;

And, in their vile, uncivil, skipping jigs,

Bray forth their conquest, and our overthrow,

Even in the barren, bleak, and fruitless air.

Enter King DAVID, and Forces ; with DOUGLAS, LORRAIN, and others.

I must withdraw ; the everlasting foe

Comes to the wall : I'll closely step aside,

And list their babble, blunt, and full of pride.

[*Retiring behind the works.*

Duc. My Lord of Lorraine, to our brother of France 155

Commend us, as the man in Christendom

Whom we most reverence, and entirely love.

Touching your embassy, return, and say,

That we with England will not enter parley,

Nor never make fair weather, or take truce ;

But burn their neighbour towns, and so persist

With eager roads beyond their city York.

And never shall our bonny riders rest ;

Nor, rusting canker have the time to eat

Their light-borne snaffles, nor their nimble spurs :

Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail ;

Nor hang their staves of grained Scottish ash,

In peaceful wise, upon their city walls ; 160

Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts

Dismiss their biting whinyards,—till your king

Cry out, Enough ; spare England now for pity.

Farewell : and tell him, that you leave us here

Before this castle ; say, you came from us

Even when we had that yielded to our hands.

Lor. I take my leave ; and fairly will return

Your acceptable greeting to my king. [*Exit.*

Dav. Now, Douglas, to our former task again,
For the division of this certain spoil.

Doug. My liege, I crave the lady, and no more.

Dav. Nay, soft ye, sir, first I must make my choice ;
And first I do bespeak her for myself.

Doug. Why then, my liege, let me enjoy her jewels.

Dav. Those are her own, still liable to her, And, who inherits her, hath those withal.

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. My liege, as we were pricking on the hills,

To fetch in booty, marching hitherward
We might descry a mighty host of men :
The sun, reflecting on the armour, show'd
A field of plate, a wood of pikes advanc'd ;
Bethink your highness speedily herein :
An easy march within four hours will bring
The hindmost rank unto this place, my liege.

Dav. Dislodge, dislodge, it is the King of England.

Doug. Jemmy my man, saddle my bonny black.

Dav. Mean'st thou to fight, Douglas ? we are too weak.

Doug. I know it well, my liege, and therefore flee.

Count. My lords of Scotland, will ye stay and drink ?

[Rising from her concealment.]

Dav. She mocks at us ; Douglas, I can't endure it.

Count. Say, good my lord, which is he, must have the lady ;

And which, her jewels ? I am sure, my lords, Ye will not hence, till you have shar'd the spoils.

Dav. She heard the messenger, and heard our talk ;

And now that comfort makes her scorn at us.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Arm, my good lord ; O, we are all surpris'd !

Count. After the French ambassador, my liege,

and tell him, that you dare not ride to York ; excuse it, that your bonny horse is lame.

Dav. She heard that, too ; intolerable grief !—

Woman, farewell : although I do not stay,—

[Alarums. Enter Scots.]

Count. 'Tis not for fear,—and yet you run away.—

O happy comfort, welcome to our house !
The confident and boist'rous boasting Scot, —
That swore before my walls, he would not back,

For all the armed power of this land, —
With faceless fear, that ever turns his back,
Turn'd hence against the blasting north-east wind,

Upon the bare report and name of arms.

Enter MOUNTAGUE, and others.

O summer's day ! see where my cousin comes.

Moun. How fares my aunt ? Why, aunt, we are not Scots ;

Why do you shut your gates against your friends ?

Count. Well may I give a welcome, cousin, to thee,

For thou com'st well to chase my foes from hence.

Moun. The king himself is come in person hither ;

Dear aunt, descend, and gratulate his highness.

Count. How may I entertain his majesty, To show my duty, and his dignity ?

[Exit, from above.]

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, WARWICK, ARTOIS, and others.

Edw. What, are the stealing foxes fled and gone,

Before we could uncouple at their heels ?

War. They are, my liege ; but, with a cheerful cry,

Hot hounds, and hardy, chase them at the heels.

Re-enter COUNTESS, attended.

Edw. This is the countess, Warwick, is it not ?

War. Even she, my liege ; whose beauty tyrant fear,

As a May blossom with pernicious winds,
Hath sullied, wither'd, overcast, and done.

Edw. Hath she been fairer, Warwick, than she is ?

War. My gracious king, fair is she not at all,

If that herself were by to stain herself,
As I have seen her when she was herself.

Edw. What strange enchantment lurk'd in those her eyes,

When they excell'd this excellence they have,
That now their dim decline hath power to draw

My subject eyes from piercing majesty,
To gaze on her with doting admiration ?

Count. In duty lower than the ground I kneel,
And for my dull knees bow my feeling heart,
To witness my obedience to your highness ;
With many millions of a subject's thanks
For this your royal presence, whose approach
Hath driven war and danger from my gate.

Edw. Lady, stand up : I come to bring
thee peace,
However thereby I have purchas'd war.

Count. No war to you, my liege ; the Scots
are gone,
And gallop home toward Scotland with their
haste.

Edw. Lest yielding here I pine in shame-
ful love,
Come, we'll pursue the Scots ;—Artois, away.

Count. A little while, my gracious
sovereign, stay,
And let the power of a mighty king ¹²⁰
Honour our roof ; my husband in the wars,
When he shall hear it, will triumph for joy :
'Then, dear my liege, now niggard not thy
state ;

Being at the wall, enter our homely gate.

Edw. Pardon me, countess, I will come no
near ;

I dream'd to-night of treason, and I fear.

Count. Far from this place let ugly treason
lie !

Edw. No further off, than her conspiring
eye ;

Which shoots infected poison in my heart,
Beyond repulse of wit, or cure of art. ¹³⁰
Now in the sun alone it doth not lie,
With light to take light from a mortal eye ;
For here two day-stars, that mine eyes would
see,

More than the sun, steal mine own light from
me.

Contemplative desire ! desire to be

In contemplation, that may master thee !

Warwick, Artois, to horse, and let's away.

Count. What might I speak, to make my
sovereign stay !

Edw. What needs a tongue to such a
speaking eye,

That more persuades than winning oratory !

Count. Let not thy presence, like the April
sun, ¹⁴⁰

Flatter our earth, and suddenly be done.

More happy do not make our outward wall,
Than thou wilt grace our inward house
withal.

Our house, my liege, is like a country swain,
Whose habit rude, and manners blunt and
plain,

Presageth nought ; yet inly beautified
With bounty's riches, and fair hidden pride :

For, where the golden ore doth buried lie, ¹⁴⁵

The ground, undeck'd with nature's tapestry,
Seems barren, sere, unfertile, fruitless, dry ;

And where the upper turf of earth doth boast
His pied perfumes, and party-colour'd cost,

Delve there, and find this issue, and their
pride,

To spring from ordure, and corruption's side.

But, to make up my all too long compare,—

These ragged walls no testimony are

What is within ; but, like a cloak, doth hide,

From weather's waste, the under garnish'd
pride.

More gracious than my terms can let thee be,
Intreat thyself to stay a while with me. ¹⁵⁰

Edw. As wise as fair ; what fond fit can be
heard,

When wisdom keeps the gate as beauty's
guard !—

Countess, albeit my business urgeth me,

It shall attend, while I attend on thee.—

Come on, my lords, here will I host to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Gardens of the Castle.

Enter LODOWICK.

Lod. I might perceive his eye in her eye
lost,

His ear to drink her sweet tongue's utterance ;
And changing passion, like inconstant
clouds,—

That, rack'd upon the carriage of the winds,
Increase, and die,—in his disturbed cheeks.

Lo, when she blush'd, even then did he look
pale ;

As if her cheeks, by some enchanted power,
Attracted had the cherry blood from his :

Anon, with reverent fear when she grew pale,
His cheeks put on their scarlet ornaments ; ¹⁵⁵

But no more like her oriental red,

Than brick to coral, or live things to dead.

Why did he then thus counterfeit her looks ?

If she did blush, 't was tender modest shame,

Being in the sacred presence of a king ;

If he did blush, 't was red immodest shame,

To veil his eyes amiss, being a king :

If she look'd pale, 't was silly woman's fear,

To bear herself in presence of a king ;
 If he look'd pale, it was with guilty fear, 20
 To dote amiss, being a mighty king :
 Then, Scottish wars, farewell ; I fear, 't will
 prove

A ling'ring English siege of peevish love.
 Here comes his highness, walking all alone.

Enter King EDWARD.

Edw. She is grown more fairer far since I
 came hither ;

Her voice more silver every word than other,
 Her wit more fluent : what a strange dis-
 course

Unfolded she, of David, and his Scots ?

"Even thus," quoth she, "he spake,"—and
 then spoke broad,

With epithets and accents of the Scots ; 30
 But somewhat better than the Scot could
 speak :

"And thus," quoth she,—and answer'd then
 herself ;

For who could speak like her? but she herself
 Breathes from the wall an angel's note from
 heaven

Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.

When she would talk of peace, methinks, her
 tongue

Commanded war to prison ; when of war,
 It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
 To hear war beautified by her discourse.

Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue ; 40
 Beauty a slander, but in her fair face :

There is no summer, but in her cheerful
 looks ; .

Not frosty winter, but in her disdain.

I cannot blame the Scots, that did besiege her,
 For she is all the treasure of our land ;

But call them cowards, that they run away,
 Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.—

Art thou there, Lodowick? give me ink and
 paper.

Lod. I will, my sovereign.

Edw. And bid the lords hold on their play
 at chess, 50

For we will walk and meditate alone.

Lod. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*]

Edw. This fellow is well read in poetry,
 And hath a lusty and persuasive spirit :
 I will acquaint him with my passion ;
 Which he shall shadow with a veil of lawn,
 Through which, the queen of beauty's queens
 shall see

Herself the ground of my infirmity.—

Re-enter LODOWICK.

Hast thou pen, ink, and paper ready, Lodo-
 wick?

Lod. Ready, my liege.

Edw. Then in the summer arbour sit by
 me,

Make it our council-house, or cabinet ;
 Since green our thoughts, green be the con-
 venticle,

Where we will ease us by disburd'ning them.

Now, Lodowick, invoke some golden muse,

To bring thee hither an enchanted pen,
 That may, for sighs, set down true sighs in-
 deed ;

Talking of grief, to make thee ready groan ;
 And, when thou writ'st of tears, enouch the
 word.

Before, and after, with such sweet laments, 70

That it may raise drops in a Tartar's eye,

And make a flint heart Seythian pitiful :

For so much moving hath a poet's pen ;

Then, if thou be a poet, move thou so,

And be enrich'd by thy sovereign's love.

For, if the touch of sweet concordant strings

Could force attendance in the ears of hell ;

How much more shall the strains of poet's wit

Beguile, and ravish, soft and humane minds?

Lod. To whom, my lord, shall I direct my
 style ?

Edw. To one that shames the fair, and sots
 the wise ;

Whose body, as an abstract, or a brief,

Contains each general virtue in the world ;

Better than beautiful,—thou must begin ;

Devise for fair a fairer word than fair ;

And every ornament, that thou wouldst
 praise,

Fly it a pitch above the soar of praise :

For flattery fear thou not to be convicted ;

For, were thy admiration ten times more,

Ten times ten thousand more the worth ex-
 ceeds, 80

Of that thou art to praise, thy praise's worth.

Begin, I will to contemplate the while :

Forget not to set down, how passionate,

How heart-sick, and how full of languishment,

Her beauty makes me.

Lod. Write I to a woman?

Edw. What beauty else could triumph over
 me ;

Or who, but woman, do our love-lays greet ?

What, think'st thou I did bid thee praise a
 horse ?

Lod. Of what condition or estate she is, 100

'T were requisite that I should know, my lord.

Edw. Of such estate, that hers is as a
 throne,

And my estate the footstool where she treads

Then may'st thou judge what her condition is,

By the proportion of her mightiness.

Write on, while I peruse her in my
 thoughts.—

Her voice to music, or the nightingale : —
To music every summer-leaping swain
Compares his sun-burnt lover when she
speaks :

And why should I speak of the nightingale ?
The nightingale sings of adulterate wrong ;
And that, compar'd, is too satirical :
For sin, though sin, would not be so esteem'd ;
But, rather, virtue sin, sin virtue deem'd.
Her hair, far softer than the silkworm's twist,
Like to a flattering glass, doth make more
fair

The yellow amber : like a flattering glass
Comes in too soon ; for, writing of her eyes,
I'll say, that like a glass they catch the sun,
And thence the hot reflection doth rebound
Against my breast, and burns my heart
within.

Ah, what a world of descant makes my soul
Upon this voluntary ground of love ! —
Come, Lodowick, hush thou turn'd thy ink to
gold ?

If not, write but in letters capital
My mistress' name,
And it will gild thy paper : read, lord, read,
Fill thou the empty hollows of mine ears
With the sweet hearing of thy poetry.

Lod. I have not to a period brought her
praise.

Edw. Her praise is as my love, both
infinite.

Which apprehend such violent extremes,
That they disdain an ending period.
Her beauty hath no match, but my affection ;
Hers more than most, mine most, and more
than more :

Hers more to praise, than tell the sea by
drops :

Nay, more, than drop the massy earth by
sands,

And, sand by sand, print them in memory :
Then wherefore talk'st thou of a period,
To that which craves unended admiration ?
Read, let us hear.

Lod. " More fair, and chaste, than is the
queen of shades," —

Edw. That line hath two faults, gross and
palpable :

Compar'st thou her to the pale queen of night,
Who, being set in dark, seems therefore light ?
What is she, when the sun lifts up his head,
But like a fading taper, dim and dead ?
My love shall brave the 'eye of heaven at
noon,

And, being unmask'd, outshine the golden
sun.

Lod. What is the other fault, my sovereign
lord ?

Edw. Read o'er the line again.

Lod. " More fair, and chaste," —

Edw. I did not bid thee talk of chastity,
To ransack so the treasure of her mind ;
For I had rather have her chas'd, than chaste.
Out with the moon-line, I will none of it,
And let me have her liken'd to the sun :
Say, she hath thrice more splendour than the
sun,

That her perfection emulates the sun,
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the
sun,

That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,
That she doth cheer fresh summer like the
sun,

That she doth dazzle gazers like the sun :
And in this application to the sun,
Bid her be free and general as the sun ;
Who smiles upon the basest weed that grows,
As lovingly as on the fragrant rose.

Let's see what follows that same moon-light
line.

Lod. " More fair, and chaste, than is the
queen of shades ;

More bold in constancy " —

Edw. In constancy ! than who ?

Lod. — " than Judith was." —

Edw. O monstrous line ! Put in the next
a sword,

And I shall woo her to cut off my head.

Blot, blot, good Lodowick ! Let us hear the
next.

Lod. There's all that yet is done.

Edw. I thank thee then, thou hast done
little ill ;

But what is done, is passing passing ill.

No, let the captain talk of boist'rous war ;

The prisoner, of immured dark constraint ;

The sick man best sets down the pangs of
death ;

The man that starves, the sweetness of a
feast ;

The frozen soul, the benefit of fire ;

And every grief, his happy opposite :

Love cannot sound well, but in lovers'
tongues ;

Give me the pen and paper, I will write. —

Enter COUNTESS.

But, soft, there comes the treasurer of my
spirit. —

Lodowick, thou know'st not how to draw a
battle ;

These wings, these flankers, and these
squadrons

Argue in thee defective discipline :

Thou shouldst have plac'd this here, this other
here

Count. Pardon my boldness, my thrice-gracious lord ;

**Let my intrusion here be call'd my duty,
That comes to see my sovereign how he fares.**

Edw. Go, draw the same, I tell thee in what form.

Lod. I go.

[*Exit.*

Count. Sorry I am, to see my liege so sad :
What may thy subject do, to drive from thee

Thy gloomy consort, sullen melancholy ?

Edw. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot strew

The flowers of solace in a ground of shame : —
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.

Count. Now, God forbid, that any in my house

Should think my sovereign wrong ! Thrice-gentle king,

Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

Edw. How near then shall I be to remedy ?

Count. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power

Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

Edw. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress :

Engage thy power to redeem my joys, 210
And I am joyful, countess ; else, I

Count. I will, my liege.

Edw. Swear, countess, that thou wilt.

Count. By Heaven, I will.

Edw. Then take thyself a little way aside ;

And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee :

Say, that within thy power it doth lie,

To make him happy ; and that thou hast sworn,

To give me all the joy within thy power :

Do this ; and tell me, when I shall be happy.

Count. All this is done, my thrice-dread sovereign : 221

That power of love, that I have power to give,

Thou hast with all devout obedience ;

Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

Edw. Thou hear'st me say, that I do dote on thee.

Count. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst ;

Though little, I do prize it ten times less :

If on my virtue, take it if thou canst ;

For virtue's store, by giving doth augment :

Be it on what it will, that I can give, 230

And thou canst take away ; inherit it.

Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Count. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,

And dispossess myself, to give it thee.

But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life ;

Take one, and both ; for, like an humble shadow,

It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.

Edw. But thou may'st lend it me, to sport withal.

Count. As easy may my intellectual soul Be lent away, and yet my body live, 240

As lend my body, palace to my soul,

Away from her, and yet retain my soul.

My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,

And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted ;

If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,

I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

Edw. Didst thou not swear, to give me what I would ?

Count. I did, my liege ; so, what you would, I could.

Edw. I wish no more of thee, than thou may'st give :

Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy, 250

That is, thy love ; and, for that love of thine, In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.

Count. But that your lips were sacred, O my lord,

You would profane the holy name of love :

That love, you offer me, you cannot give ;

For Caesar owes that tribute to his queen :

That love, you beg of me, I cannot give ;

For Sarah owes that duty to her lord.

He, that doth clip, or counterfeit, your stamp,

Shall die, my lord : and will your sacred self

Commit high treason against the King of heaven, 261

To stamp his image in forbidden metal,

Forgetting your allegiance, and your oath i

In violating marriage' sacred law,

You break a greater honour than yourself :

To be a king, is of a younger house,

Than to be married ; your progenitor,

Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,

By God was honour'd for a married man,

But not by him anointed for a king.

It is a penalty, to break your statutes,

Though not enacted by your highness' hand :

How much more, to infringe the holy act

Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand ?

I know, my sovereign—in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars—

Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,

Whether she will hear a wanton's tale, or no ;

Lest being therein guilty by my stay,

From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

[*Exit.*

Edw. Whether is her beauty by her words divine ; 281

Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty ?

Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauty, beauty words.
O, that I were a honey-gathering bee,
To bear the comb of virtue from his flower;
And not a poison-sucking envious spider,
To turn the vice I take to deadly venom!
Religion is austere, and beauty gentle;
Too strict a guardian for so fair a ward.
O, that she were, as is the air, to me!
Why, so she is; for, when I would embrace
her,

This do I, and catch nothing but myself.
I must enjoy her; for I cannot beat,
With reason, and reproof, fond love away.

Enter WARWICK.

Here comes her father: I will work with him,
To bear my colours, in this field of love.

War. How is it, that my sovereign is so
sad?

May I with pardon know your highness' grief,
And that my old endeavour will remove it,
It shall not cumber long your majesty.

Edw. A kind and voluntary gift thou proffer'st,

That I was forward to have begg'd of thee.
But, O thou world, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden
words,

And peise their deeds with weight of heavy
lead,

That fair performance cannot follow promise?
O, that a man might hold the heart's close
book;

And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth
utter

The breath of falsehood not character'd there!

War. Far be it from the honour of my
age,

That I should owe bright gold, and render
lead!

Age is a cynic, not a flatterer:

I say again, that, if I knew your grief,

And that by me it may be lessened,

My proper harm should buy your highness'
good.

Edw. These are the vulgar tenders of false
men,

That never pay the duty of their words.

Thou wilt not stick to swear what thou hast
said;

But, when thou know'st my grief's condition,
This rash-disgorged vomit of thy word

Thou wilt eat up again, and leave me helpless.

War. By Heaven, I will not; though your
majesty

Did bid me run upon your sword, and die.

Edw. Say, that my grief is no way med'cin-
able,

But by the loss and bruising of thine honour?

War. If nothing but that loss may vantage
you,

I would account that loss my vantage too.

Edw. Think'st, that thou canst unswear
thy oath again?

War. I cannot; nor I would not, if I could.

Edw. But, if thou dost, what shall I say to
thee?

War. What may be said to any perjurd
villain,

That breaks the sacred warrant of an oath.

Edw. What wilt thou say to one that
breaks an oath?

War. That he hath broke his faith with
God and man,

And from them both stands excommunicate.

Edw. What office were it, to suggest a man
To break a lawful and religious vow?

War. An office for the devil, not for man.

Edw. That devil's office must thou do for me;

Or break thy oath, or cancel all the bonds
Of love, and duty, 'twixt thyself and me.

And therefore, Warwick, if thou art thyself,
The lord and master of thy word and oath,

Go to thy daughter; and, in my behalf,
Command her, woo her, win her any ways,
To be my mistress, and my secret love.

I will not stand to hear thee make reply;
Thy oath break hers, or let thy sovereign die.

[*Exit.*]

War. O doting king! O detestable office!

We'll may I tempt myself to wrong myself,
When he hath sworn me by the name of God,

To break a vow made by the name of God.

What if I swear by this right hand of mine,
To cut this right hand off? the better way

Were, to profane the idol, than confound it:
But neither will I do; I'll keep my oath,

And to my daughter make a recantation

Of all the virtue I have preach'd to her:

I'll say, she must forget her husband Salis-
bury,

If she remember, to embrace the king;

I'll say, an oath may easily be broken,

But not so easily pardon'd, being broken;

I'll say, it is true charity to love,

But not true love to be so charitable;

I'll say, his greatness may bear out the shame,

But not his kingdom can buy out the sin;

I'll say, it is my duty to persuade,

But not her honesty to give consent.

Enter COUNTESS.

See, where she comes: was never father, had,
Against his child, an embassy so bad.

Count. My lord and father, I have sought for you :

My mother and the peers importune you,
To keep in presence of his majesty,
And do your best to make his highness merry.

War. How shall I enter on this graceless errand ?

I must not call her child ; for where's the father

That will, in such a suit, seduce his child ?

Then, Wife of Salisbury,—shall I so begin ?

No, he's my friend ; and where is found the friend,

That will do friendship such endamagement ?—
Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife,

I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell ;
That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,
To do a message to thee from the king.
The mighty King of England dotes on thee :
He, that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thine honour ; then content

To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life :
Honour is often lost, and got again ;
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass ;
The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee.

The poets write, that great Achilles' spear
Could heal the wound it made : the moral is,
What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
And grace his foragement, by being mild
When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
The king will in his glory hide thy shame ;
And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
Will lose their eyesight, looking in the sun.
What can one drop of poison harm the sea,
Whose huge vastures can digest the ill,
And make it lose his operation ?
The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds,

And give the bitter potion of reproach
A sugar'd-sweet and most delicious taste :
Besides, it is no harm, to do the thing
Which without shame could not be left undone.

Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
Apparell'd sin in virtuous sentences,
And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.

Count. Unnatural besiege ! Woe me unhappy,

To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worse inwird' by friends !
Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood,

To be his scandalous and vile solicitor ?

No marvel then, though the branches be infected,

When poison hath encompassed the root :

No marvel, though the leprous infant die,

When the stern dam envenometh the dug.

Why then, give sin a passport to offend,

And youth the dangerous rein of liberty :

Blot out the strict forbidding of the law ;

And cancel every canon, that prescribes

A shame for shame, or penance for offence.

No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will

Will have it so, before I will consent

To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee speak :

And mark how I unsay my words again.

An honourable grave is more esteem'd,

Than the polluted closet of a king :

The greater man, the greater is the thing,

Be it good, or bad, that he shall undertake :

An unreputed note, flying in the sun.

Presents a greater substance than it is :

The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint

The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss :

Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe :

That sin doth ten times aggravate itself,

That is committed in a holy place :

An evil deed, done by authority,

Is sin, and subornation : deck an ape

In tissue, and the beauty of the robe

Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.

A spacious field of reasons could I urge,

Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame :

That poison shows worst in a golden cup ;

Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash ;

Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds ;

And every glory that inclines to sin,

The same is treble by the opposite.

So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom ;

Which then convert to a most heavy curse,

When thou convert'st from honour's golden name

To the black faction of bed-blotting shame !

[*Exit.*

Count. I'll follow thee ; and, when my mind turns so,

My body sink my soul in endless woe !

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Castle

Enter DERRY and AUDLEY, meeting.

Der. Thrice-noble Audley, well encounter'd here :

How is it with our sovereign, and his peers ?

Aud. 'Tis full a fortnight, since I saw his highness,

What time he sent me forth to muster men ;
Which I accordingly have done, and bring them hither

In fair array before his majesty.

What news, my Lord of Derby, from the emperor ?

Der. As good as we desire : the emperor Hath yielded to his highness friendly aid ; And makes our king lieutenant-general, 10 In all his lands and large dominions : Then via for the spacious bounds of France !

Aud. What, doth his highness leap to hear these news ?

Der. I have not yet found time to open them ;

The king is in his closet, malcontent,
For what, I know not, but he gave in charge,
Till after dinner, none should interrupt him

The Countess Salisbury, and her father Warwick,

Artois, and all, look underneath the brows.

Aud. Undoubtedly, then something is amiss. [*Trumpet within.*]

Der. The trumpets sound ; the king is now abroad. 21

Enter EDWARD.

Aud. Here comes his highness.

Der. Befall my sovereign all my sovereign's wish !

Edw. Ah, that thou wert a witch, to make it so

Der. The emperor greeteth you :
[*Presenting letters.*]

Edw. 'Would it were the countess !

Der. And hath accorded to your highness' suit.

Edw. Thou liest, she hath not ; but I would, she had !

Aud. All love, and duty, to my lord the king !

Edw. Well, all but one is none :—what news with you ? 30

Aud. I have, my liege, levied those horse and foot,

According to your charge, and brought them hither.

Edw. Then let those foot trudge hence upon those horse,

According to our discharge, and be gone.—
Derby, I'll look upon the countess' mind

Anon.

Der. The countess' mind, my liege ?

Edw. I mean the emperor : leave me alone.

Aud. What's in his mind ?

Der. Let's leave him to his humour.

[*Exeunt DERBY and AUDLEY.*]

Edw. Thus from the heart's abundance speaks the tongue ;

Countess for emperor : and, indeed, why not ?

She is as imperator over me ;

And I to her

Am as a kneeling vassal, that observes

The pleasure, or displeasure, of her eye.—

Enter LODOWICK.

What says the more than Cleopatra's match To Caesar now ?

Lod. That yet, my liege, ere night

She will resolve your majesty. [*Drum within.*]

Edw. What drum is this, that thunders forth this march, 31

To start the tender Cupid in my bosom ?

Poor sheep-skin, how it brawls with him that beateth it !

Go, break the thund'ring parchment bottom out,

And I will teach it to conduct sweet lines

Unto the bosom of a heavenly nymph :

For I will use it as my writing-paper ;

And so reduce him, from a scolding drum,

To be the herald, and dear counsel-bearer,

Betwixt a goddess and a mighty king. 40

Go, bid the drummer learn to touch the lute,

Or hang him in the braces of his drum ;

For now we think it an uncivil thing,

To trouble heaven with such harsh resounds :

Away.— [*Exit LODOWICK.*]

The quarrel, that I have, requires no arms,
But these of mine ; and these shall meet my foe

In a deep march of penetrable groans :

My eyes shall be my arrows ; and my sighs

Shall serve me as the ventage of the wind, 70

To whirl away my sweetest artillery :

Ah but, alas, she wins the sun of me,

For that is she herself ; and thence it comes,

That poets term the wanton warrior, blind ;

But love hath eyes as judgment to his steps,

Till too much loved glory dazzles them.—

Re-enter LODOWICK.

How now ?

Lod. My liege, the drum, that struck the lusty march,

Stands with Prince Edward, your thrice-valiant son.

Enter PRINCE. LODOWICK retires to the door.

Edw. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face, 80

Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,

And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye ;

Who being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere : and basest theft is that,
Which cannot cloke itself on poverty.—
Now, boy, what news ?

Prince. I have assembled, my dear lord
and father.

The choicest buds of all our English blood,
For our affairs to France ; and here we come,
To take direction from your majesty.

Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage ; those his eyes are
hers,

Who, looking wistly on me, make me blush ;
For faults against themselves give evidence :
Lust is a fire ; and men, like lanthorns,
show

Light lust within themselves, even through
themselves.

Away, loose silk of wavering vanity !
Shall the large limit of fair Brittany
By me be overthrown ? and shall I not
Master this little mansion of myself ?

Give me an armour of eternal steel ;
I go to conquer kings ; and shall I then
Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend ?
It must not be.—Come, boy, forward, ad-
vance !

Let's with our colours beat the air of France.

Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smil-
ing cheer,

Desires access unto your majesty.

[*Advancing from the door, and whispering*
him.]

Edw. Why, there it goes ! that very smile
of hers

Hath ransom'd captive France ; and set the
king,

The Dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy
friends.

[*Exit PRINCE.*]

Thy mother is but black ; and thou, like her,
Dost put into my mind how foul she is.—

Go, fetch the countess hither in thy hand,
And let her chase away those winter clouds ;
For she gives beauty both to heaven and
earth.

[*Exit LODOWICK.*]

The sin is more, to hack and hew poor men,
Than to embrace, in an unlawful bed,
The register of all varieties
Since leathern Adam till this youngest
hour.

120

Re-enter LODOWICK, with the COUNTESS.

Go, Lodowick, put thy hand into my purse,
Play, spend, give, riot, waste ; do what thou
wilt,

'So thou wilt hence a while, and leave me
here.

[*Exit LODOWICK.*]

Now, my soul's playfellow ! and art thou
come,

To speak the more than heavenly word, of
yea,

To my subjection in thy beauteous love ?

Count. My father on his blessing hath
commanded—

Edw. That thou shalt yield to me.

Count. Ay, dear my liege, your due.

Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be
no less

134

Than right for right, and tender love for
love.

Count. Than wrong for wrong, and endless
hate for hate.—

But,—sith I see your majesty so bent,
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, no, no respect respected
Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards,—
I bind my discontent to my content,

And, what I would not, I'll compel I
will ;

Provided, that yourself remove those lets, ¹⁴⁰
That stand between your highness' love and
mine.

Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by
Heaven, I will.

Count. It is their lives, that stand between
our love,

That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign.

Edw. Whose lives, my lady ?

Count. My thrice-loving liege,
Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded hus-
band ;

Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow but by their death.

Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law, ¹⁵⁰

Count. And so is your desire : if the
law

Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other :
I cannot think you love me as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have
sworn.

Edw. No more ; thy husband and the
queen shall die.

Fairer thou art by far than Hero was ;
Beardless Leander not so strong as I :
He swum an easy current for his love ;
But I will through a helly spout of blood, ¹⁶⁰
To arrive at Sestos where my Hero lies.

Count. Nay, you'll do more ; you'll make
the river too,
With their heart-bloods that keep our love
asunder,

Of which, my husband, and your wife, are
twain.

Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of
their death:

And gives in evidence, that they shall die;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn
them.

Count. O perjur'd beauty! more corrupted
judge!

When, to the great star-chamber o'er our
heads,

The universal sessions calls to count 170
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for
it.

Edw. What says my fair love? is she re-
solute?

Count. Resolv'd to be dissolv'd; and,
therefore, this,-

Keep but thy word, great king, and I am
thine.

Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from
thee,

And see how I will yield me to thy hands.

[Turning suddenly upon him, and showing
two daggers.

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives:
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy
queen,

And learn by me to find her where she lies;
And with this other I'll despatch my love, 180
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart:
When they are gone, then I'll consent to
love.

Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me;
My resolution is more nimbler far,
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue,
And, if thou stir, I strike: therefore stand
still,

And hear the choice that I will put thee to:

Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
And never henceforth to solicit me;

Or else, by Heaven, [*kneeling*] this sharp-
pointed knife

Shall stain thy earth with that which thou
wouldest stain, 191

My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward,
swear,

Or I will strike, and die, before thee here.

Edw. Even by that Power I swear, that
gives me now

The power to be ashamed of myself,

I never mean to part my lips again.

In any word that tends to such a suit.

Arise, true English lady; whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd 200
The vain endeavour of so many pens:

Arise; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
Which after-ages shall enrich thee with.

I am awaked from this idle dream;—

Warwick, my son, Derby, Artois, and Audley,
Brave warriors all, where are you all this
while?

Enter PRINCE and Lords.

Warwick, I make thee warden of the north:—
You, Prince of Wales, and Audley, straight
to sea;

Scour to Newhaven; some, therestay for me:—
Myself, Artois, and Derby, will through
Flanders, 210

To greet our friends there, and to crave their
aid

This night will scarce suffice me, to discover
My folly's siege against a faithful lover;
For, ere the sun shall gild the eastern sky,
We'll wake him with our martial harmony.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Flanders. The French Camp.

*Enter King JOHN of France; his two Sons,
CHARLES Duke of Normandy, and PHILIP;
Duke of LORRAIN, and others.*

John. Here, till our navy, of a thousand
sail,

Have made a breakfast to our foe by sea,
Let us encamp, to wait their happy speed.—

Lorrain, what readiness is Edward in?
How hast thou heard that he provided is
Of martial furniture for this exploit?

Lor. To lay aside unnecessary soothing,
And not to spend the time in circumstance,

'T is bruited for a certainty, my lord,
That he's exceeding strongly fortified;
His subjects flock as willingly to war,
As if unto a triumph they were led.

Char. England was wont to harbour mal-
contents,

Blood-thirsty and seditious Catilines,
Spendthrifts, and such as gape for nothing
else

But change and alteration of the state;

And is it possible, that they are now

So loyal in themselves?

Lor. All but the Scot; who solemnly pro-
tests,

As heretofore I have inform'd his grace,
Never to sheathe his sword, or take a truce.

John. Ah, that's the anchorage of some
better hope!

But, on the other side, to think what friends
King Edward hath retained in Netherland,
Among those ever-bibbing epicures,
Those frothy Dutchmen, puff'd with double
beer,

That drink and swill in every place they come,
Doth not a little aggravate mine ire:
Besides, we hear, the emperor conjoins,
And stalls him in his own authority:
But, all the mightier that their number is,
The greater glory reaps the victory.
Some friends have we, beside domestic power;
The stern Polonian, and the warlike Dane,
The King of Bohemia, and of Sicily,
Are all become confederates with us,
And, as I think, are marching hither apace.

[*Drum within.*]

But, soft, I hear the music of their drums,
By which I guess that their approach is near.

*Enter BOHEMIA, and Forces; and Aid of
Danes, Poles, and Muscovites.*

Boh. King John of France, as league, and
neighbourhood

Requires, when friends are anyway distress'd,
I come to aid thee with my country's force.

Pole. And from great Moscow, fearful to
the Turk,

And lofty Poland, nurse of hardy men,
I bring these servitors to fight for thee,
Who willingly will venture in thy cause.

John. Welcome, Bohemian king; and wel-
come, all:

This your great kindness I will not forget;
Beside your plentiful rewards in crowns,
That from our treasury ye shall receive:
There comes a hair-brain'd nation, deck'd in
pride,

The spoil of whom will be a treble game.—
And now my hope is full, my joy complete:
At sea, we are as puissant as the force
Of Agamemnon in the haven of Troy;
By land, with Xerxes we compare of strength,
Whose soldiers drank up rivers in their thirst:
Then, Bayard-like, blind over-weening Ned,
To reach at our imperial diadem,
Is, either to be swallow'd of the waves,
Or hack'd a-pieces when thou com'st ashore.

Enter a Mariner.

Mar. Near to the coast I have descried, my
lord,

As I was busy in my watchful charge,
The proud armada of King Edward's ships:

Which, at the first, far off when I did ken,
Seem'd as it were a grove of wither'd pines;
But, drawing near, their glorious bright as-
pect,

Their streaming ensigns wrought of colour'd
silk,

Like to a meadow full of sundry flowers,
Adorns the naked bosom of the earth:
Majestical the order of their course,
Figuring the horned circle of the moon:
On the top-gallant of the admiral,
And likewise all the handmaids of his train,
The arms of England and of France united
Are quarter'd equally by herald's art.
Thus, tightly carried with a merry gale,
They plough the ocean hitherward amain.

John. Dare he already crop the flower-de-
luce?

I hope, the honey being gather'd thence,
He, with the spider, afterward approach'd,
Shall suck forth deadly venom from the
leaves.—

But where's our navy? how are they prepar'd
To wing themselves against this flight of
ravens?

Mar. They, having knowledge brought
them by the scouts,
Did break from anchor straight; and, puff'd
with rage,

No otherwise than were their sails with wind,
Made forth; as when the empty eagle flies,
To satisfy his hungry griping maw.

John. There's for thy news. Return unto
thy bark;

And, if thou scape the bloody stroke of war,
And do survive the conflict, come again,
And let us hear the manner of the fight.—

[*Exit Mariner.*]

Mean space, my lords, 't is best we be dispers'd
To several places, lest they chance to land:
First, you, my lord, with your Bohemian
troops,

Shall pitch your battles on the lower hand;
My eldest son, the Duke of Normandy,
Together with this aid of Muscovites,
Shall climb the higher ground another way;
Here in the middle coast, betwixt you both,
Philip, my youngest boy, and I will lodge.
So, lords, be gone, and look unto your charge;
You stand for France, an empire fair and
large.—

[*Exeunt CHARLES, LORRAIN, BOHEMIA,
and Forces.*]

Now tell me, Philip, what is thy conceit,
Touching the challenge that the English make?

Phi. I say, my lord, claim Edward what he
can,

And bring he ne'er so plain a pedigree,

'T is you are in possession of the crown, 10
And that's the surest point of all the law :
But, were it not ; yet, ere he should prevail,
I'll make a conduit of my dearest blood,
Or chase those straggling upstarts home again.

John. Well said, young Philip ! Call for
bread and wine,

That we may cheer our stomachs with repast,
To look our foes more sternly in the face.

[*A table and provisions brought in ; KING
and his Son set down to it. Ordinance
after off.*]

Now is begun the heavy day at sea.
Fight, Frenchmen, fight ; be like the field of
bears,
When they defend their younglings in their
caves !

Steer, angry Nemesis, the happy helm ; 120
That, with the sulphur battles of your rage,
The English fleet may be dispers'd, and sunk !
[Ordinance again.]

Phi. O, father, how this echoing cannon-
shot,

Like sweetest harmony, digests my cares !

John. Now, boy, thou hear'st what thun-
d'ring terror 't is,

To buckle for a kingdom's sovereignty :
The earth, with giddy trembling when it
shakes,

Or when the exhalations of the air
Break in extremity of lightning flash,
Affrights not more, than kings, when they
dispose 130

To show the rancour of their high-sworn
hearts. *[Retreat heard.]*

Retreat is sounded ; one side hath the worse :
O, if it be the French !—Sweet Fortune, turn ;
And, in thy turning, change the froward
winds,

That, with advantage of a favouring sky,
Our men may vanquish, and the other fly !

Enter Mariner.

My heart misgives :—say, mirror of pale death,
To whom belongs the honour of this day ?
Relate, I pray thee, if thy breath will serve,
The sad discourse of this discomfiture. 140

Mar. I will, my lord.

My gracious sovereign, France hath ta'en the
foil,

And boasting Edward triumphs with success.
These iron-hearted navies,

When last I was reporter to your grace,
Both full of angry spleen, of hope, and fear,
Hasting to meet each other in the face,
At last conjoin'd ; and by their admiral
Our admiral encounter'd many shot :

By this, the other, that beheld these twain 150

Give earnest penny of a further wrack,
Like fiery dragons took their haughty flight ;
And, likewise meeting from their smoky
wombs

Sent many grim ambassadors of death.

Then gan the day to turn to gloomy night ;
And darkness did as well enclose the quick,

As those that were but newly reft of life :
No leisure serv'd for friends to bid farewell ;

And, if it had, the hideous noise was such,
As each to other seemed deaf, and dumb : 160

Purple the sea ; whose channel fill'd as fast
Withstreaming gore, that from the maimed fell,

As did her gushing moisture break into
The crumpled cleftures of the through-shot
planks :

Here flew a head, discover'd from the trunk ;
There mangled arms, and legs, were toss'd
aloft ;

As when a whirlwind takes the summer dust,
And scatters it in middle of the air :

Then might ye see the reeling vessels split,
And tottering sink into the ruthless flood, 170

Until their lofty tops were seen no more.
All shifts were tried, both for defence and
hurt :

And now the effect of valour, and of fear—
Of resolution, and of cowardice,

We lively pictur'd ; how the one for fame,
The other by compulsion laid about :

Much did the Nonpareille, that brave ship ;
So did the black-snake of Boulogne, than
which

A bonnier vessel never yet spread sail :

But all in vain ; both sun, the wind and tide, 180
Revolted all unto our foemen's side,

That we perforce were fain to give them way,
And they are landed : thus my tale is done ;
We have untimely lost, and they have won.

John. Then rests there nothing, but, with
present speed,

To join our several forces all in one,
And bid them battle, ere they range too far.—

Come, gentle Philip, let us hence depart ;
This soldier's words have pierc'd thy father's
heart.

SCENE II.—Picardy. Fields near Cressi.

*Enter a Frenchman, meeting certain others, a
Woman and two Children, laden with house-
hold-stuff, as removing.*

1 *F.* Well met, my masters : how now ?
what's the news ?

And wherefore are you laden thus with stuff ?
What, is it quarter-day, that you remove,
And carry bag and baggage too ?

2 *F.* Quarter-day? ay, and quartering day,
I fear:

Have you not heard the news that flies
abroad?

1 *F.* What news?

3 *F.* How the French navy is destroy'd at
sea,

And that the English army is arriv'd.

1 *F.* What then?

2 *F.* What then, quoth you? why, is 't not
time to fly,

When enemy and destruction is so nigh?

1 *F.* Content thee, man; they are far
enough from hence;

And will be met, I warrant you, to their cost,
Before they break so far into the realm.

2 *F.* Ay, so the grasshopper doth spend
the time

In mirthful jollity, till winter come;

And then too late he would redeem his time,
When frozen cold hath nipp'd his careless head.

He, that no sooner will provide a cloak,

Than when he sees it doth begin to rain,

May, peradventure, for his negligence,

Be thoroughly wash'd when he suspects it not.

We, that have charge, and such a train as
this,

Must look in time to look for them and us,

Least, when we would, we cannot be reliev'd.

1 *F.* Belike, you then despair of all success,
And think your country will be subjugate.

3 *F.* We cannot tell; 't is good, to fear the
worst.

1 *F.* Yet rather fight, than, like unnatural
sons,

Forsake your loving parents in distress.

2 *F.* Tush; they, that have already taken
arms,

Are many fearful millions, in respect

Of that small handful of our enemies:

But 't is a rightful quarrel must prevail;

Edward is son unto our late king's sister,

Where John Valois is three degrees remov'd.

Wom. Besides, there goes a prophecy
abroad,

Publish'd by one that was a friar once,

Whose oracles have many times proved true;

And now he says, "The time will shortly
come,

When as a lion, roused in the west,

Shall carry hence the flower-de-luce of

France."

These, I can tell ye, and such-like surmises

Strike many Frenchmen cold unto the heart.

Enter another Frenchman, hastily.

4 *F.* Fly, countrymen, and citizens of
France!

Sweet-flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expuls'd the land:

Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war
Sits raven-like upon your houses' tops;
Slaughter and mischief walk within your
streets,

And, unrestrain'd, make havoc as they pass:

The form whereof even now myself beheld,

Now, upon this fair mountain, whence I came.

For so far off as I direct mine eyes,

I might perceive five cities all on fire,

Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an
oven;

And, as the reeking vapour in the wind

Turn'd but aside, I likewise might discern

The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame,

Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes:

Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath

Do tread the measures of their tragic march:

Upon the right hand comes the conquering
king,

Upon the left his hot unbridled son,

And in the midst our nation's glittering host;

All which, though distant, yet conspire in one

To leave a desolation where they come.

Fly, therefore, citizens, if you be wise,

Seek out some habitation further off:

Here if you stay, your wives will be abus'd,

Your treasure shar'd before your weeping eyes;

Shelter yourselves, for now the storm doth
rise;

Away, away! methinks, I hear their drums:—

Ah, wretched France, I greatly fear thy fall;

Thy glory shaketh like a tottering wall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same.

*Drums. Enter King EDWARD, marching;
DERBY, &c., and Forces, and GOBIN DE GREY.*

Edw. Where is the Frenchman, by whose
cunning guidance

We found the shallow of this river Somme,

And had direction how to pass the sea?

Gob. Here, my good lord.

Edw. How art thou call'd? thy name?

Gob. Gobin de Grey, if please your ex-
cellence.

Edw. Then, Gobin, for the service thou
hast done,

We here enlarge and give thee liberty;

And, for a recompense, beside this good,

Thou shalt receive five hundred marks in
gold.—

I know not how, we should have met our
son;

Whom now in heart I wish I might behold.

Enter ARTOIS. {

Art. Good news, my lord; the prince is hard at hand,
And with him comes Lord Audley, and the rest,
Whom since our landing we could never meet.

Drums. Enter PRINCE, AUDLEY, and Forces.

Edw. Welcome, fair prince! How hast thou sped, my son,
Since thy arrival on the coast of France?

Prince. Successfully, I thank the gracious heavens:

Some of their strongest cities we have won,
As Harfleur, Lo, Crotage, and Carentan; 20
And others wasted; leaving at our heels
A wide apparent field, and beaten path,
For solitariness to progress in:
Yet, those that would submit, we kindly pardon'd;

But who in scorn refus'd our proffer'd peace,
Endur'd the penalty of sharp revenge.

Edw. Ah, France, why shouldst thou be thus obstinate
Against the kind embracement of thy friends?
How gently had we thought to touch thy breast,

And set our foot upon thy tender mould, 30
But that, in froward and disdainful pride,
Thou, like a skittish and untamed colt,
Dost start aside, and strike us with thy heels?

But tell me, Ned, in all thy warlike course
Hast thou not seen the usurping King of France?

Prince. Yes, my good lord, and not two hours ago,

With full an hundred thousand fighting men,
Upon the one side o' the river's bank,
I on the other; with his multitudes
I fear'd he would have cropp'd our smaller power: 40

But, happily, perceiving your approach,
He hath withdrawn himself to Cressi plains;
Where, as it seemeth by his good array,
He means to bid us battle presently.

Edw. He shall be welcome, that's the thing we crave.

Drums. Enter King JOHN; CHARLES and PHILIP, his Sons; BOHEMIA, LORRAIN, &c., and Forces.

John. Edward, know, that John, the true King of France,—
Musing thou shouldst encroach upon his land,
And, in thy tyrannous proceeding, slay
His faithful subjects, and subvert his towns,—

Spits in thy face; and in this manner following 50

Upbraids thee with thine arrogant intrusion.
First, I condemn thee for a fugitive,
A thievish pirate, and a needy mate;
One, that hath either no abiding place,
Or else, inhabiting some barren soil,
Where neither herb nor fruitful grain is had,
Dost altogether live by pilfering:
Next,—inso much thou hast infring'd thy faith,
Broke league and solemn covenant made with me,—

I hold thee for a false pernicious wretch: 60
And last of all,—although I scorn to cope
With one such an inferior to myself;
Yet, in respect thy thirst is all for gold,
Thy labour rather to be fear'd than lov'd,—
To satisfy thy lust in either part,
Here am I come; and with me I have brought

Exceeding store of treasure, pearl, and coin.
Leave therefore now to persecute the weak;
And, armed en'ring conflict with the arm'd,
Let it be seen, 'mongst other petty thefts, 70
How thou canst win this pillage manfully.

Edw. If gall, or wormwood, have a pleasant taste,

Then is thy salutation honey-sweet:
But as the one hath no such property,
So is the other most satirical.

Yet wot how I regard thy worthless taunts;—
If thou have utter'd them to soil my fame,
Or dim the reputation of my birth,
Know, that thy wolfish barking cannot hurt: 80
If slyly to insinuate with the world,
And with a strumpet's artificial line

To paint thy vicious and deformed cause,
Be well assur'd, the counterfeit will fade,
And in the end thy foul defects be seen:
But if thou didst it to provoke me on,—
As who should say, I were but timorous,
Or, coldly negligent, did need a spur,—
Bethink thyself, how slack I was at sea;
How, since my landing, I have won no towns, 90

Enter'd no further but upon the coast,
And there have ever since securely slept.
But if I have been otherwise employ'd,
Imagine, Valois, whether I intend
To skirmish, not for pillage, but for the crown

Which thou dost wear; and that I vow to have,

Or one of us shall fall into his grave.

Prince. Look not for cross invectives at our hands,

Or railing execrations of despite:
Let creeping serpents, hid in hollow banks,

Sting with their tongues; we have remorse-
less swords,

And they shall plead for us, and our affairs.
Yet thus much, briefly, by my father's leave:

As all the immodest poison of thy throat

Is scandalous and most notorious lies,

And our pretended quarrel truly just,

So end the battle when we meet to-day;

May either of us prosper and prevail,

Or, luckless curst, receive eternal shame!

Edw. That needs no further question; and,
I know,

His conscience witnesseth, it is my right.—

Therefore, Valois, say, wilt thou yet resign,

Before the sickle's thrust into the corn,

Or that enkindled fury turn to flame?

John. Edward, I know what right thou
hast in France;

And ere I basely will resign my crown,

This champion field shall be a pool of blood,

And all our prospect as a slaughter-house.

Prince. Ay, that approves thee, tyrant,
what thou art:

No father, king, or shepherd of thy realm;

But one, that tears her entrails with thy
hands,

And, like a thirsty tiger, suck'st her blood.

And. You peers of France, why do you
follow him

That is so prodigal to spend your lives?

Char. Whom should they follow, aged im-
potent,

But he that is their true-born sovereign?

Edw. Upbraid'st thou him, because within
his face

Time hath engrav'd deep characters of age?

Know, these grave scholars of experience,

Like stiff-grown oaks, will stand immovable,

When whirlwinds quickly turn up younger
trees.

Der. Was ever any of thy father's house

King, but thyself, before this present time?

Edward's great lineage, by the mother's side,

Five hundred years hath held the sceptre
up:—

Judge then, conspirators, by this descent,

Which is the true-born sovereign, this, or that.

Phi. Good father, range your battles, prate
no more:

These English fain would spend the time in
words,

That, night approaching, they might scape un-
fought.

John. Lords, and my loving subjects, now's
the time,

That your intended force must bide the touch:

Therefore, my friends, consider this in brief,—

He, that you fight for, is your natural king;

He, against whom you fight, a foreigner:

He, that you fight for, rules in clemency,

And reins you with a mild and gentle bit;

He, against whom you fight, if he prevail,

Will straight enthrone himself in tyranny,

Make slaves of you, and, with a heavy hand,

Curtail and curb your sweetest liberty.

Then, to protect your country, and your
king,

Let but the haughty courage of your hearts

Answer the number of your able hands,

And we shall quickly chase these fugitives.

For what's this Edward, but a belly-god,

A tender and lascivious wantonness,

That t'other day was almost dead for love?

And what, I pray you, is his goodly guard?

Such as, but scant them of their chines of
beef,

And take away their downy feather-beds,

And, presently, they are as resty-stiff

As 't were a many over-ridden jades.

Then, Frenchmen, scorn that such should be
your lords,

And rather bind ye them in captive bands.

French. Vive le roi! God save King John
of France!

John. Now on this plain of Cressi spread
yourselves,—

And, Edward, when thou dar'st, begin the
fight.

[*Exit King JOHN, CHARLES, PHILIP,
LORRAIN, BOHEMIA, and Forces.*]

Edw. We presently will meet thee, John
of France:—

And, English lords, let us resolve the day,

Either to clear us of that scandalous crime,

Or be entombed in our innocence.—

And, Ned, because this battle is the first

That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,

As ancient custom is of martialists,

To dub thee with the type of chivalry,

In solemn manner we will give thee arms:—

Come, therefore, heralds, orderly bring forth

A strong attirement for the prince my son.—

Flourish. Enter four Heralds, bringing a
coat-armour, a helmet, a lance, and a shield:
first Herald delivers the armour to King
EDWARD; who puts it on his Son.

Edward Plantagenet, in the name of God,

As with this armour I impall thy breast,

So be thy noble unrelenting heart

Wall'd in with flint of matchless fortitude,

That never base affections enter there;

Fight, and be valiant, conquer where thou
com'st!—

Now follow, lords, and do him honour too.

Der. [*Receiving the helmet from the second Herald.*] Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,

As I do set this helmet on thy head,
Wherewith the chamber of thy brain is fenc'd,
So may thy temples, with Bellona's hand,
Be still adorn'd with laurel victory;
Fight and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Aud. [*Receiving the lance from the third Herald.*] Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,

Receive this lance, into thy manlike hand;
Use it in fashion of a brazen pen,
To draw forth bloody stratagems in France,
And print thy valiant deeds in honour's book;
Fight, and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Art. [*Receiving the shield from the fourth Herald.*] Edward Plantagenet, Prince of Wales,

Hold, take this target, wear it on thy arm;
And may the view thereof, like Perseus' shield,

Astonish and transform thy gazing foes
To senseless images of meagre death;
Fight, and be valiant, conquer where thou com'st!

Edw. Now wants there nought but knight-hood; which, deferr'd,

We leave, till thou hast won it in the field.

Prince. My gracious father, and ye forward peers,

This honour, you have done me, animates
And cheers my green yet-scarce-appearing strength

With comfortable good-presaging signs;
No otherwise than did old Jacob's words,
When as he breath'd his blessings on his sons:
These hallow'd gifts of yours when I profane,
Or use them not to glory of my God,
To patronage the fatherless, and poor,
Or for the benefit of England's peace,
Be numb my joints! wax feeble both mine arms

Wither my heart! that, like a sapless tree,
I may remain the map of infamy.

Edw. Then thus our steeld battles shall be rang'd;—

The leading of the vaward, Ned, is thine;
To dignify whose lusty spirit the more,
We temper it with Audley's gravity;
That, courage and experience join'd in one,
Your manage may be second unto none:
For the main battles, I will guide myself;
And, Derby, in the rearward march behind,
That orderly dispos'd, and set in ray,
Let us to horse; and God grant us the day!

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Alarums, as of a battle joined. Enter a many Frenchmen, flying; PRINCE, and English, pursuing; and exeunt: then enter King JOHN and LORRAIN.

John. O Lorrain, say, what mean our men to fly?

Our number is far greater than our foes.

Lor. The garrison of Genoaese, my lord,
That came from Paris, weary with their march,

Grudging to be so suddenly employ'd,

No sooner in the fore-front took their place,
But, straight retiring, so dismay'd the rest,
As likewise they betook themselves to flight;
In which, for haste to make a safe escape,
More in the clust'ring throng are press'd to death,

Than by the enemy, a thousand-fold.

John. O hapless fortune! Let us yet assay
If we can counsel some of them to stay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same.

Drums. Enter King EDWARD and AUDLEY.

Edw. Lord Audley, whiles our son is in the chase,

Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.

Aud. I will, my lord. [*Exit. Retreat.*]

Edw. Just-dooming Heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is unscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,

That hast this day giv'n way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves?

Enter ARTOIS, hastily.

Art. Rescue, King Edward! rescue for thy son!

Edw. Rescue, Artois! what, is he prisoner? Or, else, by violence fell beside his horse?

Art. Neither, my lord; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 't is impossible that he should scape,
Except your highness presently descend.

Edw. Tut, let him fight; we gave him arms to-day.

And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter DEMBY, hastily.

Der. The prince, my lord, the prince! O, succour him;

He's close encompass'd with a world of odds!

Educ. Then will he win a world of honour too.

If he by valour can redeem him thence :
It's not, what remedy ? we have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter AUDLEY, hastily.

Aud. Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,

To lead my soldiers, where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The squares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him ; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults, 30
Frantically rends, and bites the woven toil :
But all in vain, he cannot free himself.

Educ. Audley, content ; I will not have a man,

On pain of death, sent forth to succour him :
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his courage with those grievous
thoughts,

That, if he breathe out Nestor's years on earth,
Will make him savour still of this exploit.

Der. Ah, but he shall not live to see those days.

Educ. Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise. 40

Aud. Yet, good my lord, 't is too much wilfulness,

To let his blood be spilt, that may be sav'd.

Educ. Exclaim no more ; for none of you can tell,

Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no ;
Perhaps, he is already slain, or ta'en :
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like :
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still, in danger, he'll expect the like ;
But if himself himself redeem from thence, 50
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death, and fear,

And ever after dread their force no more,
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.

Aud. O cruel father !—Farewell, Edward, then !

Der. Farewell, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry !

Art. O, would my life might ransom him from death !

Educ. But, soft ; methinks, I hear

[Retreat sounded.]

The dismal charge of trumpets' loud retreat :
All are not slain, I hope, that went with him ;
Some will return with tidings, good, or bad.

Flourish. Enter Prince EDWARD in triumph, bearing in his hand his shivered lance ; his sword, and battered armour, borne before him, and the body of the King of BOHEMIA, wrapped in the colours : Lords run and embrace him.

Aud. O joyful sight ! victorious Edward lives !

Der. Welcome, brave prince !

Educ. Welcome, Plantagenet

[Embracing him.]

Prince. First having done my duty, as be seem'd,

[Kneels, and kisses his Father's hand.]

Lords, I greet you all with hearty thanks.
And now, behold,—after my winter's toil,
My painful voyage on the boist'rous sea
Of war's devouring gulfs and steely rocks,—
I bring my fraught unto the wished port,
My summer's hope, my travel's sweet reward :
And here, with humble duty, I present 70
This sacrifice, this first-fruit of my sword,
Cropp'd and cut down even at the gate of death,

The King of Bohemia, father, whom I slew ;
Whose thousands had entrench'd me round about,

And lay as thick upon my batter'd crest,
As on an anvil, with their pond'rous glaives :
Yet marble courage still did underprop ;
And when my weary arms, with often blows,—

Like the continual lab'ring woodman's axe, 80
That is enjoin'd to fell a load of oaks,—
Began to falter, straight I would remember
My gifts you gave me, and my zealous vow,
And then new courage made me fresh again ;
That, in despite, I carv'd my passage forth,
And put the multitude to speedy flight.
Lo, thus hath Edward's hand fill'd your request,

And done, I hope, the duty of a knight.

Educ. Ay, well thou hast deserv'd a knight-hood, Ned

And, therefore, with thy sword, yet reeking warm

[Receiving it from the soldier who bore it, and laying it on the kneeling PRINCE.]

With blood of those that fought to be thy bane,

Arise, Prince Edward, trusty knight at arms :
This day thou hast confounded me with joy,
And prov'd thyself fit heir unto a king.

Prince. Here is a note, my gracious lord, of those

That in this conflict of our foes were slain :

Eleven princes of esteem ; fourscore
Barons ; a hundred and twenty knights ;
And thirty thousand common soldiers ;
And, of our men, a thousand.

Edu. Our God be prais'd ! Now, John of
France, I hope,
Thou know'st King Edward for no wanton-
ness,
No love-sick cockney ; nor his soldiers,
jades.—

But which way is the fearful king escap'd ?

Prince. Towards Poitiers, noble father, and
his sons.

Edu. Ned, thou, and Audley, shall pursue
them still ;

Myself, and Derby, will to Calais straight,
And there begirt that haven-town with siege.
Now lies it on an upshot ; therefore strike,
And wistly follow while the game's on foot.
What picture's this ? [*Pointing to the colours.*]

Prince. A pelican, my lord,
Wounding her bosom with her crooked beak,
That so her nest of young ones may be fed.
With drops of blood that issue from her heart.
The motto, "*Sic et vos*, And so should you."
[*Flourish. Exeunt in triumph.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Bretagne. Camp of the
English.

*Forces under the Earl of SALISBURY ; SALIS-
BURY's Tent. Enter SALISBURY ; to him,
the Earl of MONTFORT, attended, a coronet in
his hand.*

Mont. My Lord of Salisbury, since by your
aid

Mine enemy Sir Charles of Blois is slain,
And I again am quietly possess'd
In Bretagne's dukedom, know, that I resolve,
For this kind furtherance of your king, and
you,

To swear allegiance to his majesty :
In sign whereof, receive this coronet,
Bear it unto him ; and, withal, my oath,
Never to be but Edward's faithful friend.

Sal. I take it, Montfort : thus, I hope, ere
long

The whole dominions of the realm of France
Will be surrender'd to his conquering hand.

[*Exeunt MONTFORT and Train.*]

Now, if I knew but safely how to pass,
I would at Calais gladly meet his grace,
Whither, I am by letters certified,
That he intends to have his host remov'd.
It shall be so : this policy will serve :—
Ho, who's within ? Bring Villiers to me.—

Enter VILLIERS.

Villiers, thou know'st, thou art my prisoner,
And that I might, for ransom, if I would, 20
Require of thee an hundred thousand francs,
Or else retain and keep thee captive still :
But so it is, that for a smaller charge
Thou may'st be quit, an if thou wilt thy-
self,

And this it is, procure me but a passport
Of Charles the Duke of Normandy, that I,

Without restraint, may have recourse to
Calais

Through all the countries where he hath to
do,

(Which thou may'st easily obtain, I think,
By reason I have often heard thee say, 30
He and thyself were students once together)
And then thou shalt be set at liberty.

How say'st thou ? wilt thou undertake to do
it ?

Vil. I will, my lord ; but I must speak
with him.

Sal. Why, so thou shalt ; take horse, and
post from hence :

Only, before thou go'st, swear by thy faith,
That, if thou canst not compass my desire,
Thou wilt return my prisoner back again ;
And that shall be sufficient warrant for thee.

Vil. To that condition I agree, my lord, 40
And will unfeignedly perform the same.

Sal. Farewell, Villiers.— [*Exit VILLIERS.*]
This once I mean to try a Frenchman's faith—

SCENE II.—Picardy. The English Camp
before Calais.

*Enter King EDWARD and DERBY, with
Soldiers.*

Edu. Since they refuse our proffer'd league,
my lord,

And will not ope their gates, and let us in,
We will entrench ourselves on every side,
That neither victuals, nor supply of men,
May come to succour this accursed town ;
Famine shall combat where our swords are
stopp'd.

Der. The promis'd aid, that made them
stand aloof,

Is now retir'd, and gone another way ;
He will repent them of their stubborn will.

Enter some poor Frenchmen.

But what are these poor ragged slaves, my lord ?

Edw. Ask what they are ; it seems, they come from Calais.

Der. You wretched patterns of despair and woe,

What are ye? living men ; or gliding ghosts,
Crept from your graves to walk upon the earth ?

1 *F.* No ghosts, my lord, but men that breathe a life

Far worse than is the quiet sleep of death :
We are distress'd poor inhabitants,
That long have been diseased, sick, and lame ;
And now, because we are not fit to serve,
The captain of the town hath thrust us forth,
That so expense of victuals may be sav'd.

Edw. A charitable deed, and worthy praise.—

But how do you imagine then to speed ?
We are your enemies ; in such a case
We can no less but put you to the sword,
Since, when we proffer'd truce, it was refus'd.

1 *F.* An if your grace no otherwise vouchsafe,

As welcome death is unto us as life.

Edw. Poor silly men, much wrong'd, and more distress'd !—

Go, Derby, go, and see they be reliev'd ;
Command that victuals be appointed them,
And give to every one five crowns a-piece :—
[*Exeunt DERBY and Frenchmen.*]
The lion scorns to touch the yielding prey ;
And Edward's sword must flesh itself in such
As wilful stubbornness hath made perverse.—

Enter the Lord PERCY, from England.

Lord Percy! welcome: what's the news in England ?

Per. The queen, my lord, commends her to your grace ;
And from her highness, and the lord vicegerent,

I bring this happy tidings of success :
David of Scotland, lately up in arms,
(Thinking, belike, he soonest should prevail,
Your highness being absent from the realm)
Is, by the faithful service of your peers,
And painful travel of the queen herself,
That, big with child, was every day in arms,
Vanquish'd, subdu'd, and taken prisoner.

Edw. Thanks, Percy, for thy news, with all my heart !

What was he, took him prisoner in the field ?

Per. A squire, my lord ; John Copland is his name :

Who since, entreated by her majesty,
Denies to make surrender of his prize
To any but unto your grace alone ;
Whereat the queen is grievously displeas'd.

Edw. Well, then we'll have a pursuivant despatch'd,

To summon Copland hither out of hand,
And with him he shall bring his prisoner king.

Per. The queen's, my lord, herself by this at sea ;

And purposeth, as soon as wind will serve,
To land at Calais, and to visit you.

Edw. She shall be welcome ; and, to wait her coming,

I'll pitch my tent near to the sandy shore.

Enter a French Captain.

Cap. The burgesses of Calais, mighty king,
Have, by a council, willingly decreed
To yield the town, and castle, to your hands ;
Upon condition, it will please your grace
To grant them benefit of life, and goods.

Edw. They will so ! then, belike, they may command,

Dispose, elect, and govern as they list.

No, sirrah, tell them, since they did refuse
Our princely clemency at first proclaim'd,
They shall not have it now, although they would ;

I will accept of nought but fire and sword,
Except, within these two days, six of them,
That are the wealthiest merchants in the town,
Come naked, all but for their linen shirts,
With each a halter hang'd about his neck,
And prostrate yield themselves, upon their knees,

To be afflicted, hang'd, or what I please ;
And so you may inform their masterships.

[*Exeunt EDWARD and PERCY.*]

Cap. Why, this it is to trust a broken staff.
Had we not been persuaded, John our king
Would with his army have reliev'd the town,
We had not stood upon defiance so ;
But now 't is past that no man can recall ;
And better some do go to wrack, than all.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Poitou. Fields near Poitiers.
The French Camp ; Tent of the Duke of NORMANDY.

Enter CHARLES and VILLIERS.

Char. I wonder, Villiers, thou shouldst importune me

ACT IV.

EDWARD III.

SCENE III.

For one that is our deadly enemy.

Vil. Not for his sake, my gracious lord, so much

Am I become an earnest advocate,
As that thereby my ransom will be quit.

Char. Thy ransom, man! why, need'st thou talk of that?

Art thou not free? and are not all occasions,
That happen for advantage on our foes,
To be accepted of, and stood upon?

Vil. No, good my lord, except the same be just;

For profit must with honour be comix'd,
Or else our actions are but scandalous:
But, letting pass these intricate objections,
Will't please your highness to subscribe, or no?

Char. Villiers, I will not, nor I cannot do it;

Salisbury shall not have his will so much,
To claim a passport how it please himself.

Vil. Why, then I know the extremity, my lord,

I must return to prison whence I came.

Char. Return! I hope, thou wilt not, Villiers:

What bird, that hath escap'd the fowler's gin,
Will not be ware how she's ensnar'd again?
Or, what is he, so senseless, and secure,
That, having hardly pass'd a dangerous gulf,
Will put himself in peril there again?

Vil. Ah, but it is mine oath, my gracious lord,
Which I in conscience may not violate,
Or else a kingdom should not draw me hence.

Char. Thine oath! why, that doth bind thee to abide:

Hast thou not sworn obedience to thy prince?

Vil. In all things that uprightly he commands:

But either to persuade, or threaten me,
Not to perform the covenant of my word,
Is lawless, and I need not to obey.

Char. Why, is it lawful for a man to kill,
And not, to break a promise with his foe?

Vil. To kill, my lord, when war is once proclaim'd,

So that our quarrel be for wrongs receiv'd,
No doubt, is lawfully permitted us:
But, in an oath, we must be well advis'd
How we do swear; and, when we once have sworn,

Not to infringe it, though we die therefore:
Therefore, my lord, as willing I return,
As if I were to fly to paradise.

Char. Stay, my Villiers; thine honourable mind
Deserves to be eternally admir'd,

Thy suit shall be no longer thus deferr'd;
Give me the paper, I'll subscribe to it:

[Signs, and gives it back.]

And, wheretofore I lov'd thee as Villiers,
Hereafter I'll embrace thee as myself;
Stay, and be still in favour with thy lord.

Vil. I humbly thank your grace: I must despatch,

And send this passport first unto the earl,
And then I will attend your highness' pleasure.

Char. Do so, Villiers;—and Charles, when he hath need,
Be such his soldiers, howsoe'er he speed!

Enter King JOHN.

John. Come, Charles, and arm thee;
Edward is entrapp'd,
The Prince of Wales is fall'n into our hands,
And we have compass'd him, he cannot scape.

Char. But will your highness fight to-day?

John. What else, my son? he's scarce eight thousand strong,
And we are threescore thousand at the least.

Char. I have a prophecy, my gracious lord,

Wherein is written, what success is like
To happen us in this outrageous war;
It was deliver'd me at Cressi' field,
By one that is an aged hermit there.

[Reads.]

"When feather'd fowl shall make thine army tremble,

And flint stones rise, and break the battle 'ray,

Then think on him that doth not now dissemble;

For that shall be the hapless dreadful day;
Yet, in the end, thy foot thou shalt advance
As far in England, as thy foe in France."

John. By this it seems we shall be fortunate:

For as it is impossible, that stones
Should ever rise, and break the battle 'ray;
Or airy fowl make men in arms to quake;
So is it like, we shall not be subdu'd:

Or, say this might be true, yet, in the end,
Since he doth promise, we shall drive him hence,

And forage their country, as they have done ours,

By this revenge that loss will seem the less.

But all are frivolous fancies, toys, and dreams:

Once, we are sure we have ensnar'd the son,
Catch we the father after how we can.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Same. The English Camp.

Enter Prince EDWARD, AUDLEY, and others.

Prince. Audley, the arms of death embrace us round,

And comfort have we none, save that to die,
We pay sour earnest for a sweeter life.
At Cressi' field our clouds of warlike smoke
Chok'd up those French moths, and dissever'd them :

But now their multitudes of millions hide,
Masking as't were, the beauteous burning sun;
Leaving no hope to us, but sullen dark,
And eyeless terror of all-ending night.

Aud. This sudden, mighty, and expedient head,

That they have made, fair prince, is wonderful.
Before us in the valley lies the king,
Vantag'd with all that heaven and earth can yield;

His party stronger battled than our whole :
His son, the braving Duke of Normandy,
Hath trimm'd the mountain on our right hand up

In shining plate, that now the aspiring hill
Shows like a silver quarry, or an orb ;
Aloft the which, the banners, bannerets,
And new-replenish'd pendants, cuff the air,
And beat the winds, that, for their gaudiness,
Struggle to kiss them : on our left hand lies
Philip, the younger issue of the king,
Coating the other hill in such array,
That all his gilded upright pikes do seem
Straight trees of gold, the pendant streamers,
leaves ;

And their device of antique heraldry,
Quarter'd in colours seeming sundry fruits,
Makes it the orchard of the Hesperides :
Behind us too the hill doth bear his height,
(For, like a half-moon, op'ning but one way,
It rounds us in) there at our backs are lodg'd
The fatal cross-bows ; and the battle there
Is govern'd by the rough Chatillion.
Then thus it stands,—the valley for our flight
The king binds in ; the hills on either hand
Are proudly royalised by his sons ;
And on the hill behind stands certain death,
In pay and service with Chatillion.

Prince. Death's name is much more mighty
than his deeds ;—

• Thy parcelling this power hath made it more.
As many sands as these my hands can hold,
Are but my handful of so many sands :
Then, all the world,—and call it but a
power,—
Easily ta'en up, and quickly thrown away :

But, if I stand to count them sand by sand,
The number would confound my memory,
And make a thousand millions of a task,
Which, briefly, is no more, indeed, than one.
These quarters, squadrons, and these regi-
ments,

Before, behind us, and on either hand,
Are but a power : when we name a man,
His hand, his foot, his head, have several
strengths ;

And being all but one self instant strength,
Why, all this many, Audley, is but one,
And we can call it all but one man's strength.
He, that hath far to go, tells it by miles ;
If he should tell the steps, it kills his heart :
The drops are infinite, that make a flood ;
And yet, thou know'st, we call it but a rain.
There is but one France, and one King of
France,

That France hath no more kings ; and that
same king
Hath but the puissant legion of one king ;
And we have one : then apprehend no odds :
For one to one is fair equality.—

Enter a Herald.

What tidings, messenger ? be plain, and brief.

Her. The King of France, my sovereign
lord and master,
Greet's thus by me his foe the Prince of
Wales :

If thou call forth an hundred men of name,
Of lords, knights, 'squires, and English
gentlemen,
And with thyself and those kneel at his feet,
He straight will fold his bloody colours up,
And ransom shall redeem lives forfeited :
If not, this day shall drink more English blood
Than e'er was buried in our British earth.
What is the answer to his proffer'd mercy ?

Prince. This heaven, that covers France,
contains the mercy
That draws from me submissive orisons ;
That such base breath should vanish from my
lips,

To urge the plea of mercy to a man,
The Lord forbid ! Return, and tell thy king,
My tongue is made of steel, and it shall beg
My mercy on his coward burgonet ;
Tell him, my colours are as red as his,
My men as bold, our English arms as strong.
Return him my defiance in his face.

Her. I go.

[*Exit.*

Enter another Herald.

Prince. What news with thee ?

Her. The Duke of Normandy, my lord and
master,

Pitying thy youth is so engirt with peril,
By me hath sent a nimble-jointed jennet,
As swift as ever yet thou didst bestride,
And therewithal he counsels thee to fly;
Else, death himself hath sworn, that thou
shalt die.

Prince. Back with the beast unto the
beast that sent him;

*Tell him, I cannot sit a coward's horse :
Bid him to-day bestride the jade himself ;
For I will stain my horse quite o'er with
blood,*

And double-gild my spurs, but I will catch
him ;

So tell the carping boy, and get thee gone. 100
[*Exit Herald.*]

Enter another Herald.

Her. Edward of Wales, Philip, the second
son

To the most mighty Christian King of
France,

Seeing thy body's living date expir'd,
All full of charity and Christian love,
Commends this book, full fraught with
prayers,

To thy fair hand, and, for thy hour of life,
Entreats thee that thou meditate therein,
And arm thy soul for her long journey
towards.

Thus have I done his bidding, and return.

Prince. Herald of Philip, greet thy lord
from me ; 110

All good that he can send, I can receive :
But think'st thou not, the unadvised boy
Hath wrong'd himself, in thus far tend'ring
me ?

Haply, he cannot pray without the book ;
I think him no divine extemporal :
Then render back this commonplace of prayer,
To do himself good in adversity ;
Besides, he knows not my sin's quality,
And therefore knows no prayers for my avail ;
Ere night, his prayer may be, to pray to God
To put it in my heart to hear his prayer ; 121
So tell the courtly wanton, and be gone.

Her. I go. [*Exit.*]

Prince. How confident their strength and
number makes them !—

Now, Audley, sound those silver strings of
thine,

And let those milk-white messengers of time
Show thy time's learning in this dangerous
time ;

Thyself art bruised and bit with many broils,
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texted in thine honourable face ; 130
Thou art a married man in this distress,

But danger woos me as a blushing maid :
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common, as to live ;
The one in choice, the other holds in chase :
For, from the instant we begin to live,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die :

First bud we, then we blow, and after
Then, presently, we fall ; and, as a shade
Follows the body, so we follow death. 140

If then we hunt for death, why do we fear
it ?

If we fear it, why do we follow it ?

If we do fear, with fear we do but aid

The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner :

If we fear not, then no resolved proffer

Can overthrow the limit of our fate :

For, whether ripe, or rotten, drop we shall,

As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

Prince. Ah, good old man, a thousand
thousand armours

These words of thine have buckled on my
back : 150

Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears ! and how disgrac'd
The imperial victory of murd'ring death !

Since all the lives, his conquering arrows
strike,

Seek him, and he not them, to shame his
glory.

I will not give a penny for a life,

Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death ;

Since for to live is but to seek to die,

And dying but beginning of new life :

Let come the hour when he that rules it will !

To live, or die, I hold indifferent. 161

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. The French Camp.

Enter King JOHN and CHARLES.

John. A sudden darkness hath defac'd the
sky,

The winds are crept into their caves for fear,
The leaves move not, the wood is hush'd and
still,

The birds cease singing, and the wand'ring
brooks

Murmur no wonted greeting to their shores ;

Silence attends some wonder, and expecteth

That Heaven should pronounce some pro-
phesy :

Whence, or from whom, proceeds this silence,
Charles ?

Char. Our men, with open mouths, and
staring eyes,

Look on each other, as they did attend 10

Each other's words, and yet no creature speaks ;

A tongue-tied fear hath made a midnight
hour,
And speeches sleep through all the waking
regions.

John. But now the pompous sun, in all his
pride,
Look'd through his golden coach upon the
world.

And, on a sudden, hath he hid himself;
That now the under earth is as a grave,
Dark, deadly, silent, and uncomfortable.

[*A clamour of ravens heard.*]

Hark! what a deadly outcry do I hear!

Char. Here comes my brother Philip. 20

John. All dismay'd:—

Enter PHILIP.

What fearful words are those thy looks pro-

Phi. A flight, a flight!

John. Coward, what flight? thou liest,
there needs no flight.

Phi. A flight!

John. Awake thy craven powers, and tell on
The very substance of that fear indeed,
Which is so ghastly printed in thy face:
What is the matter?

Phi. A flight of ugly ravens 30
Do creak and hover o'er our soldiers' heads,
And keep in triangles, and corner'd squares,
Right as our forces are embattled;
With their approach there came this sudden
fog,

Which now hath hid the airy floor of heaven,
And made at noon a night unnatural
Upon the quaking and dismay'd world:
In brief, our soldiers have let fall their arms,
And stand like metamorphos'd images,
Bloodless and pale, one gazing on another. 40

John. Ay, now I call to mind the prophecy;
But I must give no entrance to a fear.—
Return, and hearten up those yielding souls;
Tell them, the ravens, seeing them in arms,—
So many fair against a famish'd few,—
Come but to dine upon their handiwork,
And prey upon the carrion that they kill:
For when we see a horse laid down to die,
Although he be not dead, the ravenous birds
Sit watching the departure of his life; 50
Even so these ravens, for the carcasses
Of those poor English, that are mark'd to die,
Hover about, and, if they cry to us,
'T is but for meat that we must kill for them.
Away, and comfort up my soldiers,
And sound the trumpets; and at once de-
spatch

This little business of a silly fraud.

[*Exit PHILIP.*]

*Noise within. Enter a French Captain, with
SALISBURY prisoner.*

Cap. Behold, my liege, this knight, and
forty more,—

Of whom the better part are slain and fled,—
With all endeavour sought to break our ranks,
And make their way to the encompass'd
prince; 61

Dispose of him as please your majesty.

John. Go, and the next bough, soldier, that
thou seest,

Disgrace it with his body presently:
For I do hold a tree in France too good
To be the gallows of an English thief.

Sal. My Lord of Normandy, I have your
pass

And warrant for my safety through this land.

Char. Villiers procur'd it for thee, did he
not?

Sal. He did? 70

Char. And it is current, thou shalt freely
pass.

John. Ay, freely to the gallows to be hang'd,
Without denial, or impediment:—
Away with him.

Char. I hope, your highness will not so dis-
grace me,

And dash the virtue of my seal at arms:
He hath my never-broken name to show,
Character'd with this princely hand of mine;
And rather let me leave to be a prince,
Than break the stable verdict of a prince: 80
I do beseech you, let him pass in quiet.

John. Thou and thy word lie both in my
command;

What canst thou promise, that I cannot break?
Which of these twain is greater infamy,
To disobey thy father, or thyself?

Thy word, nor no man's, may exceed his
power;

Nor that same man doth never break his
word,

That keeps it to the utmost of his power:
The breach of faith dwells in the soul's con-
sent;

Which if thyself without consent do break, 90
Thou art not charged with the breach of
faith.—

Go, hang him; for thy licence lies in me:
And my constraint stands the excuse for thee.

Char. What, am I not a soldier in my
word?

Then, arms adieu, and let them fight that
list:

Shall I not give my girdle from my waist,
But with a guardian I shall be controll'd,
To say, I may not give my things away?

Upon my soul, had Edward Prince of Wales
Engag'd his word, writ down his noble hand,
For all your knights to pass his father's
land,

The royal king, to grace his warlike son,
Would not alone safe-conduct give to them,
But with all bounty feasted them and theirs.

John. Dwell'st thou on precedents? Then
be it so.—

Say, Englishman, of what degree thou art?

Sal. An earl in England, though a prisoner
here;

And those, that know me, call me Salisbury.

John. Then, Salisbury, say, whither thou
art bound?

Sal. To Calais, where my liege, King
Edward, is.

John. To Calais, Salisbury? Then to
Calais pack;

And bid the king prepare a noble grave,
To put his princely son, black Edward, in.
And as thou travell'st westward from this
place,

Some two leagues hence there is a lofty hill,
Whose top seems topless, for the embracing
sky

Doth hide his high head in her azure bosom;
Unto whose tall top when thy foot attains,
Look back upon the humble vale below,
(Humble of late, but now made proud with
arms)

And thence behold the wretched Prince of
Wales,

Hoop'd with a band of iron round about.
After which sight, to Calais spur amain,
And say, the prince was smother'd, and not
slain:

And tell the king, this is not all his ill;
For I will greet him, ere he thinks I will.
Away, be gone; the smoke but of our shot
Will choke our foes, though bullets hit them
not.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same.—A Part of the Field
of Battle.

Alarums, as of a battle joined, skirmishings.
Enter Prince EDWARD and ARTOIS.

Art. How fares your grace? are you not
shot, my lord?

Prince. No, dear Artois; but chok'd with
dust and smoke,

And stepp'd aside for breath and fresher air.

Art. Breathe then, and to 't again: the
amazed French

Are quite distract with gazing on the crows;
And, were our quivers full of shafts again,

Your grace should see a glorious day of this:—
O, for more arrows, lord! that is our want.

Prince. Courage, Artois! a fig for feather'd
shafts,

When feather'd fowls do bandy on our side!
What need we fight, and sweat, and keep a
coil,

When railing crows out-scold our adversaries?

Up, up, Artois! the ground itself is arm'd:

Fire-containing flint; command our bows

To hurl away their pretty-colour'd yew,

And to 't with stones: away, Artois, away;

My soul doth prophesy we win the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums, and Parties skirmishing. Enter
King JOHN.*

John. Our multitudes are in themselves
confounded,

Dismayed, and distraught; swift-starting
fear

Hath buzz'd a cold dismay through all our
army,

And every petty disadvantage prompts

The fear-possession abject soul to fly:

Myself, whose spirit is steel to their dull
leul,

(What with recalling of the prophecy,
And that our native stones from English arms
Rebel against us) find myself attainted

With strong surprise of weak and yielding
fear.

Enter CHARLES.

Char. Fly, father, fly! the French do kill
the French;

Some, that would stand, let drive at some
that fly:

Our drums strike nothing but discouragement,

Our trumpets sound dishonour and retire;

The spirit of fear, that feareth nought but
death,

Cowardly works confusion on itself.

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Pluck out your eyes, and see not this
lay's shame

An arm hath beat an army; one poor David
Hath with a stone foil'd twenty stout Goliaths:
Some twenty naked starvelings, with small
flints,

Have driven back a puissant host of men,

Array'd and fenc'd in all accomplishments.

John. Mordieu, they quoit at us, and kill
us up;

No less than forty thousand wicked elders

Have forty lean slaves this day ston'd to death.

Char. O, that I were some other country-man !

This day hath set derision on the French ;
And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.

John. What, is there no hope left ?

Phi. No hope, but death, to bury up our shame.

John. Make up once more with me ; the twentieth part

Of those that live, are men enough to quail
The feeble handful on the adverse part.

Char. Then charge again : if Heaven be
• not oppos'd,

We cannot lose the day.

John. On, on ; away. [Exeunt.

Alarums, &c. Enter AUDLEY, wounded, and two Esquires, his rescuers.

1 *Esq.* How fares my lord ?

Aud. E'en as a man may do,
That dines at such a bloody feast as this.

2 *Esq.* I hope, my lord, that is no mortal scar.

Aud. No matter, if it be ; the count is cast,
And, in the worst, ends but a mortal man.

Good friends, convey me to the princely
Edward,

That, in the crimson bravery of my blood,
I may become him with saluting him ;
I'll smile, and tell him, that this open scar
Doth end the harvest of his Audley's war.

[Exeunt.

[Other alarums ; afterwards, a retreat.

SCENE VII.—The Same. The English Camp.

Flourish. Enter Prince EDWARD, in triumph, leading prisoners, King JOHN and his son CHARLES ; and Officers, Soldiers, &c., with ensigns spread.

Prince. Now, John in France, and lately
John of France,

Thy bloody ensigns are my captive colours ;
And you, high-vaunting Charles of Nor-
mandy,

That once to-day sent me a horse to fly,
Are now the subjects of my clemency.

Fie, lords ! is't not a shame, that English
boys,

Whose early days are yet not worth a beard,
Should in the bosom of your kingdom thus,
One against twenty, beat you up together ?

John. Thy fortune, not thy force, hath con-
quer'd us.

Prince. An argument, that heaven aids the
right.—

Enter ARTOIS, with PHILIP.

See, see, Artois doth bring along with him
The late good counsel-giver to my sou !—
Welcome, Artois ;—and welcome, Philip, too.
Who now, of you, or I, have need to pray ?
Now is the proverb verified in you,
Too bright a morning breeds a louring day.—

Enter AUDLEY, led by the two Esquires.

But, say, what grim discouragement comes
here !

Alas, what thousand armed men of France
Have writ that note of death in Audley's
face ?—

Speak, thou that woo'st death with thy care-
less smile,

And look'st so merrily upon thy grave
As if thou wert enamour'd on thine end,
What hungry sword hath so bereav'd thy face,
And lopp'd a true friend from my loving
soul ?

Aud. O prince, thy sweet bemoaning speech
to me

Is as a mournful knell to one dead-sick.

Prince. Dear Audley, if my tongue ring
out thy end,

My arms shall be thy grave : what may I do,
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death ?
If thou wilt drink the blood of captive
kings,—

Or, that it were restorative, command
A health of king's blood, and I'll drink to
thee :

If honour may dispense for thee with death,
The never-dying honour of this day
Share wholly, Audley, to thyself, and live.

Aud. Victorious prince,—that thou art so,
behold

A Caesar's fume in kings' captivity,—
If I could hold dim death but at a bay,
Till I did see my liege thy royal father,
My soul should yield this castle of my flesh,
This mangled tribute, with all willingness,
To darkness, consummation, dust, and worms.

Prince. Cheerly, bold man ! thy soul is all
too proud,

To yield her city for one little breach ;
She'd be divorced from her earthly spouse
By the soft temper of a Frenchman's sword ?
Lo, to repair thy life, I give to thee
Three thousand marks a year in English land.

Aud. I take thy gift, to pay the debts I
owe :

These two poor 'squires redeem'd me from the
French,

With lusty and dear hazard of their lives ;
What thou hast given to me, I give to them ;

And, as thou lov'st me, prince, lay thy consent

To this bequeath in my last testament.

Prince. Renowned Audley, live, and have from me

This gift twice doubled, to these 'squires, and thee :

But, live, or die, what thou hast given away,

To these, and theirs, shall lasting friendship stay.—

Come, gentlemen, I'll see my friend bestow'd
Within an easy litter ; then we'll march
Proudly toward Calais, with triumphant pace,
Unto my royal father, and there bring
The tribute of my wars, fair France's king.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Picardy. The English Camp
before Calais.

Enter King EDWARD, with PHILIPPA his
Queen, and DERBY ; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edw. No more, Queen Philippa, pacify
yourself ;

Copland, except he can excuse his fault,
Shall find displeasure written in our looks.—
And now unto this proud resisting town :
Soldiers, assault ; I will no longer stay,
To be deluded by their false delays ;
Put all to sword, and make the spoil your
own !

Trumpets sound to arms. Enter, from the
town, six Citizens, in their shirts, and bare-
footed, with halters about their necks.

Cit. Mercy, King Edward ! mercy, gracious
lord !

Edw. Contemptuous villains ! call ye now
for truce !

Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless
cries :—
Sound, drums ; [Alarum] draw, threat'ning
swords !

1 Cit. Ah, noble prince,
Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty
king !

We claim the promise that your highness
made ;

The two days' respite is not yet expir'd,
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment, you
please,

So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.

Edw. My promise ? well, I do confess as
much :

But I requir'd the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit ;
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us :
No, no, ye cannot over-reach us thus.

2 Cit. The sun, dread lord, that in the
western fall

Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were
known ;

Or may our portion be with damned fiends.

Edw. If it be so, then let our covenant
stand,

We take possession of the town in peace :
But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse ;
But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these
walls,

And after feel the stroke of quartering steel :
This is your doom ;—go, soldiers, see it done.

Queen. Ah, be more mild unto these yield-
ing men !

It is a glorious thing, to 'stablish peace ;
And kings approach the nearest unto God,
By giving life and safety unto men :
As thou intendest to be King of France,
So let her people live to call thee king ;
For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath
spoil'd,

Is held in reputation none of ours.

Edw. Although experience teach us this is
true,

That peaceful quietness brings most delight.
When most of all abuses are controll'd,
Yet, insomuch it shall be known, that we
As well can master our affections,
As conquer other by the dint of sword,
Philippa, prevail ; we yield to thy request ;
These men shall live to boast of clemency,—
And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself.

Cit. Long live your highness ! happy be
your reign !

Edw. Go, get you hence, return unto the
town ;

And if this kindness hath deserv'd your love,
Learn then to reverence Edward as your
king.— [Exeunt Citizens.]

Now, might we hear of our affairs abroad,
We would till gloomy winter were o'er-spent,

Change our men in garrison a while.
But who comes here?

Enter COPLAND and King DAVID.

Der. Copland, my lord, and David King of Scots.

Edw. Is this the proud presumptuous 'squire o' the north,
That would not yield his prisoner to my queen?

Cop. I am, my liege, a northern 'squire, indeed,

But neither proud nor insolent, I trust.

Edw. What mov'd thee then, to be so obstinate

To contradict our royal queen's desire? 70

Cop. No wilful disobedience, mighty lord,
But my desert, and public law of arms:

I took the king myself in single fight;
And, like a soldier, would be loath to lose
The least pre-eminence that I had won:

And Copland, straight, upon your highness' charge,

Is come to France, and, with a lowly mind,
Doth vail the bonnet of his victory.

Receive, dread lord, the custom of my fraught,

The wealthy tribute of my labouring hands;
Which should long since have been sur- render'd up, 81

Had but your gracious self been there in place.

Queen. But, Copland, thou didst scorn the king's command,

Neglecting our commission in his name.

Cop. His name I reverence, but his person more;

His name shall keep me in allegiance still,
But to his person I will bend my knee.

Edw. I pray thee, Philippa, let displeasure pass;

This man doth please me, and I like his words:

For what is he, that will attempt high deeds,
And lose the glory that ensues the same? 91

All rivers have recourse unto the sea;
And Copland's faith, relation to his king.—

Kneel therefore down; now rise, King Edward's knight.

And, to maintain thy state, I freely give
Five hundred marks a year to thee and thine.—

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, Lord Salisbury: what news from Bretagne?

Sal. This, mighty king: the country we have won;

And John de Montfort, regent of that place,
Presents your highness with this coronet, 100
Protesting true allegiance to your grace.

Edw. We thank thee for thy service, valiant earl;

Challenge our favour, for we owe it thee.

Sal. But now, my lord, as this is joyful news,

So must my voice be tragical again,
And I must sing of doleful accidents.

Edw. What, have our men the overthrow at Poitiers?

Or is my son beset with too much odds?

Sal. He was, my lord: and as my worthless self,

With forty other serviceable knights, 110

Under safe-conduct of the Dauphin's seal
Did travel that way, finding him distress'd,

A troop of lances met us on the way,
Surpris'd, and brought us prisoners to the king;

Who, proud of this, and eager of revenge,
Commanded straight to cut off all our heads:

And surely we had died, but that the duke,
More full of honour than his angry sire,

Procur'd our quick deliverance from thence:
But, ere we went, "Salute your king," quoth he, 121

"Bid him provide a funeral for his son,
To-day our sword shall cut his thread of life;

And, sooner than he thinks, we'll be with him,

To quittance those displeasures he hath done:"

This said, we pass'd, not daring to reply;
Our hearts were dead, our looks diffus'd and wan.

Wand'ring, at last we climb'd unto a hill;
From whence, although our grief were much before,

Yet now to see the occasion with our eyes
Did thrice so much increase our heaviness:

For there, my lord, O, there we did descry 131
Down in a valley how both armies lay.

The French had cast their trenches like a ring;

And every barricado's open front
Was thick emboss'd with brazen ordinance:

Here stood a battle of ten thousand horse;
There twice as many pikes, in quadrantwise:

Here cross-bows, arm'd with deadly-wounding darts:

And in the midst, like to a slender point
Within the compass of the horizon,— 140

As 't were a rising bubble in the sea,
A hazel-wand amidst a wood of pines,—

Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake,
Stood famous Edward, still expecting when

those dogs of France would fasten on his
flesh.

Now, the death-procuring knell begins :
I go the cannons, that, with trembling
noise,

shall shake the very mountain where we
stood ;

When sound the trumpets' clangours in the air,
The battles join : and, when we could no
more

Discern the difference 'twixt the friend and
foe,

(So intricate the dark confusion was)
Away we turn'd our wat'ry eyes, with sighs
As black as powder fuming into smoke.
And thus, I fear, unhappy have I told
The most untimely tale of Edward's fall.

Queen. Ah me ! is this my welcome into
France ?

Is this the comfort, that I look'd to have,
When I should meet with my beloved son ?
Sweet Ned, I would, thy mother in the sea
Had been prevented of this mortal grief !

Edw. Content thee, Philippa ; 'tis not
tears, will serve

To call him back, if he be taken hence :
Comfort thyself, as I do, gentle queen,
With hope of sharp, unheard-of, dire
revenge.—

He bids me to provide his funeral ;
And so I will : but all the peers in France
Shall mourners be, and weep out bloody
tears,

Until their empty veins be dry and sere :
The pillars of his hearse shall be their bones ;
The mould that covers him, their cities'
ashes ;

His knell, the groaning cries of dying men ;
And, in the stead of tapers on his tomb,
An hundred fifty towers shall burning blaze,
While we bewail our valiant son's decease.

Flourish of trumpets within. Enter a Herald.

Her. Rejoice, my lord ; ascend the imperial
throne !

The mighty and redoubted Prince of Wales,
Great Servitor to bloody Mars in arms,
The Frenchman's terror, and his country's
fame,

Triumphant rideth like a Roman peer :
And, lowly at his stirrup, comes afoot
King John of France, together with his son,
In captive bonds ; whose diadem he brings,
To crown thee with, and to proclaim thee
king.

Edw. A way with mourning, Philippa, wipe
thine eyes ;—

Sound, trumpets, welcome in Plähtagenet !

*A loud Flourish. Enter PRINCE, AUDLEY,
ARTOIS, with King JOHN, and PHILIP.*

As things, long lost, when they are found
again,

So doth my son rejoice his father's heart,
For whom, even now, my soul was much per-
plex'd !

[*Running to the PRINCE, and embracing him.*
Queen. Be this a token to express my joy,
[*Kissing him.*

For inward passions will not let me speak.

Prince. My gracious father, here receive
the gift,

[*Presenting him with King JOHN's crown.*
This wreath of conquest, and reward of war,
Got with as mickle peril of our lives,
As e'er was thing of price before this day ;
Install your highness in your proper right :
And, herewithal, I render to your hands
These prisoners, chief occasion of our strife.

Edw. So, John of France, I see, you keep
your word.

You promis'd to be sooner with ourself
Than we did think for, and 'tis so indeed :
But, had you done at first as now you do,
How many civil towns had stood untouch'd,
That now are turn'd to ragged heaps of
stones !

How many people's lives might you have
sav'd,

That are untimely sunk into their graves ?

John. Edward, recount not things irre-
vocable ;

Tell me what ransom thou requir'st to have ?

Edw. Thy ransom, John, hereafter shall be
known :

But first to England thou must cross the seas,
To see what entertainment it affords ;
Howe'er it falls, it cannot be so bad
As ours hath been since we arriv'd in France.

John. Accursed man ! of this I was fore-
told,

But did misconster what the prophet told.

Prince. Now, father, this petition Edward
makes,—

To Thee, [*kneels*] whose grace hath been his
strongest shield,

That, as Thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show Thy power,
So Thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within that little isle,
May still be famous for like victories !—
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in
field,

The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,

The heat, and cold, and what else might dis-
please,

I wish were now redoubled twenty-fold ;

So that hereafter ages, when they read

The painful traffic of my tender youth, 20

Might thereby be inflamed with such resolve,

As not the territories of France alone,

But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what
countries else

That justly would provoke fair England's
ire,

Might, at their presence, tremble and re-
tire !

Edw. Here, English lords, we do proclaim
a rest,

And interceasing of our painful arms :

Sheathe up your swords, refresh your weary
limbs,

Peruse your spoils ; and, after we have
breath'd

A day or two within this haven town, 210

God willing, then for England we'll be
shipp'd ;

Where, in a happy hour, I trust, we shall

Arrive, three kings, two princes, and a queen.

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*]

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